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Between Ourselves





11

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

SOME OF
THE LITTLE PROBLEMS OF LIFE

BY
MAX O'RELL
AUTHOR OF 'HER ROYAL HIGHNESS WOMAN,' ETC.



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BETWEEN OURSELVES

PART I

LITTLE PROBLEMS OF LIFE CONCERNING MEN

CHAPTER I

THE WORLD IS BEAUTIFUL

IN our family life in France we preach a delightful philosophy. We preach the gospel, the duty, of cheerfulness.

This is not the sort of gospel which is usually taught in England. Although the Anglo-Saxon people hear it given with apostolic authority that we are to rejoice always and again rejoice, they listen with listless eye and unmoved hearts. They find life very serious, and often very sad. 'This is a sad world,' say all the Anglo-Saxon teachers. And they sigh. Thomas Carlyle scolds the world for trying to be cheerful and happy, and sneers. 'The world is made up of fools and rogues!' he exclaims, and he was neither a fool nor a rogue. The world has never been improved by scoldings. Josh Billings and Artemus Ward have been greater benefactors of mankind than Thomas Carlyle.

To us French the world is not at all sad. We preach moderation, calmness and toleration, in order that we may be cheerful. 'If some of us are doubters,' says Ernest Renan, the great apostle of the gospel of cheerfulness, 'we urge people who are quite sure of every-

thing to let other people be wrong.' We have no particular respect for people who make a fat living by their belief, and we have far more regard for that Christianity which manifests itself by deeds, than for that which spends all its time in expounding theories about the next world, and does not help to make this one happy and beautiful.

If there is something which is bound to strike the foreigner who pays France a visit, it is the cheerfulness written on the faces of the people. There is pervading the whole country an air of contentment and happiness that comes from the satisfaction of aims that are attainable because they are not too high. Most Frenchmen work to secure the comforts of life, material and intellectual. When they have attained that object, they knock off work and take life easy. Very few, indeed, run after wealth, practically none do outside of Paris. The race after wealth, with its anxieties and falls, the very attaining of it, with its suppression of any more desires, kills cheerfulness.

Thanks to their artistic temperament, the French are able always to look at the bright side of things and see their beauty. Always childlike (and who can be cheerful and happy without being a little childlike?) and of a gay philosophy, they have more than once accepted a bon-mot as a consolation for a national disaster. They are glad they are alive, and with that feeling the battle of life is won. They despise from the bottom of their hearts the sad man, the narrow-minded, small-hearted, small-souled, small-brained man who sighs and dreads joy and cheerfulness, and wails over the sadness of this 'vale of tears.' Away, they

cry, away with the conscious or unconscious humbug who yells at the top of his voice that he may be called at once to heaven to occupy the 'special place' that is being reserved for him, and who would be particularly grieved to see his request complied with at once. Away with the man who is not cheerful, who is not grateful to God that he is allowed to breathe the perfume of flowers, to enjoy the hallowed joy of a pure woman's love, to hear the prattle of children, the sounds of Beethoven's symphonies, to set his eyes on Raphael's pictures, to contemplate the glorious beauty of Nature.

The world is full of joy, full of beauty, and we want the great thinkers to make us discover it. We do not want Carlyles to scold us; we do not want prelates, with incomes of £15,000 a year, to lecture on thrift to poor factory girls sweated on three dollars a week. The masses of the people hear a good deal of the joys that await them in the next world. By-and-by they will want a bit of heaven on this earth. They will ask for it—nay, they will demand it—and, believe me, they will get it.

We love the society of women under whose influence we live altogether. The Frenchman is brought up by his mother, and, even if he marry, he remains under her influence until she dies. When he marries, his wife leads him, discreetly and diplomatically; and when he has a daughter, on whom he generally dotes, this young lady very soon joins the other two in ruling the easy-going, good-tempered man. When you see a Frenchman, take it for granted that you see a man who has been, who is, or who is going to be under the

government of three generations of women, and he enjoys every one of them. He is master in all the great questions of life, but his conduct in all the details of everyday life is on the principle of the *rule of three*. I hope never to see the day when man will be subjected to woman, but I hope never to see the day when he will cease to be under her sweet and wholesome influence.

Outside of the aristocracy and of the wealthiest classes, we have practically no club life. We prefer the mixed company of men and women. We take our women everywhere. Our cafés, for instance, are not saloons forbidden to the respectable people. They are decent, cheerful places where we can sit down with our wives and daughters and enjoy light refreshments in their company. We feel sure that neither their eyes nor their ears will be offended. I am not trying to extol my country and my countrymen, especially extol them at the expense of other nations. If I can say anything positive about myself, I can safely say that I am a perfect cosmopolitan, not only in mind, but in body. I prefer dining in France to dining anywhere else, but I have had meals in Germany and in Arkansas, and was not the worse for it. But I say this: We take our pleasures gaily, and no foreigner who visits France could repeat the exclamation of a Frenchman after visiting England: 'Life there would be quite tolerable but for its pleasures!'

On Sundays the masses of the French people throng to hear good music under the trees of our public gardens, or crowd the museums to behold the masterpieces of all the schools of the world. Then they sit

and partake of refreshments that never inebriate. Our public resorts are free from swearing, free from drunkards. The masses of the people indulge in their pleasures in a spirit of moderation. They are gay without being riotous. They are truly cheerful.

Of course, Paris is like all the other large cities in the world. It has its black spots, and if you make improper inquiries as to where they are, and you get properly directed, there is a chance for you to find them out. But these places are hidden, and the freedom of our cities is not conferred upon vice. As in America, our streets are clean, attractive, cheerful.

When I take my ladies to a theatre in Paris, there is nothing we like so much as to walk along the boulevard at midnight, after the play, and sit for half an hour in one of the cafés. In New York, after the play, we often liked to walk along Broadway or Fifth Avenue back to our hotel. Neither in Paris nor in New York did I once regret it. In London (the English must forgive me for saying so, but they know it is the truth), I have to see that the carriage is brought right opposite the door, so that I may quickly push my ladies inside and take them home like criminals, to spare them a minute's sight of the London West End nights.

And, while on the subject, let me say how tired I am of hearing about 'the gay Paris' in songs given to the English and American public in their music-halls. I once went to one of those 'gay Paris' places. I found it fearfully dreary. It was low, but not even wicked, if this word can be used in an artistic sort of way. What was perfectly wanting was cheerfulness; but the deepest

impression I received in that place that night was the enormous amount of English language that I heard. And I interviewed the manager. 'Why, my dear sir,' he said, 'if it was not for the English who come here, we should have to put up our shutters (*nous aurions à fermer boutique*).'

The more nations I make the acquaintance of, the more deeply confirmed I get in this conviction, that the Frenchman, with all his faults and shortcomings, is the happiest man in the world. Of course, the wealthy classes have everywhere found the way of enjoying life, more or less; but to the observer of national characteristics these classes are uninteresting. Good society is good society everywhere. For a study, give me the masses of the people. And it is among the masses in France that, after all, I find the greatest amount of happiness. The Frenchman is a cheerful philosopher. He knows best of all how to live and enjoy life. Moderate in all his habits, he partakes of all the good things that nature has placed at his disposal, without ever making a fool of himself. He understands temperance in the true acceptation of the word; which means, not total abstinence, but moderation. When you say that a country has a temperate climate, you do not mean that it has no climate at all; you mean that it has a climate which is neither too hot nor too cold. We have no teetotalers, because we practically have no drunkards. A Frenchman would be as astonished to find that the law prevented him from enjoying a glass of wine, because a few imbeciles use wine to get drunk with, as he would be to find that the law forbade him to

use knives in his quiet and peaceful home, because there are a few lunatics who use knives to commit suicide or to kill their fellow-creatures with.

The Frenchman is badly governed: he is a bad politician, and a worse republican: but if he can enjoy the public life of some European nations, such as Italy, can envy his private life. The French working man goes to the theatre, and can be heard humming operatic airs; he knows every picture that is to be found in the Louvre Museum: he is an artist, who can impart to his work that artistic feeling which is the result of several generations that have believed the national works of art, and have learned, not only that they are beautiful, but why they are beautiful.

The masses of the French people live well and enjoy luxuries that are unknown to the corresponding classes in England, in spite of their free trade. 'Nothing like the poverty exists in Paris,' says the Paris correspondent of an English paper, 'which exists in London. The Paris workman would despise the humble British article of dry bread and meat and tin can of corn tea.' No: he enjoys his soup, his ragout, his mind cheese, half-bottle of wine, coffee, cognac, and cigarette. That there is poverty, that there is misery, that there is injustice, no one attempts to deny: but the real social evil in France is not material.

His wife is cheerful and intelligent. She does not think that, because she is married, she has nothing more to do to keep alive the interest of her husband. She knows that love is a fragile flower which is ruined by a mere sigh, shattered by a mere breath: she knows that love feeds on trifles, lives on illusions, and that the

very best dishes may become insipid if served with the same eternal sauce. She feels that, to retain happiness in matrimonial life, it is not a question for her to remain beautiful; it is a question for her to remain interesting. 'I have been married twenty years,' a Frenchman once said to an Englishman, 'and I can't make my wife out yet.' 'You should not complain of that,' replied the Englishman; 'I have been married twenty months only. I can make mine out—perfectly.'

The Frenchman will never allow even business to interfere with his happiness. His comfort, and that of his wife and family, are his first consideration. Money-making is not for him an end, but only the means to an end—comfort and happiness.

And do not tell me that this interferes with the wealth of the French nation—a nation where, out of a population of 39,000,000, you find over 7,000,000 of landed proprietors; a nation where, outside of its capital, you find that 72 per cent. of the population own the houses they live in.

The Frenchman is no speculator. His fortune is not very large, but it is steady, stable. And it is stability of fortune and the equalization of wealth all over a country, not the congestion of it in a few privileged pockets, which constitutes real national riches. Let a Frenchman of forty or forty-five, in the provinces at any rate, amass a little fortune of from one to two thousand dollars a year—safely invested, of course—and he will retire and give someone else a chance.

Last September twelve months, I was returning to

England from Brittany viâ St. Malo and Southampton. When we got to St. Malo, we found a delightful beach, and, as the weather was beautiful, we decided to stop a few days before crossing the Channel—the English Channel, as the English call it. (Why ‘English,’ I don’t know.) I went to the proprietor of the hotel and asked him where I could get a straw hat. He reflected some time over that serious business, and said: ‘At M. Anfray’s, in the High Street; it’s an old-established firm.’ ‘Well,’ I said, ‘I only want a straw hat; it does not much matter how long the firm has been established.’ At twenty minutes to one o’clock I went up the hill and made for the High Street and M. Anfray’s hat shop. When I got there I tried the door, but found it locked. I shook it, and the noise attracted a young, pretty, neatly-dressed, most ladylike little woman, who seemed perfectly astounded to see me, and at a loss to understand what it was I wanted at that hour. I felt I was intruding, and in apologetic tones I said: ‘Excuse me, I wanted a straw hat.’ ‘That’s very awkward,’ she said, ‘but we are at dinner.’ ‘Please excuse me,’ I repeated; ‘I am awfully sorry to disturb you.’ ‘Would you mind coming back at two o’clock?’ said the little woman with the sweetest of smiles. ‘Not at all,’ I said; ‘I shall be delighted.’ I had then practically just returned from America. I liked the scene; it was a change after Chicago. At five minutes past two I went back. The door was open, and the same pretty, ladylike little woman was there alone. She rose and came toward me. ‘That’s very awkward,’ she said: ‘you promised to come back at two, and my husband waited for you; but you did not come.’

Now he's gone across the road to the café with a friend.' 'That's very awkward,' I said, 'isn't it?' 'Would you mind going to the café?' she kindly suggested as a solution of the difficulty. 'Not at all,' I said; 'I shall be delighted.' I was beginning to enter into the humour of the whole thing. I went to the café and asked the waiter: 'Do you know M. Anfray?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Is he here?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Where is he?' 'It's that gentleman over there playing dominoes.' 'Thanks,' I said, 'that's good.' I went toward the table that was pointed out to me, and, taking my hat off, I said: 'Excuse me, sir, have I the pleasure of speaking to M. Anfray?' 'Oui, monsieur.' 'Well, I should very much like to have a straw hat.' 'Do you mind my finishing this game?' he suggested. 'Not at all,' I said; 'I shall be delighted.' I made inquiries at the hotel, and learned that M. Anfray was about forty years old, and enjoyed a little fortune of about 5,000 francs a year. Besides, he had a fairly large custom, and he was not going to change his ways for a new and casual customer. Well, this man may seem a very small man to an American, but I say that this man, who locks the door of his shop from half-past twelve till two o'clock, so as not to be disturbed by customers while he is having his dinner with his wife, and a good time with the children—I say this man has solved the great problem, the only problem of life, happiness, far better than the American or the London City man who, at one o'clock, will stick at his door: 'Gone to dinner; shall be back in five minutes.' Five minutes to dinner, just think of it! The greatest event of the day. And what is the result of that *five minutes to dinner* in

PREPARE FOR NEW TIMES COMING 13

America? The result is that the whole continent, from New York to San Francisco, from British Columbia to Louisiana, cities, forests, prairies, the whole landscape, is spoiled, made an eyesore of, by the advertisements of liver pills.

Be cheerful ; spend your life in returning thanks that you are alive. Rejoice ; be happy ; make as many people happy as you can. Live well and live long. You will never have another chance.

CHAPTER II

PREPARE CHEERFULLY FOR NEW TIMES COMING

THINGS are going to change. The time is soon coming—coming, indeed, at giant's strides—when babies will cease to be born with silver spoons in their mouths. No man need be afraid to be called a Utopian, a Socialist, or an Anarchist, who says that the time is coming when the legislatures of all the civilized nations in the world will be busy settling social questions ; that the time is coming when every man will have to work, and when no one will be allowed to enjoy the privileges of wealth without returning some equivalent for it to the community.

That will not be the reign of Socialism, much less of Anarchism, for both systems are utterly and wretchedly wrong in that they suppress competition. Society will never be so organized that the lazy, the drunkard, the improvident, the dissolute, will have as much chance of success in life as the intelligent, the industrious, the

frugal, the saving, and the generally well-behaved. No, no; the fittest will always survive, but everyone shall be offered a chance. All I say is this: A society in which the workers live in poverty, often in a state bordering on starvation, while the idlers live in unbridled luxury—I say that society is wrongly organized. All my sympathies are for those who do the work. The men who build our houses, often at the risk of their lives; the men who make the railways; the men who bury themselves in the earth, and, lying on their backs for hours in the mines, procure coal for our comfort—those men draw my sympathies much more than those who yawn in their clubs all day long, attend races, and remember their days by their utter uselessness only.

I believe that people will not be really cheerful, contented, and happy so long as they know that thousands and thousands of their fellow-creatures are wringing their hands in despair.

The really cheerful and happy people in the world are those who are satisfied to be little, to do little, and to know little. The only really rich people are those who are rich, not in what they actually possess, but in what they know how to do without. If you doubt it, go to a theatre, and look at the bored faces that occupy the boxes and the orchestra stalls, and at the cheerful, eager, happy ones that occupy the upper circle and the gallery. Look at the occupants of those gorgeous carriages who 'do' Rotten Row or the Avenue des Acacias as in duty bound, and the happy, cheerful, orderly crowds who enjoy a Sunday afternoon in the Versailles Gardens.

I feel much more happy, comfortable, and cheerful after my good, simple, everyday dinner, quietly enjoyed with my family, with my dog begging by my side, my cat perched on the top of an armchair blinking and waiting for a chance to be noticed, and my parrot suggesting a 'Thank you, so good for Polly'—yes, yes, much more happy than I do after a banquet or a huge *table d'hôte* dinner.

I remember one evening, at a dinner in America, I was sitting at table by the side of a minister of the Gospel. The menu was in length what an American menu is on such occasions. The swallowing and digesting of it explains the miracle of the loaves and fishes, according to a well-known negro who had been told that 15,000 loaves and fishes had been eaten by five people: 'De miracle was dey didn't bust.' In the midst of that menu, just before the roast viands and the famous canvas-back duck, was written 'Rum Sherbet,' which most of us had with a cigarette and a ten minutes' rest. Now, in France we have no sherbet at such a time; but I don't say this to suggest that the Americans are wrong. Not at all; *chacun à son goût*. Full of my stupid French notions and prejudices, however, I could not help remarking to my neighbour: 'How strange! an alcoholic water-ice between meat dishes! What is the object?' 'Well,' replied the minister of the Gospel, 'it cools you, and enables you to go on.' I sat aghast, and said to him: 'I see; it enables you to go on; and,' I added, 'perhaps in the street next to this there is some poor desolate mother with only milkless breasts to offer to a starving babe!' 'Ah!' he quickly retorted, 'if we knew where she was,

we should go to her and help her.' 'But,' I said, 'if careful inquiries were made, we should know where she is, for she is close by, and, alas! everywhere!' There is enough good food wasted at the public dinners and hotel *tables d'hôte* of every large American city to feed all the hungry. Well, all I say is this: When, in thirty or forty years, we tell our grand or great-grand-children that at the end of the nineteenth century we took a sherbet 'in order to cool ourselves, so as to be able to go on,' when, a few yards off, the most abject poverty was rampant, they will not believe us; at any rate, they will not believe that we were Christians. But by that time, maybe, they will have started a new religion—the religion of Christ.

One of the causes of French cheerfulness is to be found in the settling of the land question by the French Revolution, not in the way I should like it to be, for I hold that the earth was meant for the human race, and not for a few privileged ones, even if these few were many. Yet for a hundred years the land in France has been marketable, with the result that we have a contented peasantry, who own their bit of land, live in it and on it, and work it themselves. If the land is not to be nationalized, at any rate it should not be meant to keep three kinds of people—landlords who do nothing for it, tenants who improve it for landlords, and labourers who starve on it. However, as it is, we have a landed proprietary, happy and contented.

Before the French Revolution the land belonged, as it does in England now, to a few Dukes, Marquises, and Earls, who, to possess it, only took the trouble to be

born. Their ancestors had been given that land as a reward, some for great services rendered to King and country, others for some bellicose exploits that would probably be rewarded to-day with twenty years of penal servitude. But those worthy ancestors of our Dukes, Marquises, and Earls were not given that land for nothing; they had some duties to perform in return. In time of war they had to levy troops at their own expense for the defence of the land against a foreign invader. That was the price for their tenure of the land. Their descendants went on keeping the land, but ceased to pay for its defence, and the people found that they had to do this themselves at the price of their own starvation. The difference between the merits of those ancestors and of their descendants is well illustrated by an interesting and amusing incident in Voltaire's life.

Voltaire had taken a box at the Opera, and was installed in it with ladies, when the Duke of Lauzun, one of the worst libertines in the time of Louis XV., arrived and asked for a box. He was respectfully informed that all the boxes were taken. 'That may be,' he said, 'but I see Voltaire in one; turn him out.' In those times, those things could happen, and Voltaire had to be turned out. No doubt he preferred that to being turned inside the Bastille. He brought an action against the Duke to recover the price he had paid for the box. 'What!' exclaimed the advocate for the Duke, 'is it M. de Voltaire who dares to plead against the Duke of Lauzun, whose great-grandfather was the first to get on the walls of La Rochelle against the Protestants, whose grandfather

took twelve cannon from the Dutch at Utrecht, whose father captured two standards from the English at Fontenoy, who——’ ‘Oh, but excuse me,’ interrupted Voltaire in the court, ‘I am not pleading against the Duke of Lauzun who was first on the walls of La Rochelle, nor against the Duke who took twelve cannon from the Dutch at Utrecht, nor against the Duke who captured two standards from the English at Fontenoy; I am pleading against the Duke of Lauzun who never captured anything in his life except my box at the Opera.’ It seems to me that this is the whole thing in a nutshell. In spite of warnings coming from all sides, the aristocracy would not see what was going on around them, and what was slowly, but surely, coming. The great preacher Massillon, ninety years before the Revolution, predicted the downfall of the nobles, but they took no heed. Voltaire and Jean Jacques Rousseau, seventy years later, wrote books. The latter wrote one that was called ‘The Social Contract.’ The aristocracy laughed at it, and called it a mere theory; but, as Carlyle once said in his own brutal way, ‘Their skins went to bind the second edition of that book,’ their land was put up to auction, and the people acquired it. The aristocracy ceased to be a power in the country.

Before the Revolution the French peasant was a sort of wild animal, dark, livid, burnt with the sun, bound to the soil, which he dug and stirred with an unflagging patience. At night he retired to his den, and fed on black bread, water, and roots. No wonder that Mme. de Sévigné was able to exclaim: ‘These people save other men the trouble of sowing, digging, and reaping, and deserve not to lack of that bread which

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they have grown.' To-day the French peasant lives in his own cottage and cultivates his own field. His ideal of life is the independence which is the fruit of labour and economy. He is satisfied with very little in the days of his strength, because the prospect of eating his own bread near the door of his own cottage when his strength is gone makes him happy. So he works steadily, with a cheerful wife who is a true helpmate. She knows that her husband is not a gentleman, and she does not try to play the lady. She is not 'at home' once a week, and does not indulge in the high handshake. She gets up at five in the morning to feed the pigs herself, and that is why the pigs in France look cheerful, too.

France has been fortunate in possessing a writer—the greatest and most influential French prose writer of the century, Ernest Renan—who made himself the apostle of the Gospel of Cheerfulness.

Ernest Renan has often been compared to Voltaire. Like him, he was trained under ecclesiastical influence, and intended for the vocation of a priest. Like him, he was vaccinated, but, somehow, it did not take. Like Voltaire, he wrote the most easy, clear, limpid, logic prose, but there the resemblance ends. Voltaire enlightened the world by his profound learning, and entertained it by his marvellous cutting wit; but Renan improved it. The sneers and sarcasms of Voltaire often excited hatred; the kind and healthy writings of Renan excited love, and made people more happy and cheerful. Both are still called atheists by the bigots, as they were in their own times, but neither

of them was. It was Voltaire who uttered the famous saying that 'if God did not already exist, we should have to invent Him.' As for Ernest Renan, certainly his God is not the small, petty, revengeful God that some narrow-minded pigmies have created in their own image—that God who spends His time in counting the hairs on the heads of the human race—but a great, good, merciful God, the God who commands us to love one another, the God of love, mercy, and charity. Ernest Renan loved humanity with all its weaknesses, even *because* of its weaknesses. He held that people are often lovable on account of a hundred little failings and weaknesses. He sometimes pitied the world, but never scolded it. He was a great, gentle, lofty spirit, the greatest thinker and scholar of his time, who thought like a man, felt like a woman, sometimes acted like a child, and always wrote like an angel. Through his genius the world has been made better and happier. He loved man, and improved the feelings of man toward man. He taught the world to be happy by tolerance and cheerful by moderation.

Ernest Renan had no patience with the idea, prevalent among self-made men, that their accumulation of wealth confers a benefit upon the community. Being convinced that money gained must be money lost by someone else, he despised greed. A like idea of political economy is very old-fashioned, but it is still prevalent among the inhabitants of Brittany, the birthplace of Renan, and, who knows? human opinion will perhaps come back to it one day. In the meantime Renan claims immunity for the Bretons, those survivors of an old world, in which this harmless error has kept alive

the tradition of self-sacrifice, a race perfectly unfit for commerce, and whom we find in all the professions—doctors, sailors, soldiers, writers—a happy and cheerful race.

Renan dreaded for men the idea of a luxurious life. The cost of enjoyment in age is in abstemiousness in youth. Mr. John Ruskin said that it was the paucity of toys which made him enjoy pleasures late in life. His palate was now unimpaired because as a child he never had more than a taste of sweets. 'I am cheerful,' once wrote Renan, 'because, having had few amusements when young, I have kept my illusions in all their freshness.'

Cheerfulness depends upon illusions, upon not too rigorously determining to see all truths in life. Even superstition feeds cheerfulness, and should not be shunned like fanaticism, which kills it. Cheerfulness depends upon having beliefs—belief in friendship, belief in all that helps to make living beautiful, and the saddest experience in life is to be deceived, and thereby lose a belief or an illusion. Children are happy and cheerful because they are full of illusions, of beliefs, and of confidence.

When we are told in the Gospel of St. Matthew that 'except we become as little children we shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven,' I am disposed to thus interpret the verse: 'Except we become as little children, confident, believing, and unconscious of malice, we shall not be happy in this world.' When I read, 'Happy are the poor in spirit, because they shall enter into the kingdom of heaven,' I feel disposed to say: 'Happy are those who are determined not to know all

the truths in life, because they shall be happy in this world.'

Ernest Renan would say to you: 'Make money that you may possess it; but do not aim at making too much, for fear it should possess you. Money cannot buy everything. It cannot buy health, life, or love. If you were a hundred times richer than you are, you could not multiply your wants and pleasures by one hundred. You could not eat or drink a hundred times more than you do now.' There is truth and philosophy in that remark of the English drunkard staggering in the gutter: 'If I was the bloomin' Dook of Westminster, I could—not—be—more—drunk—than—I—am.' Renan would say to you, Don't take life too seriously. When you are old you will remember life with pleasure only by the hundreds of little follies you have indulged in, by the hundreds of innocent little temptations you have succumbed to. Avoid perfect people and angels of all sorts—this side of the grave. Man will never be perfect; love him with all his imperfections. Never resist impulses of generosity; they will make you cheerful—nay, healthy. They will give colour to your cheeks, and prevent your flesh, in old age, from turning into yellow, dried-up parchment. Come home with pockets full of presents for the children. Let them put their little hands right to the bottom of those pockets. You will be repaid, amply repaid, by their holding out their little round faces to thank you in anticipation of what they know you have got for them. That may be cupboard love—of course it is; every love, except a mother's, is cupboard love—never mind that; if you will make up your mind not to expect too much from

man, you will be satisfied with getting what you can from children.

The most real, the sweetest pleasures in life are the pleasures of poverty.

CHAPTER III

KNOW THYSELF

WE all know that man who, at table, monopolizes the butter-dish and everything that comes within his reach; who, in the club reading-room, picks up all the papers and keeps them on his knees while you look in vain for one that may give you the news of the day; who in the railroad cars distributes his belongings all over the place, and frowns at you when you produce a ticket which shows that you are entitled to the possession of one of his seats; and who, when you enter into conversation with him, and speak of the weakness and foibles of man, will tell you: 'I know I have defects, but I am not selfish.'

I remember a jolly American, most entertaining and full of humour, who made me forget the tedium of a long railroad journey between Chicago and Kansas City by the brightness of his conversation. He held forth on the general unfairness and ignorance of foreign criticism of American life and characteristics. Among other remarks, he said that foreigners greatly exaggerated that objectionable habit still indulged in by many Americans—expectorating. I told him I was of his opinion. The dear fellow never spoke more than a

dozen words without having a shot at the cuspidor—a most successful one too, right in the bull's-eye each time. He was a good fellow and I thought I could risk a joke at his expense. So I looked at my watch for just ten minutes. Then I said to him: 'Forty times exactly.' We parted the best of friends.

I was once telling another American, in a parlour-car between New York and Boston, that English people were under the impression that the Americans were very talkative people, but that my own impression was that they were more reserved than the English while travelling, and less free with their fellow-passengers while on board a train. He was of my opinion. During the conversation he picked up a novel that I had placed on the seat by my side, looked at it, evidently liked it, and walked off to the smoke-room with my book. A few minutes before we arrived in Boston, he came back. He had finished my book. He asked me if I had read it. 'No,' I said; 'but I should very much like to.' 'Do,' he said; 'you will have a good time.' Perhaps he had read Hepworth Dixon's book, 'New America,' and wanted to see whether I would take the joke as well as the late editor of the London *Athenæum*.

One of my best friends in London is a novelist of repute, whose power of conversation is as forcible as it is inexhaustible. He once called on me at two in the afternoon, and stayed till five. He was in splendid form and he entertained me greatly. During those three hours, I don't think, however, that I was able to put in more than twenty words. He held the floor in great style, and I stood it beautifully. It was five o'clock when he looked at his watch. 'Great Scott!'

he exclaimed, 'five o'clock! how quickly time passes in your company! I must go; I have had a delightful time. Max, you are one of the most fascinating conversationalists I know, and the charm of it is that you give others a chance.'

I have heard misers dissert on happiness, and tell you that the surest way to be happy is to be generous towards others.

Every day, in England, you will read articles in the newspapers, and hear patriotic songs in the music-halls, which tell you that liberty and independence are the two great blessings for which men should shed the last drop of their blood. You would imagine that this was a tribute paid to the Boers—not a bit: it is a compliment that the English of the present day are paying to themselves.

Inconsistency is the most common failing of mankind, and especially womankind, as common-sense is their least common quality.

Our public buildings should bear the inscription that was prominent on a famous temple of ancient Greece: 'Know thyself.'

CHAPTER IV

PUNCTUALITY IS ESSENTIAL TO SUCCESS

HEALTH, honesty, perseverance, strong character, all these virtues, qualities, and qualifications will help a man to be successful, but, although they can be cultivated, they cannot be acquired. Punctuality,

however, can be acquired, and no virtue or quality is more essential to success.

Punctuality is a kingly virtue. Once Louis XIV. visited an Ambassador. When he arrived the Ambassador was coming down the staircase, and had reached the last step to receive His Majesty in the hall. The King thought that the diplomatist should have been in the hall when he arrived, and not on the last step of the staircase. Remarking on it, he said : 'I was on the point of having to wait.'

A friend of mine, a great French portrait-painter, invited the present King of England, when he was Prince of Wales, to visit his studio to look at some pictures. The Prince appointed a Thursday, at three o'clock. At half-past two, the Prince, finding that he would not be able to be at the studio of my friend before a quarter-past three, sent an aide-de-camp, so that the painter should not have to wait. At a quarter-past three to the minute he was there.

If some men whom I know were to say to me, 'On August 10, 1903, I shall be with you at twenty minutes past four,' I should never think of reminding them ; I know they would be there. These men are all successful ; this quality is essential to success in all the pursuits of life. The reliable—absolutely reliable—man is the one who is wanted everywhere.

Run the risk of arriving at a station twenty minutes before the train starts rather than half a minute after it is gone.

If you have an engagement at eight o'clock in a place which is reached by a train that arrives there at seven fifty-five, take the train that goes before.

Drop like hot potatoes people who keep you waiting after they have given you an appointment; they are intolerable bores, and will make your life miserable.

Some people believe they are very smart because they always arrive late. They are only conceited fools, who have no objection to being inconsiderate, and even rude. At the theatre they spoil the pleasure of others; at a dinner-party they exasperate their host and hostess.

If you give a dinner-party, and invite a few celebrities to be met by some of your friends, you will find that the said celebrities will arrive as the clock strikes the time appointed for dinner. The nobodies will arrive late and keep you waiting. You will find that this rule has no exception in whatever country you like to name. Punctuality and consideration for other people's feelings are the two noblest attributes of the perfect gentleman and of the perfect lady.

'I missed my train,' 'My clock is slow,' 'I lost my way'—all these and many others are no valid excuses.

For punctuality, bring up your children in military style: teach them that one minute past ten o'clock *is not* ten o'clock. If you succeed, you will have done them a much better turn than if you had loaded them with all that has been written in Greek and Latin.

As for the dear wife of your bosom, teach her punctuality at her own expense. If she comes late when you have given her an appointment, don't make a scene, don't scold, don't sulk, don't bore her. Look pleasant all the time, as if you were always happy to have her, early or late. Next time go without her.

CHAPTER V

SELF-CONTROL

SELF-CONTROL is that wonderful virtue which enables a man to kick himself without attracting the attention of anyone. The world belongs to the people who possess self-control, and in all the conflicts between the nations who inhabit the earth the victory remains in the hands of those who do possess self-control.

The great French historian, Augustin Thierry, declares that, in the final struggle for the conquest of the world, the blue-eyed nations will annihilate the black-eyed ones. By 'blue-eyed' he must certainly have meant possessing self-control.

The man who has no command over himself can never hope to have command over others. We are born masters or servants, according as we do or do not possess self-control; the fittest must survive. The servant-born man must go down, and the master-born man must go up.

No soldier can be an efficient officer who has not served his apprenticeship in the school of discipline, and it is invariably the most obedient cadets who become the most useful officers.

We cannot all be at the top, but we may all of us aspire to success. Humanity is distributed all over the steps of an immense ladder. Little by little we go a step higher, and have one master less to serve and obey, until we manage to have as many people under us as we have above us, as many servants as we have masters.

Then we struggle on and go up more and more steps, until we reach near the top. Those who get highest are the ones who feel no sensation of giddiness. Steadiness and good balance are only other words to express self-control.

Only the man who has ambition tempered by self-respect and self-control will get to the top or very near to the top. For that matter, there is no such thing as a real, absolute top. We all have a master, or many masters, to serve in some form or other. In writing this chapter I serve my masters, the publishers of my book; but the publishers of this volume are not at the top: they have to serve a master, and a far more exacting one than mine—the public.

Self-control is the greatest of all qualities, the one most eminently fitted to make a man successful; it is a divine saving grace. It is thanks to that great virtue that a man does not listen to a first impulse; that before embarking in any enterprise he carefully weighs all the consequences; that before uttering an important sentence he follows the French advice to let his tongue first go seven times around his mouth; that before taking any important decision he holds a committee meeting with himself, and hears all the pros and cons of the question before putting it to the vote.

It is thanks to self-control that a man never loses his temper, but lets others do it to his own advantage; that he uses gallons of oil and only a few teaspoonfuls of vinegar in his relations with his fellow-creatures; that he faces all the perilous situations of life with a chance of success; that he does not believe he knows everything and is beyond taking advice, but constantly

lives and learns; that he marries the woman he should marry; that he keeps the friends that are worth keeping; that his reliability inspires others with confidence in him, and makes him hosts of useful friends.

It is thanks to self-control that on the battle-field he remains facing the enemy, knowing all the time that a bullet in the back is as painful as a bullet in the stomach, and doesn't look so well.

It is thanks to self-control that a man never makes an ass of himself.

Yes, the world, I repeat it, belongs to the man who has self-control, who never does anything in a hurry—to the man who knows how to wait.

CHAPTER VI

PREDESTINATION, OR HELP YOURSELF

THE Greek philosopher Zeno believed in predestination. One day he caught his servant robbing him, and he gave him a good hiding.

'Was I not destined to rob?' pleaded the servant. 'Why do you beat me?'

'Certainly,' replied Zeno, 'you were destined to rob, and you were also destined to be caned.'

We are all, no doubt, destined to come across misfortunes and dangers, but we are also destined to do our utmost to avoid them, face them, and overcome them.

If we are destined to be wrecked and placed in a

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boat, we are not destined to let ourselves go adrift and be carried away by the currents.

We are destined to take the oars and strain every nerve to try and land somewhere.

The Scotch (who are the most practical people on earth) tell a good story on the subject. A boating party were caught in a storm.

'Let us pray,' suggested someone. 'Ay,' said the boatman, 'let the little man over there pray, but let all the strong ones take an oar, or we shall be drowned.'

There is no worse belief than that in fate and predestination to make you a failure.

It paralyzes your efforts, benumbs your energies, and makes you unfit for the fray.

Don't believe in luck, in fate, in predestination. Rise and believe in yourself. Make up your mind to do a thing; elbow all obstacles out of your way, and allow nothing to divert you from the road that leads to the goal you are aiming at.

Imitate Charles XII. of Sweden, who, looking at the map and the new territories he had acquired, exclaimed: 'God has given them to me; let the devil come and take them from me if he can!'

Far from me the intention of minimizing the efficacy of prayer, but the Almighty is very busy; don't ask Him to do for you what it is in your own power to do for yourself.

A friend of mine had an Irish cook and a Scotch housemaid. One morning the latter came down in the kitchen and found the cook engaged in fervent prayer before the fire, which would not burn, and caused the room to be full of smoke.

She saw at once what was the matter with that fire. 'Never mind praying,' she said, 'you silly! don't you see the trap is down?'

Help yourself, and Heaven will help you, said good old La Fontaine.

There is no luck in this world, no fate, no predestination. There is character, and there is also talent; but talent is of no use without the partnership and the supremacy of character.

With character, even without talent, you can succeed everywhere. If you have talent besides to place at the disposal of character as its servant, then the world belongs to you.

I remember an Englishman who once wrote to me on my return to Europe from a visit to all the British colonies: 'I have a son who is young, sober, clever, very steady, industrious, and courageous, and at whose disposal I could place a little capital. Do you think that his prospects in the antipodes would be good?'

'My dear sir,' I replied, 'a man who possesses the qualities and qualifications that you name need not go to the antipodes. His prospects are good and perfectly safe anywhere.'

Believe in yourself and help yourself.

CHAPTER VII

TALENT AND CHARACTER

TALENT helps a man to obtain success, but it is character which secures it for him. A man will succeed with character and very little talent, and will never succeed

without character, whatever talent he may have at his disposal.

By character I mean honesty, steadiness of purpose, tact, perseverance, industry, sobriety, self-control, reliability, and strict punctuality. The man who possesses these qualities need not leave the old world and try new countries to get a better chance in life ; wherever he goes, wherever he happens to be, he is bound to be successful, simply because he is wanted, indispensable, everywhere.

No one wants shrewdness without honesty, or diplomacy without sincerity.

When you are in the presence of a man who for many years has been a great success in life, take it for granted that you have before you a steady, sincere, honest, and reliable man.

Whatever talent he may possess is of no use to him unless that talent is the servant of his character ; and you will find that this holds good, no matter what the pursuit in life of that man, whether he is a man of business, an employer or an employé, or a professional man—lawyer, doctor, journalist, artist, literary man, or actor.

It is owing to the absence of character that great geniuses have been known to die in poorhouses. It is on account of their character that men with little talent have died millionaires—and most respected ones, too.

It is not the cleverest boy of a class who is at the top ; it is generally the one who has the strongest character. Of course, if he has both genius and character, he stands beyond competition. That goes without saying.

There is no luck in life. Luck is of our own making. Luck means rising at six in the morning, living on one dollar a day if you make two, minding your own business and not meddling with other people's; luck means the hardships and privations which you have not hesitated to endure, the long nights that you have devoted to work; luck means the appointments you have never failed to keep, the trains you have never failed to catch; luck means trusting in God and in your own resources, a religion whose motto is, 'Help yourself, and Heaven will help you.' Luck comes to those who help themselves and know how to wait.

If you are successful, all the social failures will howl at the top of their voices that you have always been lucky. You may certainly be lucky for a short time, but you cannot always be lucky, any more than you can always be unlucky. The man who plays cards every day of his life will tell you at the end of the year that he has been lucky as many times as he has been unlucky.

This is a mathematical law, a fatal law. The only way to be lucky at cards oftener than unlucky is to cheat—that is to say, to force your luck, to make it.

The same in life: the only way to be lucky—that is to say, successful—is to leave nothing to chance, but to work and work and work again; to inspire confidence in others by the strength and uprightness of your character; to make yourself indispensable by your reliability and your devotion to your calling, pleasant by your cheerfulness, respected for your honesty and sincerity; and always to bear in mind, that what can be obtained once by tricky means can, as a rule, be obtained for ever and ever by honest ones.

The great statesman is not so much the one who can create or force events as the one who can foresee them and make the best of them when they come. The successful man is the opportunist, not the irreconcilable. Earnestness and perseverance are the greatest friends of man, but obstinacy is his bitterest enemy.

A man owes his success to the way in which he knows how to quickly seize opportunities by the forelock and make the best of every circumstance which presents itself. No man can succeed who spends his time regretting what cannot be helped, and who cannot make up his mind to the loss of what is irretrievable.

It may be safely asserted that every man has had a chance in life, and if he has not availed himself of it he may, or probably will, never have another. That chance is sure to come, and it will enrich the man who knows how to wait. No one can be always fortunate, but no one can always be unfortunate. When a man says, 'It is my usual bad luck ; it's no use for me to try. I am pursued by bad luck,' take it for granted that the man does not know a trump in his hand when he has got it. If you play pitch and toss half a dozen times, your luck, good or bad, may be that six times you will bring down either head or tail ; but if you play a hundred times you will as near as possible bring fifty heads and fifty tails. It is the mathematical law of chance.

The successful man seldom resorts to extremes ; he takes the middle course—*in medio veritas*.

The successful man is saving, yet he is generous and liberal-minded. He knows that if he will reap he must sow. Economy is a virtue, but carried to extremes it

becomes stinginess, which is a fault, and even avarice, which is a vice.

The wealthiest men of America are generous men, and most of them have lavished their money on great philanthropic works—far more, strange to say, than those who have inherited their riches, and have used neither intelligence nor industry to acquire them.

What is, to my mind, perfectly astounding is that anarchists should exhaust all their hatred on capitalists. After all, capitalists are, many of them, men who began with nothing, but who, through their intelligence and industry, acquired a fortune which many howling Socialists would themselves have acquired if they had set to work instead of spending their lives airing their grievances.

Take England, for instance. The land of that country practically belongs to about thirty aristocrats who have never done anything except taking the trouble of being born, and who for the privileges they enjoy return nothing to the community.

Some of them give to charities, but all the great endowments of hospitals and Universities come from the pockets of capitalists, commoners who have worked hard for the wealth which they possess.

Yet the aristocracy of England is not only left unmolested, but bowed to down to the ground, while the capitalist is held to be the source of all the mischief, of all the misery, which the poor have to undergo.

CHAPTER VIII

LOOK, LISTEN, AND LEARN

PITY with all your heart the man who goes through life seeing nothing, or not understanding, much less appreciating, what he sees.

I despise from the bottom of my heart the man who believes that he sees, understands, and knows everything, who has an explanation of his own for any phenomenon he comes across, an explanation which invariably gives him the most perfect satisfaction.

We all know that man in the street who has no hesitation in advising the Czar how to rule Russia, and who can settle the most difficult, social questions of the day and solve all the modern problems of European diplomacy.

Life ought to have no interest, no charm, for the man who does not understand all that passes around him. There are men who do not know, and do not care to know, why they get a light when they strike a match.

They will say: 'Of course I know—by striking a match.' But ask them why they get a light by striking a match, and they do not know.

I have a craving for explanations. I always want to know why this is not that or anything else, how this or that is done. I do not pretend to be particularly learned, but, thank God, I just know enough to be well aware of my ignorance. I cannot play the violin, but I have tried playing it just long enough to appreciate how difficult it is to play it well, how marvellous it is

to play it like Joachim, Sarasate, or Kubelik, and to spare the ears of my friends by refraining from inflicting on them what I can do myself in that line.

I should like to know everything, to understand everything, to have had all the imaginable sensations of body, soul and mind.

I am afraid that, with that craving, you want to do far too much, and you run the risk of accomplishing far too little; but, at the same time, life is ever interesting to you.

Studies of Nature, studies of character, appreciation of literature and of all the fine arts, comprehension of scientific discoveries—all is more or less within your reach.

At all events, if you do not know everything, if you do not understand everything, you have a peep at everything which the world has at the disposal of man for his instruction and his entertainment. Only the man who knows, or, at least, understands, can realize his own smallness; conceit is but the outcome of ignorance.

Do not be ambitious to know too much, but be patient and persevering, try to know and understand as much as you can of this world of wonders. So far as seeing things is an art, it is the art of keeping your eyes and your ears open. The art of Nature is all in the direction of concealment. The birds, the animals, all the wild creatures, try for the most part to elude your observation.

‘I had lived in the world more than fifty years,’ wrote John Burroughs, ‘before I noticed a peculiarity about the rays of light one often sees diverging from an

opening, or a series of openings, in the clouds—namely, that they are like spokes in a wheel, the hub or centre of which appears to be just there in the vapoury masses, instead of being, as is really the case, nearly ninety-three millions of miles beyond.’

Keep your eyes and ears open, realize where you are and what you are ; look, listen, learn, and rejoice that you are allowed to understand a little.

CHAPTER IX

MAKE THE BEST OF THINGS

IF I had to be electrocuted, when the executioner said to me in polite Gaston manner, ‘Pray sit down,’ I should probably feel inclined to reply in refined Alphonse style, ‘After you, my dear Gaston.’

If, however, I saw that the Gaston-Alphonse business would not answer, I am perfectly sure I should say to him : ‘Look here, old fellow, I don’t want to give you or myself any more trouble than is necessary. Do tell me the best way to go through the business as easily as possible.’ And I am perfectly sure I would follow his instructions to the letter.

Submit to the inevitable as graciously as you can. There is no help for it ; therefore make the best of a bad job and have done with it.

Do not waste your time, your money, your strength, or your intelligence, over the inevitable. Forget it, and think of the best thing you can do next for yourself.

If your house is burnt down, do not shed tears over the ruins; claim the insurance money, and have it rebuilt at once.

If you have lent money without security, simply to oblige a friend, forget it, and make up your mind that you have lost the money.

In the battle of life, the losers are those who hesitate and spend their time shedding tears over spilt milk and airing their grievances. People are too busy to listen to the recital of your grievances; besides, they have some of their own to attend to first.

The world belongs to those who mind their own business and do not meddle with other people's; to those who know how to make the best of things; to those who can make up their minds; to those who, in cases of emergency, immediately know what to do, and have enough character to immediately do it.

In every branch of life, men who possess these qualities are the masters of the world, the fittest who survive; men who do not possess these qualities take the back-seats, and are the servants of the others. Even if the most successful form of Socialism started to-day a society composed of men equally educated and equally rich, in twenty years society would be what it is at the present time—composed of masters and servants.

It will ever be the story of the man with experience who advertises for a partner with money. Shortly after, the man with experience has the money, and the man with money has the experience.

The stupidest piece of nonsense is to declare that all men are equals.

A crowd of men will always resemble a pack of

hounds in this, that they are composed of those who lead and those who are led.

When hunting, a pack of hounds never fail to follow the lead of the shrewdest and cleverest among them.

In so doing dogs give a great lesson to men, who, jealous of their natural superiors, reject them to often follow the lead of the noisiest—a thing which hounds never do.

CHAPTER X

‘WHAT’S IN A NAME?’

A FEW years ago I was one of a party listening to a concert in London. The late J. T. Carrodus, a most excellent violinist, surpassed himself in two Paganini pieces. ‘He plays like an angel,’ said a lady of the party to me. ‘What a pity he is an Englishman! he will never make a great name for himself.’

She was right. Had Carrodus been an Italian, a Frenchman, a German, a Russian, a Spaniard, a Pole, anything except an Englishman, he would have been as well known, as celebrated, as Sarasate or Joachim.

He might even have been a great success had he only, early in life, called himself Signor Carrudosi or Herr Carrudesheimer.

Would Madame Melba (who took her *nom de guerre* from her native town, Melbourne, Australia) have created the favour she did instantly, had she chosen to appear on the opera bills as Nellie Mitchell?

Perhaps she would, perhaps she would not. Person-

ally I doubt it. The Irish singer, Foley, was known as Signor Foli. He was careful to avoid adding, 'From Tipperary.' Madame Albani is another.

I defy a good singer or a good instrumentalist to make a hit in England or in America as John Smith, Tom Brown, or Dick Robinson.

Madame Nordica is an American, but her name is not. Madames Emma Eames and Sybil Sanderson seem to be exceptions. America to-day stands foremost among the nations of the earth who have produced the greatest singers; but you will not easily persuade an Englishman that an Anglo-Saxon can be a great artiste.

Paderewski and Kubelik were instantaneous successes, and deserved success, too. Both names are 'catchy,' but, in the case of these two great artistes, there was another element of success. If Shakespeare said, 'What's in a name?' he might also have said, 'What's in a face?'

Both Paderewski and Kubelik have heads that attract attention and cannot be forgotten. I maintain that if you possess or can succeed in making for yourself such a head that everybody will recognise you in the street, you will be a notoriety; and if, besides, you possess great talent, you will easily be a firmly-established celebrity.

The Australian impresario who, ten years ago, engaged Paderewski to visit the British colonies, inserted a clause in the contract that the eminent pianist would not alter his appearance—in other words, that he would not get his hair cut.

The first time I heard Kubelik—it was in London, not very long since—I said, after hearing him and

looking at his strikingly weird appearance: ‘This young man will create a rage in America, just as he is doing now in England.’

Liszt, Rubenstein, Paderewski, Kubelik, Henry Irving, are so many heads that you can recognise on the window of a photograph shop from the other side of the street. When you pass in the street you say, ‘Here’s Paderewski, here’s Irving.’

Even if you had never seen their features in your life, you would probably look round and say: ‘I wonder who that is!’

All this does not mean that the public can be easily humbugged, and will applaud an artiste on account of his personality. Certainly not; but what I maintain is this: If an artiste possesses talent, a strong personality and a striking appearance, he’ll so fix the attention of the public on him that they will remember him always, and his fortune is made.

Will not also theatrical managers get the most attractive title they can for a play? Will not publishers puzzle their brains weeks and weeks to help an author adopt a catching title for his book?

If an author has a name which would pass unnoticed, is he not careful to assume a *nom de plume* that will be an eye-tickler?

Everybody who is before the public has to keep himself advertised if he would preserve the ear and the favours of that public.

Nothing will help him more than a euphonic name and a striking appearance.

CHAPTER XI

THE REWARD OF HELPFULNESS

WE love people who put us in a position to render them good services still more than those who do us good turns, because the former ones raise us in our own estimation, whereas the latter put us under obligations to them.

A man worships a fellow-creature whose life he has saved simply because that fellow-creature gave him an opportunity of performing a heroic action; the more grateful of the two is often the one who saved the life, not the one whose life was saved. I knew a man who rescued a young boy from drowning; but he was not satisfied with that. He implored the parents of that child to allow him to see to his education. He finally adopted him, and left him a fortune of more than a million dollars.

The loveliest feeling to have in life, the one above all that makes us happiest, is to know that we can be useful, that we can do good, that someone is better and happier for our being alive, and we are grateful to all those who enable us to have that feeling.

That is why the most wretchedly unhappy man on earth is the selfish one, the sordid miser who has never helped a fellow-creature in his life. Look at his crabby, sullen, sad face, and watch the end of his existence. The scene on his death-bed is terrible.

Nobody cares for him, he cares for nobody, and he cannot take his gold with him. Why, no, if he did, it

would only melt. He writhes in horrible agonies, and when all is over his distorted features show the moral as well as physical sufferings he had to go through before ending his useless, ill-spent life.

And following the same order of ideas, I may safely say that we hate those whom we wrong far more than those who wrong us. This is not a Christian feeling, the consequence of a precept of the Gospel which tells us to love our enemies. It is purely human nature.

We may deceive the whole world, but we cannot deceive ourselves. We have ever to reckon with that stern judge, our conscience. When we wilfully wrong people—we may do it and do it again—we are aware of the wickedness of our action; for so doing we despise ourselves, hate ourselves, and it leads us to hate the very people whom we wrong, and thus cause us to hate ourselves.

Crimes have been committed under this impulse. Murders have been committed to get rid of a standing reproach. Such a thing happened in France not long ago, when a man murdered a woman whom he had ill-treated, and who only repaid him by acts of kindness and by that kind of devotion that a dog pays to a master who beats him.

Children have been hated and sent to baby-farms for no other reason than that they were living reproaches to mothers and constant reminders of a sin.

I believe in a heaven, but not in a hell, in the next world; but I firmly believe in the existence of both in this world; and the earthly heaven and hell are of our own manufacture.

We cannot alter our natures, but we can train our-

selves to govern our passions. Whatever station of life we are in, we can be useful and do a little good, and add to the cheerfulness and happiness of others. There is no other way of being happy—absolutely none.

And also remember the words of the poet : ‘Paradise is cheap enough ; it is the hells which we make for ourselves that are expensive.’

CHAPTER XII

HOW TO ENJOY YOUR OWN COMPANY

ALEXANDRE DUMAS the elder often used to say that he never felt dull or lonely in his own company. You need not be an Alexandre Dumas to enjoy the same privilege.

No doubt a man of such imagination as the great French novelist could always most easily have a lively time in the midst of the living creations which came out of his fertile brain ; but no one ever needs feel lonely who enjoys power of attention—retrospection especially—and a mind sensitive to outward objects, in which lie the secret and the art of seeing things.

Leaning in an armchair in my library, doing nothing but look around in my little sanctum, I could enjoy myself for hours and hours. By simply looking at the cover of an interesting book, the whole story contained in it comes back to my mind ; the portrait of an actor or an actress sends me back to the stall from which I witnessed a good play ; a look at a boomerang, and I am back to Australia : the Sydney harbour, the

eucalyptus forests, the panorama of a whole year spent in the colonies, pass before my eyes.

The photograph which Mr. Kruger signed for me in Pretoria in 1893 reminds me of five months spent in South Africa, and I discuss with myself the causes of the terrible war which is still raging between British and Boers.

Near it the portrait of an American humorist tells me some good stories again, and I laugh as heartily as if I was still among the audience or at the dinner-table where I heard him.

Everyone can collect souvenirs of all the places he has seen, of all the people he has met, and if he is possessed of the least power of concentration, he can by himself revisit all those places and renew acquaintance with all those people.

Better than that, if you have an observing mind, there is not a single day of the year, not a walk, that cannot supply you with some entertainment and instruction. If you are what the French call a bit of a *flâneur* (who is the Frenchman who is not?), and nothing escapes your notice, every moment of your life will be spent in an interesting manner.

For that you have to bring all your faculties to the front, like a house with many faces at the doors and windows. 'The book of Nature,' says John Burroughs in one of his best essays, 'is like a page written over or printed upon with different-sized characters, and in many different languages, interlined and crosslined, and with a great variety of marginal notes and references.'

For my part, my delight is to linger long over each

page of this marvellous record, and to dwell fondly upon its most obscure texts. You seldom take a walk without encountering some of this fine print on Nature's page. Now it is a little yellowish-white moth that spreads itself upon the middle of a leaf, or it is the young cicadas working up out of the ground, and in the damp, cool places building little chimneys or tubes above the surface to get more warmth and hasten their development, or it is a wood-newt gorging a tree cricket, or a little snake gorging the newt, or a bird preparing to pounce on the snake.

I once spent a whole afternoon in a wood by the Buffalo River, in South Africa, watching a little insect which I thought perfectly wonderful. When walking on its six legs it was about an inch long, with a head covered with a perfect hat, the whole like brown velvet. Now it walked on four legs only, and raised its head; but my delight was at a climax when it stood erect on its hind-legs, and looked, with its swallow-tail-shaped brown coat, like a little beau of the eighteenth century.

I was able to secure it and to feed it in a perforated box, full of its favourite leaves, for nearly a month; then I gave it to the Cape Town Museum.

I will tell you what I have done. I have sometimes followed for more than an hour a little piece of wood going down the street in the gutter. I have watched with interest its perplexity, the difficulties it had to overcome, its dogged perseverance to get on, and more than once I have given it a help with my stick. Childlike, maybe, but all enjoyable.

CHAPTER XIII

ON MONEY - LENDING

WHEN I receive the return of money I have lent, I always go immediately on the spree with it, for it is money I have made up my mind to lose.

When you lend money to a friend, you run two risks—that of losing your money or that of losing your friend. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred you lose both, because if you do not annoy him he is ashamed to show himself, and if you do so he is so indignant that he will have nothing more to do with you. Oblige a friend with whatever loose cash you may be able to spare, but never lend money except that which you can afford to lose. When you claim a loan from a friend, you offend him; you wound his susceptibilities (borrowers are born susceptible); you place him in a very embarrassing position; you humiliate him, and he naturally resents it. When you claim it forcibly, you insult him.

A friend is grateful to you for lending him money on condition only that you do not claim the return of it. If you do, and you get it back, he fails to see that you have rendered him a service, and maybe he thinks he might be more clever and successful next time. The man who hopes to recover the money he has lent to a friend is a simpleton who would be taken in by a beginner at the confidence-trick game.

Nay, a man who returns to a friend the money he has borrowed of him thinks he is doing him a very good turn, for which he ought to feel particularly grateful.

The only money-lenders who make the business pay are those who lend money at from 20 to 100 per cent. interest, and require, besides, a good security from the borrower. These people die rich and full of honours. They build churches, and have been known to be philanthropists and art patrons; but the amateur money-lender is a failure, who dies in the workhouse, and of whom his friends say: 'He was not a bad sort, but he had no business abilities, poor fellow!'

There are two kinds of borrowers—those who never mean to return the money they borrow, and those who never can, whatever their good intentions may be—in a word, those who don't and those who can't.

Borrowers are generally men with a keen sense of humour.

A dear relative once borrowed £50 of me. That was a long time ago, in the days of my sweet innocence. I wrote to ask for the return of the loan six months or so later. I received an apology: he was not in a position just at present to keep his promise; he was very sorry, and hoped I would let it stand over. Six months later I renewed my application, and got no answer, but by-and-by I received from him a letter, in which he begged that I would lend him another £50. 'This,' he said, 'will put me right; and I don't mind telling you that, unless you see your way to rendering me this new service, I don't see how I can return the money you lent me.' He was not the inventor of this clever financial scheme, which consists in borrowing money to pay either the capital or the interest of a previous loan. His Majesty the Sultan of Turkey has done it with success for the past sixty years. Every loan of the

Sublime Porte has been issued to pay the interest of the previous loans, and bond-holders, thanks to that successful scheme, have been able to get the payment of their coupons.

There is also the borrower who keeps on asking you for money, and, receiving it without any remarks from you, takes it for granted that you have made up your mind to give him a pension for life. He would keenly resent your mentioning the previous loans or your claiming the return of any. If one day you refuse to lend him any more money, even if you apologize for your inability to do so, he will feel greatly injured, and become your bitter enemy; he will abuse you, and declare that you are not trustworthy; that he thought you were a sincere friend, but is sorry to find how disappointing you are.

I have no hesitation in saying that nine times out of ten the man who borrows money of a friend commits an act of indelicacy, the tenth time being often one of swindling.

CHAPTER XIV

GET THE WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

ONE morning at the West House, Minneapolis, a reporter knocked at my door and entered my bedroom while I was shaving. After a few minutes' conversation he left me. In the same afternoon I derived a great deal of amusement from the perusal of that reporter's impressions of your humble servant: 'I found him

shaving himself,' he remarked, 'and was surprised that he did not get shaved in the barber's shop, like a gentleman.' No doubt this ineffable reporter took it for granted that, if I shaved myself, it was in order to save the amount charged in a barber's shop. Of course, tastes are peculiar. Some men have no objection to having soap rubbed on their cheeks by negroes' hands. I have, even by white men's hands. But suppose for an instant that, being able to shave myself, I don't see why I should spend the price for undergoing the operation at the hands of a barber, will you tell me why the act should be ungentlemanly? If I can afford to spend £100 for the satisfaction of a fancy, I spend it willingly; but if I can get in Holborn for 5s. the very same article that I am charged 10s. for in Piccadilly, I get it in Holborn, satisfy my wish or want, and save 5s.

To get the worth of your money does not mean stinginess, much less avarice: it means wise economy, and the man who pays due attention to this principle is richer on £1,000 a year than another on £4,000. Many a virtue, of course, becomes a vice by exaggeration. I love economy as a virtue too much not to loathe it when it becomes a vice in the shape of avarice, or even only of stinginess.

The snob who takes a house, the rent of which he can ill afford, and denies his family and himself many of the necessaries, comforts, or pleasures of life so as to have a good address, is an idiot who does not get the worth of his money. So is the man who is ashamed to be seen on the top of an omnibus, and spends in cabs money that would enable him to have a better house, a

better stable, or a better-dressed, and therefore happier, womankind.

Of course, it is a good thing that there are shopkeepers who charge outrageous prices, for otherwise how could some American or South African millionaires succeed in spending a reasonable part of their incomes? But if you are not millionaires—and many of you are not—remember that the shopkeepers and other business people of Fifth Avenue, Piccadilly, Bond Street, and the Rue de la Paix, charge you outrageous prices because they pay outrageous rents, and that each article they sell you—jewellery, dresses, or merely note-paper and envelopes—has to be sold with a profit that will enable them to pay their rent; and be sure that, to obtain good writing materials, you need not go to the man who, ‘by special appointment,’ supplies these articles to the King or the Prince of Wales. Besides, remember that it is not mentioned on the corner of every sheet of paper where you procured that paper, which might help to raise you socially, if it were. Carelessness, extravagance, and snobbery are the arch-enemies of comfort and happiness. Don’t object to buying something because it is *expensive*, but never buy anything which is *dear*—that is to say, not worth the price which is asked for it.

Always buy the best; never get into debt; never be stingy—on the contrary, be generous; help your friends and the poor; but always get the worth of your money, and you will make the pleasant discovery that you are well off, and often even rich.

CHAPTER XV

UNFAIR CRITICISM

IF criticism is kind and fair, accept it with respect and thanks; if it is fair but unkind, accept it with respect without thanks; if it is unfair and unkind, treat it with contempt. So says D'Alembert.

Have an aim in life, and let nothing divert you from the road that leads to the goal. Follow the precept given in the favourite proverb of the Arabs: 'The dogs bark, the caravan passes.'

Be comforted, whether you are an artist, a writer, or anything else, by the thought that, as a rule, the unfair critic is a failure in the art he criticises. If he could write good books and good plays which would bring him in an income of £10,000 a year, if he could paint good portraits which he could sell at £1,000 apiece, he would not waste his time finding fault with the productions of other people. The competent critic, himself a man of talent, is invariably a fair critic, and often a kind one.

If you are a philosopher, and can always see the bright side of things, if, better still, you are of a humorous turn of mind, you may get a great deal of amusement out of either conceited or ignorant criticism. Imagine the joy that Mark Twain must have felt when, a good many years ago (more years, perhaps, than I care to remind my celebrated friend of), the London *Saturday Review* took his 'Innocents Abroad' seriously, called the book 'flippant,' and praised the topographi-

cal portion of it. 'His description of the towns is fairly correct,' said the portentous weekly. How Mark must have roared—why, till tears came to his eyes'

The *Saturday Review* has since been at it again, and this time I am the victim of its arrows. Some time ago I published a book in Paris—in French, naturally. I will not name that book, for fear you should think that I am advertising it. An author generally entertains for his last book the feelings a father entertains for the baby. He is prejudiced in its favour. Maybe that book is very bad. However, considering that the press of France and England almost unanimously praised it, I came to the pleasant conclusion that it cannot be so very bad. If you will excuse my quoting a passage from a very favourable criticism, you will better see my point. Speaking of the book, the Paris *Figaro*, the most literary of French papers, says: 'Although Max O'Rell has chosen an English *nom de plume*, although he speaks and writes English as well as the late Queen Victoria (!), although he has delivered over two thousand lectures in English, he is a Frenchman, and a thorough Frenchman, for he is too witty and writes French too brilliantly to be anything else.' Now I began to feel very happy and very proud, because I said to myself: 'The critics on the staff of the Paris *Figaro* certainly have a decent knowledge of French. Halloa, old man, although you have lived nearly thirty years among the members of the English-speaking race all over the world, you can still write a fairly good piece of French!'

The next day I opened the London *Saturday Review*. There was in it a criticism of my book which wound up

thus: 'His style, generally, is as slovenly as French style can be.'

What am I to do? No author can hope to make a living without the appreciation of the *Saturday Review*. Am I, in future, to publish a French-English vocabulary at the end of the French editions of my books? Or am I to bring my French down to the level of the *Saturday Reviewer's* knowledge of that language, of whom I might say, quoting Chaucer:

'And Frenche he spake ful fayre and fetisly,
After the scole of Stratford-atte-Bowe,
For Frenche of Paris was to him unknowe.'

And then I remembered that when, some fifteen years ago, I published a school edition of Bossuet's Sermons, the *Saturday Review* said it was 'not so bright and entertaining a book as "John Bull and his Island."' The whole thing dawned on me, and I have felt comfortable and happy ever since.

Criticism should never exasperate us; on the contrary, it should benefit us, and even occasionally amuse us.

We should not hate our enemies, not only because the Gospel tells us to love them, but because we should be grateful to them for the good they do us; for if we owe part of our success to our friends, we owe a still greater part to our enemies, because they make more noise about it and advertise us ever so much better.

There are two ways of making an animal advance, whether that animal be an artist, a writer, a Bishop, or a Prime Minister: first, by kind encouragements in front of him, or by something less pleasant but more effective on the other side. And I firmly believe the second process to be the more efficient of the two.

Enemies—why, they are our fortune !

Do what is right, or what your conscience tells you is right ; do your best, and never mind what your critics say.

Many a one who criticises the millionaire that has amassed his wealth through intelligence and industry would lick his boots for a greenback.

CHAPTER XVI

CHEEK

THE other day I received from an English Vicar the following letter. I may say that I had never met the man, and never even heard of him :

‘DEAR SIR,

Knowing how benevolently you are inclined, I hope you will excuse the liberty I am taking. We bought an organ for our church last year, but, unfortunately, we have not yet been able to pay for it. Would you kindly help us by giving us one of your admirable lectures ? Of course I will send you a first-class return ticket, and will offer you hospitality at the Vicarage, so that you will have no expense whatever to incur.’

I penned the following answer to that Vicar :

‘REV. AND DEAR SIR,

My family and myself are very desirous of possessing an organ ourselves, but at present we cannot afford to buy one, so we are waiting until we have the money to pay for it. If you had acted as wisely, you would not be in trouble now. There is nothing more

immoral than to buy things before you know whether you can pay for them, and I feel I cannot encourage you in the pernicious path on which you are treading.'

Why, if I had given that lecture, I should not even have been thanked for it. The following Sunday, in his pulpit, the Vicar would have said it was true they had been in trouble about that organ, but he knew all the time that the Lord would come to their help. Praised be the Lord!

The president of an English public library writes me to say that their funds are very low, and 'Would I send them my books, which would give pleasure to thousands?' Now, a public library, like a lending library, is a philanthropic institution which I respect, but which allows thousands of well-to-do people to read books without having to buy them. An author is a poor mortal who has to pay his butcher's bills, and who relies on the royalties he receives to do so. Well, he must put up with that; but to ask him to buy his own books and to present them to public libraries, where they will be read by people who could buy them, is adding insult to injury and greatly underrating his appreciation of a joke.

I pass over the female Briton who sends you a valuable album with a request to write your autograph in it, followed by minute instructions how to pack that album before returning it to her.

I likewise pass over the cool Briton who writes: 'May I trespass on your valuable time, and ask you to kindly send me a short account of the lives of Zola and Daudet? I know you are very busy, and I only want you to send

me a short account.' Certainly, dear friend, it is only six hours' work you require of me, for which you enclose a penny stamp. I will lose no time in attending to your wishes.

May I also pass over the English lady who, on board a steamer, uses your deck-chair all day, although your name is written in full on the front part of it, and who, on your being introduced to her, says to you in the middle of the conversation: 'Oh, would you be kind enough to bring *my* chair further down this way?'

The secretary of an English hospital, to whom I had sent half a dozen of my books for the patients at his request, acknowledged receipt in the following terms: 'Many thanks for the books which you so kindly sent to us. But it is your later books, the last one especially, we should like to have. Perhaps you will be able to see your way to sending them to us. They will be most thankfully received and most thoroughly appreciated by our patients, who are poor but very intelligent.'

Well, well, that's how the British Empire was made.

CHAPTER XVII

THE PROTECTION OF WIVES AND CHILDREN

I AM too much of a cosmopolitan to be constantly bragging about my own country. I know all the faults and shortcomings of the French; I know what is praiseworthy and what is to be blamed about the laws, institutions, manners, and customs of France; but for the protection of women and children there is a French

law which I should like to see adopted in every nation.

If a Frenchman, be he father, husband, or brother, shows an inclination to squander a fortune which is one day destined to go to his children, his wife, or his brothers and sisters, the latter have a right to call a family council to examine the case, report on it, and obtain a restraint which prevents that man from having the sole and entire control of his fortune.

And thus it is that French wives and children are protected from the eccentricities and extravagances of gamblers, spendthrifts, who may happen to be at the head of a family; and the law makes no difference between the man who has simply inherited his fortune or has personally earned it in his profession or business.

He is only allowed to peacefully enjoy the possession of that fortune so long as the interests of his family are safeguarded by his careful management of it, and by his constant regard for the future of his family.

If the family council have proved their case, the law appoints guardians or trustees, who pay the interest of the capital to the man in monthly instalments, or to his wife if he is not judged competent to handle that interest, and the capital remains absolutely protected from his extravagance.

That man is thus declared by French law *interdit*—that is to say, *prevented* from doing any more injury to his wife and children. Even nephews and nieces can call a family council and get a profligate uncle *interdit*.

Very often a doting old man gets into the hands of schemers—in France generally a shrewd housekeeper *bonne à tout faire* of an old bachelor. Only the man

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with no direct heirs can do with his fortune absolutely as he likes.

The French wife is not only the natural but the legal guardian of her children, and her husband is so well aware of this that he will seldom embark into speculation without consulting her.

If she is opposed to it, nine times out of ten he will follow her advice and be satisfied with a small but safe interest.

It is thanks to the influence of women that the fortune of France is so stable and steady; and that influence, that salutary influence, of women, is due to the existence of the law which I mentioned at the beginning of this chapter, and which prevents a man who has a family from embarking upon wild speculation, for wild speculation, like gambling, or money squandered in fast extravagance, is a case for a family council.

I know nothing of American laws; but I know that in England the man is the sole and absolute master of the money which he has inherited or earned.

He can squander it at his will and pleasure, and there is no redress for his wife and children, who may have to starve in consequence of his extravagance.

CHAPTER XVIII

NOVELISTS, POETS, AND AUTHORS SHOULD NOT MARRY

I SHOULD like to ask two questions: Firstly, should authors marry? Secondly, if they marry, should their wives be chosen from among the intellectuals or not?

After giving the matter very careful consideration, I have come to the conclusion that authors, poets and novelists especially, have no business to marry—not so much for their own sake, perhaps, as, to put it in the shape of a Hibernianism, for the sake of their wives. Why?

Simply because the author of fiction is unlike any other person. If he were not, he would never be an author. In the words of the great Turkish philosopher, ‘Allah is with him,’ which is another way of saying that he is mad. Some English writers have looked at the matter from very much the same point of view.

‘Great wits are sure to madness near allied.’ St. Augustine practically said the same. Well, in that case, they ought not to be allied to anything else.

The average stolid man of commerce is content with his equally stolid helpmate. He does not want to see much originality in her. Your author is not constituted in the same way.

He goes through life at such a rate that he exhausts one woman’s potentialities of attraction in a few years. The author defies the conventionalities. His fancy runs wild, his aspirations have to be fed, his imagination has to be worked up. He lives in a different world from that of his wife. He has to be in turn each one of the characters which he creates; otherwise his characters would not be alive. He has to live them himself.

But there is a worse wife for an author than a woman who does not appreciate him. There is the terrible one who thinks she can write as well as he, and who constantly irritates him by her criticisms.

Heaven forbid ! it is quite enough for an author to have to see what the *Saturday Review* says of his books. Whenever anything like an unfavourable criticism appears, he never runs the risk of not seeing it.

There are always kind friends to post it to him, strongly marked in blue pencil. He does not want criticism at home. He wants sympathy, adulation and praise. If he loves his wife, he will appreciate her praises more than all the press and the public can say. And this does not arise from conceit on the author's part, but from his very constitution.

A critical wife has been the cause of many an author being unable to produce, of many a painter having to put aside his colours and brushes.

This chapter is suggested to me by an essay on the subject which I recently read in the *London Sun*. The writer concludes it in the following words : ' If the author (or painter, I would add) must marry, the right type of wife for him is the woman without too much intellect, but with overflowing sympathy, for what that man wants in his home is love, sympathy, help, a little understanding of his efforts and aims.'

I once called on a very well-known author who had a wife of this type.

He was in his greenhouse, taking green-fly off certain plants. ' Look at him ! ' said his wife fondly, pointing out the great man to me. ' Look at him ! You wouldn't think, to see him killing green-fly, that he is such a great man, and writes those beautiful things out of his own head !

' He says it is all owing to the way I feed him that he is able to give such great thoughts to the world, and

that as long as I look after his digestion, and believe in him, he'll write the books. Isn't he a dear !

So are you, dear little woman !

CHAPTER XIX

MEN WHO ABUSE WOMEN

A WOMAN who has been badly treated by a man abuses all men. A man who has been badly treated by a woman does not for that speak ill of all women. He simply says : 'I have had to deal with the wrong one.' That is all. The man who abuses women is not the one who has been badly treated by them, but the one who has treated them badly.

It is the one who has inborn in him neither the admiration of, nor the respect for, women.

I have known young boys speak of young girls with contempt, and when, later, I met them again as men, I found they spoke of women not only with disrespect, but had not a good word to say for the weaker sex.

The man who abuses women never caressed his mother, never was the playmate or the companion of his sisters. He is a bully, and is seldom more popular with nice men than he is with women.

I repeat it : women who abuse men are women who have had one sad experience of men, and generalize, or who speak from hearsay. Men who abuse women are women-haters ; it is in their nature, and the case is quite different.

I have an old bachelor friend, now seventy years of

age. He is what we men call a very good fellow, but he is fidgety, not of a very prepossessing appearance, and I am afraid he never was a success with the ladies.

Several times he was engaged, and as many times he was jilted. On the whole, I may say that, in spite of his wealth and his generosity, he was badly treated by women.

Yet he always speaks well of them, admires them still, and regrets that he is now too old to make any more attempts to captivate one.

His rooms are covered with the reproductions of the portraits of the most beautiful women—the only ones that always remain the same to him.

I remember an Englishman saying to me one day: ‘How stupid of a man to be unfaithful to his wife! Is not one woman as good as another?’ Fancy being married to a man of this sort!

Yet, in his way, he was not a bad husband. He treated his wife with respect (too much, perhaps, she might think), even with kindness, gave her all she wanted; but I cannot imagine for the life of me how one word of love could ever have passed between that man and his wife.

A woman should marry a lover of women, even if, on that account, she had to be careful and vigilant enough to see that she always was and remained the one he loved best. With a woman-hater, or a man who abuses women, life can hardly be tolerable—I mean matrimonial life.

The writers of antiquity abuse women almost to a man—Aristophanes, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Terence, Plautus, all of them. Now that woman is

emancipated, educated, and given full scope for the display of her intellectual, mental qualities, there is not one out of a hundred modern writers who speaks ill of women. Some, like Balzac, the greatest of them, may make fun of their little ways, shams, fads, and impostures, but when in earnest they all lay wreaths and flowers at their feet.

The man who abuses women is now a very rare exception, to be found only among morose hypochondriacs. The man cheerful, bright, the man virile and of brains, the man generous and chivalrous, the man of wit and humour—in fact, all men possessing the best attributes of men—praise women.

CHAPTER XX

WOMEN WHO ABUSE MEN

WOMEN who abuse men advertise themselves social failures. The woman who says that she never enjoyed the society of man is a woman who stupidly confesses that she never had enough personal charms to attract the attention of men. After all, the knowledge of man possessed by women is very limited—by respectable women, at any rate. It's all hearsay and gossip. Well, let us be charitable and believe so.

When a married woman earnestly says that man is a sulky brute, it means that she had the misfortune of marrying a man who is sulky and brutal. When a woman asserts that man is incapable of true love and fidelity, it simply means that she never was able to

inspire such love in any man, or that she had the misfortune of being jilted.

Those things happen and are personal experiences, nothing more. It is an undeniable truth that women who are beautiful speak well of men, that women who are loved speak well of men, that women who have good husbands speak well of men.

When I hear a woman say that she admires man as a father, but not as a husband, I simply come to the conclusion that she has, or had, a good father (who most probably was a good husband, though not to her), but that she has, or had, a bad husband. I once heard a lady, whose husband is a good but stern and cold man, exclaim: 'Oh, if my father could only be my husband, and my husband my father, how happy I should be!' If her wish could have come to pass, she would praise men up to the sky; but it cannot, so she does not.

Whenever an Englishman has returned to England from an American tour, a lecturer, an artist, an actor, and so on, I have never failed to interview him for my own satisfaction. I have invariably asked him his impressions of America and of the American people, and from his impressions I have always been able to ascertain the amount of success—or the contrary—he had met in the United States.

Those who told me that they rather liked America, but were glad to be back in England, had scored but little success, though they did not fail altogether. Those who were in raptures about the Americans had been triumphantly successful. They would have abused England and everything English right away, if they had not borne in mind that England might still be

useful to them. Those who abused the Americans, their utter absence of warmth, their want of appreciation—in fact, those who had not a good word to say for America and the States—had been ghastly failures.

Well, it is the same with women as it is with these Englishmen. Women who have had success with men, who have been sought and loved by them, speak well of the sterner sex; those who, for want of beauty, or amiability, or any other quality, such as makes a woman attractive, have been neglected by men, or badly treated by them, or those who have had the misfortune of being associated with bad men, condemn the male sex as irretrievably bad.

If I were a woman, ever so plain, ever so neglected, a woman even who had never had one word of love whispered into my ear, I would not be such a fool as to admit it; I would speak well of man, and be a diplomatist.

CHAPTER XXI

THE MODERN YOUNG MAN

THE more I study the ways of the modern young man, the better I understand why women say that the society of a man is seldom enjoyable before he has attained the age of forty. The modern young man is conceited, assertive, blasé. He settles the questions of the day with an air of supreme authority; he patronizes 'the girls,' crosses his legs, half sitting, half lying, on easy-chairs in the presence of ladies, and thinks he confers a

great honour upon them in condescending to dance with them or to listen to their conversation.

In France and in England he is objectionable, and in Germany absolutely intolerable. In America, from a few scenes I have witnessed, he is pretty bad, although American women are about the best to put a man in his proper place.

A beautiful English girl once told me that at a ball she had accepted the invitation of a young man of twenty to waltz with him. 'Are you fond of dancing?' she asked him. 'Well,' he answered, 'you see, I am often invited to dine in this house, and you have to do something in return for people who ask you to dine—haven't you?' He practically apologized to that beautiful girl for being seen dancing with her. 'But,' I said, 'didn't you pull the nose of that insect?' 'I had a good mind to do so,' she replied.

An American girl would have invited that imp to dinner, and entertained him in the nursery with the children, and fed him on oatmeal gruel and candies.

The modern young man pats the girls of his acquaintance on the back, sends the smoke of his cigarette in their faces, and waves his hand to them when he meets them in the street.

In the omnibuses it is usually the men of forty, fifty, and sixty years of age who rise and offer their seats to the ladies; the young men remain seated. Even with us older men they are often assertive and almost rude. They do not listen and learn; they hold the floor and entertain and edify us with their reminiscences and impressions, and not uncommonly with their opinions.

They settle political, social, religious, literary, artistic

questions; and their judgments are delivered in a manner that disposes of all possibilities of appeal. They do not bear in mind the salutary piece of advice once given to the students of the Cambridge University in England by the Vice-Chancellor, the late Dr. Thompson. 'Young men,' he said to them, 'remember that we are all of us liable to make mistakes, even the youngest of us.'

Their knowledge of the world, and of all things therein, extends so far that sometimes you catch yourself regretting that they are not a bit older, as we might thus have their impressions of George Washington and their reminiscences of the Battle of Waterloo.

I like the young man of twenty who does not believe that no woman can resist him, who is considerate and respectful to ladies and people of old age, who admits that he is ten years younger than his father, who remains with his head uncovered while engaged conversing with ladies, who listens to older men, who airs his views and gives his advice when he is invited to do so, who enjoys the natural pursuits of youth, who does not think it beneath his dignity to pay some attention to children, who is modest and retiring, and who succeeds in making himself pleasant and useful.

CHAPTER XXII

ON 'DUDES' IN GENERAL

THE English swell is a bit stiff and heavy, except on the top story, where you find his attic generally light and unfurnished; but he wears his clothes well, his dress is

irreproachable, and he is not altogether destitute of manliness.

He reads inane books, enjoys inane plays, and always looks 'awfully bored.' He dines out, and kindly repays his hostess's hospitality by condescending to dance; but he apologizes to the girls who are his partners for being seen indulging in that 'unmanly' pastime. He is bored, and is a bore.

The French dude is not so manly as the English one, but he is gay, supple, and makes an art of every social function. He is a graceful dancer, an inventive cotillon leader, a cheerful diner, a good rider and driver, a fine shot, an appreciator of pictures, music, and the drama, and always an amiable companion.

The American dude has always struck me as a sort of hybrid creature—something between a man and a woman—an imitation of the English swell less the manliness, and of the French one less the refined and artistic taste. He is a disguise. There is ever a silly, insipid simper on his countenance, and he is stiff in his English-looking get-up. Without any of the good qualities of his own sex, he affects all the bad ones, all the impertinences and follies of the other.

The French dude is a great critic in dress and in the assortment of colours. He can tell a woman what colour will suit her complexion and what will not. He can recommend the best tooth-powder and the latest perfume. He is often consulted on the style of hats and dresses.

He organizes amateur theatricals, and undertakes to himself make up the women for the performance. He is fearfully frivolous, but he is always amusing and

very often witty. The women generally treat him as a boy, but they sometimes find to their cost that he is a man, and a fairly dangerous one, too.

He is a good swordsman, and loves to fight a duel with a man who has dared to pass a risky remark on a woman whom he happens to know. If he should be wounded, he is proud if it is in the right arm, and he wears an interesting sling much longer than is needed.

'Here goes So-and-so, who fought a duel for the honour of a lady,' is a phrase that he loves to hear. That character has redeeming features in a country which can boast an old aristocracy, but a new country cannot afford to produce a type of that kind.

The American dude is a ridiculous caricature. The useless man should be boycotted in a new country. There should be no room in America for men passing most of their time in ogling themselves in a glass, trimming their fingers, and caressing their moustaches.

Of course, the dude, be he a coxcomb or merely a fop, is everywhere an objectionable parasite. Nothing is more hateful than the man who is so extremely well satisfied with his person that he fancies every woman who sees him cannot help dying for him.

He verifies the old maxim that a thing that can do no harm will never do much good; for, as no woman can yield to him who is not as perfectly worthless as he is himself, you may defy him to make any woman happy.

Nor, indeed, is it in his power to marry, being, properly speaking, so wedded to himself that it would be

like bigamy to offer love to any other than his own sweet person.

There ought to be hospitals, or, better still, asylums, for dudes.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE IDEAL DAUGHTER

A DEVOTED, cheerful, caressing daughter is the joy of a home. Happy the house that resounds all day long with her song and the peals of her silvery laughter! She is the sun that shines all day. She is the chain that binds father and mother together, and their safeguard against any danger to their love and faithfulness to each other. Is there anything which could entice that father out of his house so long as that girl is in it? No, nothing but the work that he has to do, and which he cheerfully does, all the time longing for that welcome kiss when he returns home.

I admire the love of a daughter for her mother, but it is so common, so natural, that I am always ready to take it for granted; but the love of a daughter for a father! What a sight for the gods it is! Look at that girl on her father's knees, with her arms around his neck, fondling him, petting him, patting his face, curling his moustache, pulling his nose. Look at them in the street, arm-in-arm, like old 'pals'! His weight is not one ounce; in that girl's company he is a man of twenty-five, not a year older. Watch them flatten their noses against the shop windows, looking at all the pretty things inside.

But they do not remain outside. Sure, they go in; the little rogue knows her business. She knows that papa is always ready to cheerfully part with his loose cash. She gives him a nudge, a little wink; they laugh, and in they go. And what a time they are having discussing over the choice of all the things they are going to have! When they return home, they get scolded for their extravagance; but that's all right. Mamma is not a bit jealous. Besides, have they not brought something for her? Of course they have.

The whole day that daughter watches the opportunity to do her father a thousand good little turns. If he takes a cigar, she rushes for a light, and strikes it herself; if he only mentions that he has forgotten something upstairs, off she goes to fetch it. She seems to foresee all his wishes, and satisfies them before they are expressed.

The day her mother is 'at home' she is almost jealous. So many people take possession of her father, and she is a monopolizer. For that matter, who is the good woman that is not? She, however, constantly watches an opportunity to come near him. If a chair gets vacant in his neighbourhood, she quickly seizes it and occupies it. Then she takes his arm, or picks off his coat imaginary little bits of fluff. She looks at him, smiles at him, makes love to him.

When all the people are gone, she has a good fling at him, and keeps him all to herself for the rest of the day. She talks and chats to him, tells him stories, plays to him, sings him all his favourite songs, and the hours fly joyfully till it is time to go to bed. Then she kisses him good-night once, twice, three times, and goes; but soon the door opens again and she reappears

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to say good-night once more. Then, singing, with a quick step she rushes upstairs, leaving papa sighing at the thought that he will not set his eyes on that dear, lovely little face again till next morning at breakfast.

Blessed be the man who possesses such a daughter! His lot is the most enviable one in the world.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE AMERICANIZATION OF THE WORLD

THERE was a rumour in London lately that the Borghese Museum had been bought by the American billionaire, J. Pierpont Morgan. A cry of alarm was immediately raised by Lady Stanley, a painter of great talent and the wife of the celebrated African explorer, Sir Henry M. Stanley. It was a false alarm, for the sensational news was soon contradicted. The Borghese Museum had been sold right enough, but had been bought by the Italian Government.

It was true that the famous collection was going to leave its home, but not its own country.

The fact is that poor old Europe is now wondering if those enterprising Americans will not one of these days make a descent upon the Old World and rid it of all its treasures.

For the last six or seven years America has been so prosperous that, thanks to the wealth it possesses, Europe sees itself on the point of being entirely at the mercy of the United States.

The alarm caused by the rumour that the Borghese

Museum was going to pass into the hands of the Americans was false, but, be sure of it, the rumour was only the forerunner of events which one of these days will startle the whole world.

I say that before twenty years Europe will be at the mercy of America in every respect—its stock exchanges, its commerce, its industries—just as its customs and manners will be American.

I don't say that the Louvre Museum, that the galleries of Madrid, Dresden and Florence, will be in New York ; I do not say that the Tower of London will yet be transplanted to Michigan Avenue, Chicago, or that the Arc de Triomphe will be used as a triumphal arch for the return of the American troops from some Philippine expedition. No ; I do not say it, although I dare not affirm that it would be impossible.

The Treasury at Washington is choking, the commercial activity is boundless, and the intelligence and the ingenuity of the Americans are beyond competition. New York and Chicago are becoming peopled with millionaires, arch-millionaires, and billionaires.

Everywhere you hear of new markets and new industries ; manufactories and workshops are rising from under the soil as if by magic. Every year thousands of miles are added to the railroads.

The fever is general, and causes Americans to undertake a wild race in which Europeans are neither strong enough nor sufficiently trained to compete. Modern America is little short of a phantasmagoria.

These riches which are heaping up at such a rate are a source of danger for us if we are doomed to be kept out of the race.

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I understand, I even admire, the intelligence and the patriotism of the European aristocracies who monopolize the great American heiresses, and thus make their countries profit by the wealth acquired by the Americans.

After all, we all want what we haven't got. The Americans possess everything that money can procure, but they have neither great museums, nor old monuments, nor titles of nobility.

By giving their daughters to our Dukes, Marquises, Earls and Counts—I think they despise Barons, barren ones especially—they satisfy a craving for honours which their own country cannot confer upon them.

I count 192 American ladies in Mayfair and Belgravia, and 78 in the Faubourg St. Germain. The Vice-Queen of India is American. When shall we see an American woman on a European throne?

And why not? I rather like the idea of it. The Sovereigns of Europe practically all belong to one family. Their marriages are all made between cousins, and royalty is sadly deteriorating. The healthy daughter of some rich Kansas farmer, married to some Sovereign of Europe, might produce Princes and Princesses robust in body and mind, and in these democratic times I fail to see why Kings and Emperors should not follow the example of their aristocracies. Maybe they would obtain such dowries from America that our taxes could be considerably reduced.

In literature and the fine arts I am convinced that we Europeans shall keep our superiority for at least a century more. In practical science the Americans are ahead of us; in commerce and industry we shall soon be nowhere.



Let us keep our own museums, our own monuments, so that we may still be able to get a living by showing them to the Americans for a consideration.

CHAPTER XXV

ARE MILLIONAIRES IMPOSTORS?

THE successful author or artist who, by his pen or brushes, makes from £1,000 to £2,000, or even £4,000, a year is pitied and looked down upon by the millionaire who has either inherited his money or earned it in business.

Millionaires are to be found among the leisured or commercial classes only. No literary man or artist, however celebrated, has ever left more than what millionaires would call decent poverty.

Shakespeare, Milton, Racine, Molière, and Corneille died poor. Subscriptions had to be raised to keep Lamartine in his old age. Tennyson and Victor Hugo died well off, but their fortune was a mite compared to that of the average aristocrat or the plutocrat.

Now let us imagine an artist or a novelist to do on a huge scale what Rubens and Alexandre Dumas the elder did on a relatively small one.

Let us imagine that, instead of having an ordinary-sized studio or study, he has an enormous one, capable of accommodating a thousand good artists or writers at work.

Let us imagine that all these men work under his supervision, that he even gives a finishing touch to

every picture himself, that he advises every writer himself, supplying ideas of plots, dénouements, etc., and that he finally signs all the pictures and all the novels.

Let us say that he will pay handsomely every artist or writer who works under him—at least one-half of what he receives.

It is possible that at the end of a year he will make £400,000 or £600,000.

Why doesn't he do it? Why? Simply because he would be called an impostor if he did.

Well, will you tell me why a man should not be called an impostor who, being perhaps unable to weave an inch of silk properly himself, can employ ten thousand people who can, and whom he pays a few shillings a day for work which is worth twice as much, and which he sells at such a price? But he is not called an impostor; he is called a commercial genius.

This being so, to give back to the workers or to the community (as some millionaire philanthropists do) what he took from his employés would only be common justice.

Some people are mistaken in supposing that if the workers, on getting back the profit capitalists made out of them, were to drink it or gamble it away, that money would enrich nobody.

They would have a perfect right to do as they liked with their own. It should never have been taken from them.

I long to see the day when the most respected men of a community will be the workers, when a man, however highly educated he may be, will be proud to work with his hands as well as with his brain.

I should like to see education so cheap that University men might be found cutting stones and laying bricks, and I hope the Scottish-American millionaire's gift to the Scottish Universities may tend that way.

When the educated commoner returns to his class, that class will be raised, and not till then ; and, being raised, he will see through the fraud of modern society, and stand it no longer.

No man can possibly become a millionaire who does not pay thousands of workers less than they are entitled to receive for the work and wealth which they produce.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE NEW DEMOCRACY

IN a letter written by one of the followers of the Duke of Cornwall and York on his great colonial tour, I find the following remarks on New Zealand :

‘ Here in New Zealand we have the most democratic of all civilized communities. What to us in Great Britain would seem the wildest Socialistic doctrines are carried into practice, and yet one finds in New Zealand, above all countries, a strong Imperialist sentiment, a universal and warm patriotism and loyalty to the British Throne.

‘ There is no foolish talk here of the dangers of militarism, the abolition of war, and the brotherhood of nations. There are even no pro-Boers.

‘ The Socialists of this colony have nothing in common with those of Battersea Park, who would fare

badly did they ventilate their theories in this country. During our stay I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of all the members of the New Zealand Ministry, and have had frequent opportunities of conversing with them—the very able man who is Premier, the Right Hon. R. J. Seddon; the Hon. J. G. Ward, one of the most clever and justly popular men in the country, now Postmaster-General and Minister of Railways; the Hon. James Carroll, the Native Minister, himself a Maori and a man of great ability; and the other men who compose the Government of this flourishing colony.

‘These are the men who have been chosen by the most democratic people under the British flag to represent them, in a land where the franchise is universal, every man and woman of age having a vote, and where the Maoris also from their own territories send their delegates to Parliament.’

I have been in New Zealand, and can endorse all that is said by the writer of this letter.

The two greatest, truest, and best-governed democracies in the world are New Zealand and the little island of Jersey.

The party that is now in power in New Zealand is what would be termed in Great Britain an extreme Radical party, the Conservatives, who represent capital and the large landed interests, being in opposition.

But these men who in New Zealand lead the democracy are not like the demagogues of the old world, not like the English and Australian labour candidates, but are men solid, of good position, of the highest ability, of high character and integrity, of broad views,

striving for the good of the commonwealth, men who in Great Britain or America would probably attain to the highest ranks in political life, not faddists or adventurers, but men to whom one felt it was no dangerous thing to entrust the control of the affairs of a great colony, and always Imperialist to a man when it comes to a question of the Empire's larger interests.

Yet all this is probably due to the fact that New Zealand is mostly inhabited by the wisest and the most essentially and truly democratic people on earth, the Scotch.

It must be remembered that the Socialistic policy of Mr. Seddon, the Premier, and his colleagues is not like that of the democratic Australian Governments, and you will understand why New Zealand rightly refused to enter the newly-founded Australian Commonwealth.

In New South Wales, and also in Victoria, the Government panders to the mob. Its policy tends to concentrate the population in the great cities, with manifold evil results.

Half the population of the whole of New South Wales is to be found in Sydney, and more than half of the population of the colony of Victoria is gathered in Melbourne.

These cities have a population of about 500,000 inhabitants, half of which could be spared with advantage, especially if they could make up their minds to go and settle in the Bush.

Apparently the ideal of the democratic leaders of New South Wales and Victoria is that the working man

should, at the expense of the country interests, do a minimum of work for a maximum of pay within easy reach of the city dissipations.

But in New Zealand the democratic Government pursues an altogether different policy.

It opposes centralization, and its aim is to prevent the concentration of people in the large towns.

By sweeping alterations in the laws affecting the tenure of the land, it encourages the occupation of the back country by a class of peasant proprietors, a policy to which just objections can be raised, inasmuch as there is a somewhat arbitrary dealing with established rights, but which in all probability tends to further the true interests of the colony.

The result is that little New Zealand has eight large cities, while New South Wales and Victoria have only one each; that the population is well distributed all over the country, and that everywhere, throughout the length and breadth of the land, you see mines at work, corn grown, fruit gathered, a beehive of activity and industry.

CHAPTER XXVII

ENGLISH VERSUS GERMAN COLONISTS

THE English are the best colonists in the world in the sense of organizers, but as settlers the Germans are much better than they are. They can stand privations better, their wants are fewer, they are greater workers, not only more industrious, but more economical and more saving. They rise early, go to bed early, and can

do without such luxuries as are necessities to the English. What struck me in Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, and South Africa, was the lazy ways of the English compared to the industry of the Germans and the Dutch. Shops kept by Englishmen never opened before 8.30 or 9 in the morning, but at 7 o'clock all those kept by Dutch or Germans were opened. Add to this that the English take with them to the colonies all their proclivities for pleasure. They must have their drinks, their athletic games, and the consequence is that when they leave England to settle in the colonies they stop in the large cities and will not go and claim land, fell forests, and settle the country. The labourers prefer starving in Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide to going and making a good living by hard work in the Bush. The only English colonists who are good are those of the second and next generation. Those who come direct from England are seldom any good. I was once remarking to the Earl of Hopetoun, then Governor of Victoria and now Governor-General of the newly-federated Australia, on what I called the curse of Australia—drink. 'You are right,' he said to me; 'drink is the curse of the country; but drunkenness is not a vice of the real Australian, that is to say, of the man born in Australia, but is a vice imported and indulged in by the settlers, that is to say, by the British who have come to reside in the colonies.'

When I was in Melbourne, the Government had opened a bureau to provide work for the unemployed. One day it was announced at the bureau that ten workmen were required to begin the making of a road about sixty miles from Melbourne. The workmen presented

themselves at the office, and their names were called according to the date of their inscription. The secretary had to call more than four hundred names before he could get ten men who would make up their minds to leave the town to go and work in the country. They preferred loafing, drinking, cumbering the ground in Melbourne, to working in the Bush and leading a healthy and useful country life.

It is worthy of note that the Duke of Cornwall and York, just before taking his departure from South Australia, remarked upon how he had been struck by the large number of leading colonists who were of German descent. It is well known, of course, that the famous 'Farinaceous Colony' first attracted a great many Germans to the Antipodes, and excellent colonists they have made all over the great Australian continent. The late Sir Thomas McIlwraith, formerly Prime Minister of Queensland, was an open and enthusiastic believer in the virtues of Germans as colonizers, and gave them every possible encouragement to settle in the northern colony. 'You meet a German emigrant in Brisbane to-day with a couple of shillings in his pocket,' Sir Thomas used to say, 'and in a few years' time you will see him driving into town in a fine buggy from his prosperous farm, because he will not stay loafing about the streets, but makes for the Bush, takes off his coat, and works like a man.'

I know the Americans could give the Germans the same testimonial as Sir Thomas. Thanks to their thrift, their industrious and saving habits, their perseverance, and the development of the German navy, it may be that one day the Germans will get the colonies,

and drive the English out of them, as they have driven them out of so many markets.

Yet the glory will remain to England for having started all those free-governed nations, some of which will perhaps one day become what America is to-day.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE REIGN OF THE HUMORISTS

HUMOUR is much more than the 'divine saving grace' it is often called: it is the greatest power on earth, and the greatest power for good, too. It is the most effective stimulant to cheerfulness, and therefore happiness; it is the outcome of philosophy and simplicity in the character; it is the antidote to conceit; it is the quintessence of common-sense, and it is to be regretted that the Governments of the world are not carried on by humorists.

They would prevent nations from making fools of themselves. They would not only see the horror of war, but the ridicule of it. They would make people understand that the way to teach them how to live is not to kill them. They would stop the swaggering of idiotic so-called patriotism, and replace it by good-fellowship. They would change flags from rags used to excite nations to the hatred of one another into emblems of brotherhood and good understanding.

They would make people laugh away their absurd international prejudices. They would compel them to study and know one another, and learn that they are

all of them different, but all one as good as the other. They would remove all the miseries of the earth. They would use all the steel that goes into making swords and cannon—instruments of torture absolutely destitute of humour—to make ploughshares, shovels, and useful tools of all sorts. They would make schoolboys read history, and point out to them that after Napoleon the Great had waged war for ten years in Europe, marching his victorious armies from capital to capital, he left his country ruined, depopulated, and transformed into a huge cemetery; and those schoolboys would come to the conclusion—the right conclusion—that there is more common-sense in one remark made by ‘Mr. Dooley’ than in all the proclamations of the greatest warrior of modern times.

There is more common-sense in one comic paper than in all the serious newspapers of London, Paris, and New York put together.

The humorists are the wise men of the world, because the most forcible way to impart truth is to do it according to the principle laid down by Horace—through a laugh: ‘*Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?*’

Many a sermon would be remembered if the preacher had not sent his hearers to sleep by his prosy delivery, but had kept them cheerful and attentive by the introduction of a little wholesome humour.

The masses of the people, however, are not educated up to the appreciation of humour, and the dish they require their rulers and advisers to serve them is sonorous platitudes. The vilest ones do duty with perfect success.

M. Louis Pasteur had deserved the gratitude of the human race for his discoveries, and to send him the congratulations of England on his birthday. I never was present at so representative a meeting. All the members of the Royal Society, all the leading physicians and surgeons of England, all the most famous men of science, whose names are household words in England and elsewhere, were there. Each came after the other to bear testimony to the work done by the great savant, to his discovery of bacilli and of the cause of diseases; his cure of phylloxera; his cure of the diseases of cattle; his cure of hydrophobia, etc. When the proposition was put to the meeting, all these great men rose enthusiastically, and the resolution was passed unanimously.

The following day I read a letter in a newspaper. It was signed 'Justice.' In his letter this conceited idiot said that if he had been present at the meeting he would have refused his vote. The members of the Royal Society, Professor Huxley, Lord Lister, all these men might honestly believe that M. Pasteur had discovered the cure of hydrophobia, but *he was far from being convinced.*

In Australia I read in a letter, published in Sydney, New South Wales, that 'Sarah Bernhardt was much overrated as an actress.' A newspaper published in Napier, New Zealand, inserted a letter signed 'Truth,' commenting on a lecture delivered by Henry M. Stanley in the following terms: 'The lecture was interesting, but I don't think the lecturer is well up in his subject.' Sir H. M. Stanley had lectured on Central Africa, where he spent twenty-three years of his life.

The letters published in the most important papers of London and other great cities are entertaining enough, but you should read those published in the papers of the small towns. If you ask a prosperous grocer of the place if he has read Lord Salisbury's letter in the *Times* on the housing of the poor, he will probably answer: 'I have myself written a letter on the subject in our local paper.' And sure he has.

All the criticism of the South African War is sent to the papers from private soldiers at the front.

Maybe one of these days a Briton will write a letter to the papers suggesting an infallible way of catching De Wet. If he does, the volatile Boer is done for.

CHAPTER XXX

THE ENGLISH ARE THE WORST LINGUISTS IN THE WORLD

THE English are the worst linguists in the world. The French run them very close. Indeed, I am not sure to which of the two the prize should be awarded. Their national or, let us say, their provincial vanity accounts for this shortcoming, and, it must be added, no really serious attention is paid to the teaching of foreign languages in either French or English schools, and, when it is, it is for a couple of hours a week only.

For a true-born Frenchman, the world is divided into two parts—France and the rest. He does not despise the peoples of the rest, he does not hate them; no, he rather likes them; he thinks they are awfully funny, and he pities them from the bottom of his heart.

For a true-born Briton, the world is composed of English people and foreigners; he does not hate foreigners, he does not despise them—h'm, no; but the idea that they might be compared to him is preposterous, too funny for words. The quiet way in which he takes it for granted that his superiority is acknowledged by everyone is what makes him so irritating.

One day an Englishman, on a visit to Paris with his daughter, was constantly referring to the French, in whose country he was staying, as foreigners, and his daughter gently remarked to him: 'But, father, we are foreigners here, not the French.' 'We foreigners!' replied the worthy British father—'not a bit of it! we are English.'

In the eyes of the average Englishman, the world should be English, and this is what helps him to make himself at home everywhere, in the four corners of the world.

The possessions of the English are not only those spots of the earth which are marked in red in the maps of the world published in Great Britain, but also all those picturesque and fashionable European resorts which are every year frequented by the English, such as Nice, Monte Carlo, Mentone, Montreux, Cannes, Pau, Homburg, Biarritz, and scores of others. In fact, so English have many of these places become that I actually heard an English lady complaining that 'Homburg was sadly overrun with Germans' last year. If this is not annexation, what is?

I have a little reminiscence which will illustrate the earnestness with which the French language is taught in English public schools. I was once asked to examine in French the boys of one of the nine great public

schools of England. Two whole days had to be devoted to the *viva-voce* examination in all the different classes. During the interval I was invited by the head-master to lunch with him in his house. During the meal we spoke of the examination, and he asked me how satisfied I was with the result. 'Well,' I said, 'I am very pleased, considering that only two hours a week are devoted to the study of the French language. In the highest class I found boys who read French at sight quite easily, who knew their grammar well, who are well up in the philology of the language, and who can put a piece of English into a very decent piece of French. Of course, I find that they have great difficulty in speaking, but that is not surprising. However, among them I found a boy who spoke with an extremely good accent, and I was astonished to find that he had never resided in France.' 'Oh!' said the head-master, 'who is that boy?' I named him. 'Oh! I know,' he said; 'that boy is full of affectation.'

No wonder French is not spoken better in England; no wonder the English are preceded in Continental Europe by their reputation for ignorance of foreign languages.

In the dining-room of a hotel at Nice, on a huge placard posted over the mantelpiece, you can read the following: 'Our English visitors are kindly requested to address the waiters and servants in English, as their French is not generally understood.'

CHAPTER XXXI

IN DEFENCE OF 'YELLOWISM'

It was a good many years ago, some time before the Spanish-American War, I believe, that for the first time in my life I heard of the yellow press of America. If you had heard the expression before, excuse my ignorance; I had not. And foremost among the yellow press of America the name of the *New York Journal* was mentioned, and a good many people of Europe were not slow to say, or at least to whisper, that the American Government had been forced to declare war with Spain in order to satisfy the *New York Journal* and increase its circulation. When I realized what was meant by 'yellowism,' I began to reflect that there was something fearfully wicked in the expression, and I set to work to find out who to my knowledge had been guilty of it.

I then remembered how shocked, horrified, I was when I first visited England, nearly thirty years ago, to see the horrible state of the London streets, where, in the West End, you were accosted by face-painted, hair-dyed girls of twelve. A few philanthropists in and out of Parliament were concerned about it. Every year a Bill was proposed to remedy the crying evil, and every year it was shelved. Then rose a man who could stand it no longer and wrote sensational articles that caused indignation in the hearts of the English people and aroused them to a pitch of frenzy. He even went too

far, and committed an indiscretion that sent him to gaol for four months. But within a month the English Parliament had passed a Bill which raised the age of consent to sixteen, and made it a misdemeanour for a man to have relations with girls under sixteen years of age. That man was Mr. W. T. Stead, then editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and the great reform was obtained through 'yellowism.'

For years the submerged ones of England seemed abandoned of God and man. Their cries of despair were uttered in vain. No one wanted to be reminded of their existence, certainly not the Anglican Church, which moves in good society and contented itself with saying, 'One day these people may, like ourselves, enter the kingdom of heaven; let them be patient and wait.'

Then appeared a man who thought that these poor wretches might have a bit of heaven in this world, and that 'yellowism' applied in strong doses might do some good. He went to them, got them out of their slums and hovels, and made them sing in the streets to the accompaniment of cornets, trombones, and big drums. Yes, that was 'yellowism,' but he was successful.

His name is William Booth, General of the Salvation Army, who to-day gives every year 300,000 dinners for a penny, and over 500,000 breakfasts to the poor for a halfpenny. Had he adopted any other methods than 'yellow' ones, he would have failed miserably.

For years and years the Cubans had been under the tyrannical yoke of Spain. Periodically they rose and rebelled, but Spain trampled them under her foot until

they were able to rise and rebel again. Diplomacy was always a failure. It could do nothing.

The 'yellow' press of America thought it was time to raise a voice of indignation that should be heard throughout the length and breadth of the United States. It said in a very loud voice: 'This crying shame is at our very door, and it shall last no longer.'

To-day the Cubans are free, and Spain herself is no worse for the amputation she had to undergo. Her credit is rising and her national vitality recovering. 'Yellowism' again.

For centuries the aristocracy of France were the tyrants of the people. They were once given titles and land for exploits that would be rewarded to-day with years of penal servitude or capital punishment. They were supposed to raise armies at their expense and defend their country, but they did nothing of the sort.

The poor had not only to fight, but had to pay all the taxes. These aristocrats could send to the Bastille for life fathers and husbands whose daughters and wives they coveted. The great preachers of Louis XIV.'s time warned them that the day of reckoning was fast approaching, but they took no notice of that.

Then the philosophers wrote books—D'Alembert, Voltaire, and Jean Jacques Rousseau; but the aristocracy laughed at those writings and called them 'theories.' However, the 'yellow' methods were now within sight.

The guillotine was 'yellow,' much too 'yellow,' no doubt; but it destroyed the power and the privileges of an obstinate race, who had never realized that the duty of the high-born is to set the example of virtue to

the lowly. If I had lived in those exciting times, I know I should have been found in the ranks of the 'yellow' army. I am poor stuff to make a slave of.

It is sad to reflect that all the great reforms of the world have been achieved by 'yellow' methods. Those who enjoy privileges that they are not entitled to possess are hard of hearing, and with them 'yellowism' is the only way to get at them.

If I were a Russian, I should probably be a Nihilist ; if I were a miner and consented to bury myself alive in order to get coal for my fellow-creatures, I would not accept a reduction of wages before I had seen that the owner of the land under which the mine was lying was satisfied with a smaller royalty.

Strikes and revolutions are 'yellowism' if you like, but they generally obtain justice for somebody. People do not resort to 'yellowism' for the mere redress of grievances ; but for obtaining justice, for the triumph of truth also, as well as of justice, history teaches us that 'yellowism' is the only method that has ever proved successful.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE ENGLISH AT HOME AND ABROAD

THERE is no doubt that the Englishman of good society is the best-dressed man in the world. The American man may be the most 'newly' dressed, his garments on him may look as if they had just come out of the box in which they were sent to him by his tailor ; but he

has not that manly and easy chic which characterizes his cousin on the other side of the Atlantic.

The people of Continental Europe and of the United States, who have travelled and who know how correctly that Englishman dresses at home, resent the way in which he attires himself when he visits their respective countries.

I have seen French people indignant at seeing Englishmen turn up at the grand opera in gray suits of clothes and travelling-caps. No doubt on many occasions those men were tourists or cyclists who had brought no evening suits with them, and who did not see why on that account they should be denied the pleasure of hearing an opera.

Very often such is the case; but I must also admit that the Englishman, who at home is perhaps the most amiable and considerate of men, very often leaves all these qualities, as well as his virtues, in the cloak-room of the Dover Station when he starts for a Continental tour. The moment he lands at Calais the man is changed to the extent of being unrecognisable.

He goes about turning up his nose as if everything smelt ill; he is haughty, disagreeable, talks aloud in the cathedrals as if they were property acquired by Thomas Cook and Son for his especial entertainment, and almost hesitates to take off his hat at the door; and those who know what an English gentleman is at home, and what he is often taken for when he is abroad, appreciate the remark that Émile Zola made when he paid his first visit to England: 'Are the Englishmen, so arrogant, so unbearable, whom I have met in France, the same men whom I meet in England every day,

so courteous, so affable, so hospitable, and so considerate?"

The fact is that to form a proper opinion of a man you must study him at home in the midst of his own surroundings. There he is himself. In a foreign country he is more or less ill at ease, very much like a fish out of water. He does not breathe freely. His apparent arrogance is very often nothing but shyness. As for the Englishman, as he seldom takes the slightest trouble to make the conquest of the people he visits, he earns for himself a reputation which, to do him justice, he does not deserve.

English women are just as bad as English men in this respect. It is a prejudice imposed on England that English women dress badly. I do not say that they have the elegance and the smartness of the women of France and America, but all who study the question must be prepared to acknowledge that in good society the English woman is no whit behind the woman of Paris and New York.

But when the English woman travels abroad, she seems to fill her trunks with all the old frumpery she can gather together.

She appears in garments which she would not venture to wear at home; she travels in unbecoming headgear.

She dons skirts and blouses at the smartest foreign hotels which she would not think of wearing in a country inn in England.

She goes about badly gloved, badly shod, badly hatted, thinking that anything is good enough in a country which she wants to see, and where she doesn't expect to be seen. But, as a matter of fact, she is seen,

and the poor figure that she cuts beside her foreign sisters does not tend to enhance the foreigners' opinion of English women.

The English people, who are particularly sensitive of the impression they make on foreigners, are always indignant if their women are described as dowdy, yet English women go the very way about to compel this description, since it is obviously impossible for other nations to be aware that, while they look very smart at home, they care nothing for appearances abroad.

Let English people of both sexes strive to appear abroad as they do at home, and they will find themselves welcome, and their visits much better appreciated.

CHAPTER XXXIII

FEATS OF MEMORY

A SHORT time ago I walked into the office of the Grand Central Station in Forty-Second Street and asked for a ticket and sleeping berth for Toronto.

'Well, how are you?' said the clerk behind the counter.

'Very well,' I answered.

'Last time you came here,' he added, 'I gave you a ticket for Oberlin, Ohio.'

'Well, I guess,' said I, knowing the American language, 'that was five years ago.'

'I guess that's so,' he said.

He guessed right.

You go into an American hotel and ask if Mr. John Smith is in.

'Pst!' says the clerk to a hall-boy. 'Go and see if 876 is in.'

And John Smith has perhaps only been a day in the house.

I have watched hotel clerks sort hundreds of letters and place them, one after the other, in the boxes of the rack, without once looking at the register for reference.

You may live at the Savoy or at the Cecil Hotel in London for a year. Every time you take the elevator the attendant will ask you: 'What floor?' After you have once told the negro boy who runs the elevator of any American hotel what floor you are on, he knows where to land you.

I have seen boys stand outside the dining-room of American hotels and receive in rapid succession as many as five hundred hats, all derbys, all alike, no name inside, no possible way—so far as I could see—to distinguish one from the other. The owners of those hats came out in an altogether different order from the way they went in. The boys handed the hats to those people without once making a mistake.

A few months ago I was in a hotel in Leeds, England. We were three men in the dining-room. Before I entered it, a boy standing outside gave me a ticket for my hat. When I came out he gave me the wrong hat. How I did pity that poor young Briton! What an inferior being I thought he was compared to the ordinary negro boy of an American hotel.

The conductor of an American train may have over five hundred passengers under his charge. They have

all come in at different stations; they are all going to different stations. As they come in he collects their tickets. That's settled; he remembers the destination of every one of them. Not one would he allow to travel further than the station he bought a ticket for. In Europe, when the conductor has examined your ticket, he locks the door of your compartment to be sure of you at the next stop. Dear old Europe, dear old museum of antiquities!

The fact is that the whole of America is a huge thinking machine, a huge mind constantly on the alert and kept in good working order by a strong, bracing, invigorating climate, which alone can explain these marvellous feats of memory. What strikes a European most forcibly in the States is the absence, the total absence, of stupid-looking faces—and this is a great treat for a European. The Americans are not all beautiful, but they are all intelligent-looking. I say, what strikes that European who travels in any part of the United States is not so much the unmatched discoveries of Edison, or any of the great achievements of the American people in science, commerce, and industry, not so much their bold bridges, their railways, and what not. No; what strikes him most forcibly are those thousand and one little intelligent discoveries which add so much comfort to every-day life, and spare so much labour and worry—those ingenious little inventions which in Europe make us always exclaim: 'That's American!' 'Made in Germany' means shoddy, 'Made in France' means artistic, 'That's American' means ingenious.

It may be that the training at school has a great

deal to do with that prodigious power of memory to be found in the Americans. Children at school in the United States are made to commit to memory every day long pieces of prose and poetry, and that from the tenderest age—a splendid exercise which is absolutely neglected in English public schools. I have heard little boys and girls in their early teens, not only recite long pieces committed to memory, but able on the spur of the moment to give at random quotations from the authors. I was once visiting a New York school for girls on the anniversary of George Eliot's death. One after the other the little girls gave me interesting pithy quotations from the works of that great English novelist, mostly the satirical passages at the expense of man. With the same wonderful result I visited another school on the anniversary of Emerson's death. There had been no preparation; my visit had not even been announced. I was simply taken to that school by a friend, who introduced me to the head-master, and begged him to be kind enough to let me see the pupils. They were immediately assembled before me. I mentioned that the day was the anniversary of Emerson's death, and I asked if some of them could entertain me with extracts from his works, or at least with a few quotations. All hands went up, and a shower of quotations was thrown at me, not only perfectly correctly, but given in good oratorical style. They had not learned those extracts by heart like parrots, but like intelligent, thinking beings.

I have heard Americans repeat a lecture, a sermon, they had just listened to. All the points were at their tongue's end.

A European interviewer calls on you with a stenographer, if he is not one himself, to take down every word that is uttered either in a question or an answer. The American interviewer calls on you, has a chat with you, seldom takes even as much as a note. The next day you see the conversation in print. It is correct.

But I have seen better than all that. I have seen American ladies leave home to pay calls at No. 418, West One Hundred and Twenty-eighth Street; No. 329, East One Hundred and Thirty-sixth Street; No. 298, West One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Street, and a half-dozen more. They remembered them all.

An American may live at No. 3,492, West or East Four Hundred and Twenty-ninth Street. He is all right. He always remembers where he lives.

CHAPTER XXXIV

TIPPING IS UNIVERSAL: YOU FIND THE CUSTOM EVEN
AMONG THE ABORIGINES

THE *London Daily Chronicle* some time since published a number of letters on the subject of tipping. In these letters English and Americans try to prove that it is in the other country that tipping is more rampant. An American went so far as to say that there is no tipping in America.

When I was in the United States for the first time, fourteen years ago, I inquired of the new acquaintances and friends I made what I was to do. I remember how

indignant Colonel Robert Ingersoll—who was to become one of my dearest friends in America—was when I asked if it was the custom to tip waiters, porters, and other people whom we are in the habit of tipping in Europe.

‘My dear fellow,’ he said to me, ‘we are very susceptible people in this country. A man will sometimes overcharge you, but even the very man who might try to cheat you would be insulted if you offered him a tip. There is no domesticity actually acknowledged in the United States. Servants are paid for their work, but they expect no presents, no tips, no alms in any shape whatever.’

I understood, and promised to myself to follow his advice and instructions. ‘There is a great deal of dignity, no doubt, in the American character,’ I said to myself—‘that dignity which you expect to find in the man who belongs to a great democracy, to a really free nation. I will tip no one.’

I started on my lecturing tour, and for a few weeks tipped no one. My stay in each town was of one day only, and I could not know what the servants thought of me; but I was satisfied that I had insulted no citizen of the great American Republic.

By-and-by I arrived in Boston, where I intended to stay a week. The first day all passed satisfactorily. The waiter did wait; but on the second day I found that it was I who had to do the waiting. On the third day things got so bad that evil thoughts began to besiege me. ‘No,’ I said, ‘this will not do; I must try what insulting will do to make things more pleasant.’ I put a dollar in the slot.

The effect was instantaneous. I was waited on beautifully, better still even than on the first day. From that moment up to the last day I spent in the United States, I 'insulted' every American of whom I expected a service, and intend doing so every time that I return to America.

In England you tip valets, porters, waiters, and chambermaids in hotels; you tip railway servants, and that is about all.

In France you tip everybody in hotels, in railway stations, in theatres, and in public buildings; you tip your cabman, and, even in an omnibus, if you give two ten-centime pieces to the conductor for the fifteen-centime fare outside, he expects you to wave your hand at him and sign to him that you wish him to keep the change.

In Germany they do not only expect tips, but they demand them, and in a very peremptory manner, too. They hold out their hands and frown at you until you part with the cash, and as they do not expect you to return, they save time and labour and do not say 'Thank you.'

In Italy things are worse. They ask you how much you are going to give them if they do for you work for which they are paid by their employers. They smile and cringe in the most servile way, and you feel that for a fourpenny-piece they would allow you to kick them—and they would.

Tipping is universal. You find the custom even among the aborigines of the Antipodes. I once gave a copper to an Australian native.

'Sir,' he said, 'it is not a coin of my colour I want; it's one of yours.'

I like a good repartee. I gave him a sixpenny-piece, and I never saw such a beautiful set of teeth in all my life.

CHAPTER XXXV

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN ORATORY

PROFESSOR KONRAD ALBERTI, of Leipzig, in his new book, called 'The School of the Orator' (Die Schule des Redners), sends the German student of the art of public speaking to the pages of Hansard.

In England, he observes, lies the cradle of Parliamentary oratory. 'English eloquence,' he says, 'is not characterized by its brilliant turns and surprises, nor by its intellectual gymnastics, but by its thorough mastership over the matter in hand, by its weighty collection and juxtaposition of the facts, by its production of striking analogies, and by its biting wit, so that speech-making in England is a kind of boxing with words.' The learned German Professor has evidently never witnessed a debate in the House of Commons when the Irish members took part in it. Of course, everybody knows that in France, Belgium, Italy, and Austria, Parliamentary boxing goes much further than words.

To return to oratory, there is no doubt that in debate, Parliamentary, legal, or literary, the English, and I might say the English-speaking people, are past-masters in the art, with this difference between the English and the Americans, that the former are generally solemn, dull, and prosy, whereas the latter are always able, by the introduction of pathos or humour, to lighten and enliven their speeches.

A speech is an essay, and, with the exception of the essays of Addison, Steele, and Charles Lamb, that form of English literature is about the dreariest in existence.

The London *Saturday Review*, which favours England with weekly essays, cures its readers of the most terrible attacks of insomnia, and in the pages of that portentous production anything light or humorous is called flippant and condemned as vulgar. The *Saturday Review* is the most typically English periodical.

I have heard good after-dinner speeches made by the late George Augustus Sala, by Lord Rosebery, and Sir William Harcourt; but even at literary dinners I have seldom heard a good, short, pithy, witty speech.

And as for the official banquets, the City dinners especially, the torture inflicted by the speakers is beyond expression.

The toasts, I must say, are not conducive to humour and cheerfulness: the King, the Queen, and the Members of the Royal Family, His Majesty's Ministers, the House of Lords, the House of Commons, the Army, the Navy, the Reserve Forces!

I defy you to be humorous or witty on the subject of the volunteers and the reserve forces, unless, like Senator Chauncey M. Depew, you refer to them as 'men invincible in peace and invisible in war,' at the risk of seeing yourself turned out of the room by unhumorous, patriotic Britons. Patriotism is a laudable virtue, but there is no humour in it.

The Americans have no 'loyal' toasts on ordinary occasions. They come straight to the point and at once propose the health of the guest of the evening or the prosperity of the society whose members are dining

together. Everybody improvises or has brought an impromptu speech in his pocket. The speeches are light, delightful, and digestible.

In courts of justice, however, I prefer the calm oratory of the English Judges and advocates. It is generally a cool exposition of facts in which the juries see placed before them the case for the prosecution and the case for the defence.

In America I have heard lawyers make violent, impassioned speeches. I have seen them strike the tables with their fists, and altogether advertise their eloquence far more than serve the cause of justice.

Once, in Savannah, the prisoner, accused of murder in the first degree, was so struck with admiration by the speech of the lawyer who prosecuted him that he forgot it was all about him and madly applauded the lawyer when he resumed his seat.

That kind of oratory, objectionable in the case of the defence because it may cause a criminal to be allowed to go at large, becomes a dangerous weapon, for it may cause an innocent man to be hanged.

The speech of a lawyer should be the cold exposition of facts. Juries should have their minds enlightened, not their imagination and passion aroused, and even in exposing these facts, the counsel for the prosecution should do it as a painful duty to society, for the whole principle of the administration of justice lies in this.

Society has to protect itself against criminals; it has not to avenge itself on them. I would rather know that there were at large a thousand criminals who ought to be in gaol than that there was in gaol one innocent man who ought to be at large.

The English are the best debaters in the world, but their speeches are dry and their delivery generally monotonous; the Americans are more eloquent and entertaining, but they often devote to effects efforts which the English devote to the clear exposition of facts.

In political life English speeches are as cold and deliberate as they are in the courts of law, the Government and the Opposition being very much, in the case of a Bill before Parliament, like counsel for the prosecution and the defence in the case of a prisoner.

In sacred oratory I think the palm ought to be awarded to the French. Fathers Hyacinthe, Didon, and many others have been unsurpassed in pulpit oratory during the last hundred years; and neither in ancient nor in modern times can we find anything to equal the sacred eloquence of the seventeenth century.

Whether we consider Bossuet, leading our imagination with the flow of his irresistible Titanic eloquence; or Bourdaloue, enchaining our reason by the power of his arguments; or Massillon, stirring our souls to their depth by the graceful tenderness of an ever-charming diction; or Fléchier, appealing to the intellect in a style more elaborate, perhaps, but harmonious from the very perfection of his art—we must admit that the pulpit has never been adorned as it was in France during the reign of Louis XIV.

But the Catholic religion, appealing as it does to the soul and the imagination, must produce eloquent orators, as the Protestant religion, which appeals more to reason, must produce lecturers and debaters.

CHAPTER XXXVI

MODERN SOCIETY

LIFE would be quite tolerable in England, once said a Frenchman, but for its pleasures. The fact is, that we might repeat to-day the remark of Mme. Vigée-Lebrun, that the English get amused as the French get bored. The thousands of conventionalities, invented at pleasure by the English, transform most of their functions into funereal ceremonies.

Do you know a sight more awful than that of a large English hotel during the season? The visitors are all well-dressed, beautifully groomed, and after dinner yawn their heads off till it is time to go to bed. The scene is only enlivened by the presence of some American girls, who talk, laugh, and actually dare walk to and fro in lively groups of two or three; but even the Americans are beginning to imitate the English, and only a few days ago an American lady said to me, as her attention was drawn to a party of Americans who, in the large Winter Garden, were talking cheerfully and breaking the monotony of that scene of desolation: 'How vulgar! Really, I often feel ashamed of my compatriots!'

I never stop in an English hotel without horrible thoughts coming to my mind; I should like to scream, I am half inclined to do something improper—to let off fireworks in the drawing-room, turn the hose on the guests, in fact, do something desperate, in order to convince myself that I am alive.

interruption, and spent five francs a day, but they say that his budget was so badly prepared that when the month had thirty-one days he had to borrow money for the thirty-first day. History records that he was a most cheerful and happy man, though he had to be buried at the expense of the parish; but, then, the poor fellow had to be buried on the thirty-first, the day on which he had no money.

If you bear this in mind, that, in your old age, life will be worth remembering only on account of the thousand and one innocent little follies you will have committed, I say that no life can be happy that is made up of conventionalities and has not a touch of Bohemianism about it.

Be yourself, follow your own inclinations, imitate nobody, be cheerful, considerate, and unconventional, indulge all those who love you and whom you love; don't spend your life keeping your children in order, telling them constantly that this or that is bad form; rather behave like a dear father I know, who, being rather boisterous at table, entertaining intimate friends, was reproached by his young daughter. 'Father,' she said, with a delightful, loving glance, 'I wish you could behave yourself.'

A cheerful, childlike, unrestrained father in a house full of cheerful, boisterous, unrestrained children is a sight for the gods. Ask the mother in that house if she does not think so, too.

The sweetest pleasures of life are the pleasures of poverty; there is no pleasure in life for the man who can afford everything; there is hardly a smile left in him, unless he is intelligent enough to now and then

introduce a little Bohemianism into his life that will make him forget that he is a millionaire.

I know a young man, very intelligent and very rich, who got married two years ago, and took £4,000 for his four weeks' honeymoon, and spent every penny. Last year he and his wife thought it would be very funny to do the Continent for £100, and rough it like two good Bohemians. When they returned home, they had to borrow half-a-crown of the cook to pay their cab-fare from the station.

They both told me that they had enjoyed that trip far more than the expensive one of the year before. It was, they said, a roaring spree from start to finish. They had each taken a small trunk, nothing more; they never once put on evening dress; they took their meals at students' restaurants in the Quartier Latin of Paris, everywhere in cheerful places, and saved the money that many people spend to be allowed to behold the waxworks that are exhibited in fashionable hotels of England, and also in those of Europe that are patronized by the upper tens of Anglo-Saxondom.

The only pleasures we enjoy are those that cost us a sacrifice of some sort or other, and that is why the very wealthy enjoy practically none, except when they are more or less playing at Bohemianism.

The millionaire who orders a £200 jewel to be sent to his wife gives her a present which, for appreciation, cannot be mentioned in the same breath with that jewel which a man has been able to buy for £10 by saving a pound a week during ten weeks of thoughtful love.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

DOES CIVILIZATION PROMOTE HAPPINESS?

THERE is an old French legend which tells of the adventures of a King to whom his advisers promised that he would find happiness the day on which he could put on the shirt of a man who admitted that he was perfectly satisfied with his lot on earth.

The King started on a long journey through all the provinces of his kingdom in search of the talisman. Every nobleman or citizen he met was asked the question, but the answer was invariably the same. All were unhappy, or, at least, disappointed in life. The King continued his journey, and went through the villages. The royal pageant had attracted on the road all the inhabitants of the country. Among them the King remarked a very poorly-clad labourer. He bade him come forward.

‘Well,’ said he, ‘are you happy? Is there anything that you have not got that you would wish to have?’

‘No, your Majesty,’ replied the labourer, ‘I’m quite satisfied.’

‘Do you mean to tell me that you are perfectly happy?’

‘Yes, sire—perfectly happy.’

The monarch was surprised, but the sincerity of the villager struck him, and he concluded that he had heard the truth from the lips of the humble labourer.

‘At last,’ he thought, ‘I’m going to be happy myself.’

'Take off your shirt,' he said, 'and give it to me.'

'I should be very pleased to do so,' replied the good labourer. 'Unfortunately, I haven't got one.'

Happiness is seldom found among the rich. It is found among the lowly, among the most humble and obscure. Wealth can buy pleasure, which affords satisfaction for the moment, but cannot buy happiness, which is the security of the morrow. The only possible happiness that wealth can procure is the good it can do in helping others to be happy.

There is no happiness in eating and drinking, only pleasure, and not even that always. There is no happiness in luxury, only more comfort. I will warrant that the only moment of real happiness in the life of a millionaire is when he sends a cheque for the founding of a hospital or the addition of a wing to it. There is happiness in love bestowed and love received, but wealth does not buy it and has nothing to do with it.

Happiness is not the result of events, but the outcome of character. Happiness consists in being content with one's lot. How can that be obtained unless one is in ignorance of all those wants the satisfaction of which so many people mistake for happiness? The French peasant who, after his day's work in the fields, sits outside his cottage eating his bowl of soup, chatting, laughing with his neighbours, is happy, and the further he is from a railway-station the happier he is, because the less danger he runs of making the acquaintance of wants he has never heard of in his life. Railways add to our comfort, but do not cause happiness.

For that matter, civilization, with all its prodigious discoveries, promotes the advancement of the human

race, increases its comfort, but does not promote its happiness, because it constantly creates new desires, new wants, which only the privileged few can satisfy. It was for that reason that the Sage of Coniston, John Ruskin, could never look at a railway-train without airing his philippics and diatribes against the progress of civilization.

Has civilization made us more honest?—an essential quality to possess in order to be happy.

Historians relate that when, in the time of King Alfred, a man dropped money on the road, he never for a moment thought of retracing his steps. He knew that the next day, on his way back, he would find it on the very spot where he lost it. The greatest flatterer of modern times would not advise you to do the same on the Paris Boulevard, the London Piccadilly, or the Broadway, New York.

On the market-place of Athens you can still see the bench on which money-dealers placed their money in the time of Aristophanes, but with this improvement, suggested by civilization and twenty centuries of Christianity: Whereas five hundred years before the Christian era that bench was absolutely open, now it is surrounded by railings, to avoid the human race of modern and civilized times mistaking the bankers' money for their own.

CHAPTER XXXIX

THE WORLD IS GOOD, AFTER ALL

IN a newspaper article on 'The Way which leads to Happiness,' I once expressed the opinion that 'there is no possible happiness for us unless we help others to be happy, unless someone is happier for our being alive.' I also said: 'There is far more pleasure, far more happiness, in giving than in receiving.'

'Well, it is lovely to reflect how many kind souls are ready to help one to be happy. It does credit to humanity. The world is good, after all. Since the publication of the article in question I have received every day letters, in which the writers say:

'I am quite of your opinion. Your thoughts are lofty and beautifully expressed. You have hit the nail on the head when you say that there is more pleasure in giving than in receiving. I am struggling hard, and the loan of a few pounds would greatly oblige me.'

It is only the thought that there is but little pleasure in receiving which prevents me from sending 'a few pounds' to all my kind correspondents who are so anxious to procure me the pleasure of giving.

A young man writes to me from Illinois:

'If I had \$100, that is all, I could marry the girl I love, who I know loves me dearly.

'Can you see your way to help us? If you did, you

could unhesitatingly boast that you have made a man and a woman perfectly happy.'

A humorist writes :

'Will you give yourself the pleasure of sending me £2? I do not wish to discuss your opinion, much less contradict your statement, but I assure you that I shall feel as much pleasure in receiving it as you will in giving it to me.'

A somewhat impertinent correspondent sends the following :

'To make as many people happy as I possibly can is the constant aim of my life. I am glad you offer me an opportunity.

'I am trying to found a home for crippled children in this city. Please send me a contribution. I know that the more you give me the happier you will feel.'

Yes, the world is good, after all—very good. You have only to suggest what would make you happy, and everybody comes forward to help you. I thought—only thought—that I had discovered a way which led to happiness.

Now I know I have, and my fellow-creatures, animated by that Christian spirit that has made the hearts of mankind beat in unison for now twenty centuries, are coming forward to give me the opportunity of ascertaining the truth of my assertion. Good folks ! edifying, worthy Christians !

I should like to see the correspondence received every day by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who has let the world

know that he finds happiness in getting rid of all the millions he has amassed during his lifetime.

I do not suppose there is a single city in the United States of America or in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland which has not asked him to give it a public library, not a University that has not asked him for scholarships, hardly a man or a woman in distressed circumstances who has not appealed to him for help.

He has replied to many, has had to take no notice of many more, and no doubt goes through life admired and blessed by many and abused by many more; for who is the cynic who once said?—

‘If a hundred people ask you for a service, and you oblige only ten of them, you make ten people ungrateful and ninety enemies.’

Why? Because there is no happiness in receiving—not even pleasure—unless you are sure that the service is to be repeated over and over again.

I must thank my kind correspondents for the keen interest they take in my welfare and in my happiness. Would I were rich enough to be as happy as they all seem to wish me to be!

CHAPTER XL

WHY MUSSULMANS DESPISE CHRISTIANS

THE ancient Christian allowed himself to be devoured by the lions rather than renounce his faith. The modern Christian goes to church when it does not rain

and the service does not interfere with the hours of his meals.

The modern Christian does not go to church because he believes in the existence of God. He goes because he is afraid that there may be some truth in the rumour about the existence of the devil. If Christians could be absolutely certain that there are no such things as hell and the devil, all the denominations would have to put up their shutters.

The Chinese pray before the images of the most horrible nightmares of devils that they may not hurt them. The Christians do the same. Their religion amounts to very little more than devil-dodging. It is a sort of insurance company to protect against fire in the next world. The Scottish people, who are perhaps the most church-going people in the world, have a proverb which admits the truth of my assertion. They say, 'If the Deil was deed, God wadna be served so weel.'

The Mussulmans despise Christians from the bottom of their hearts. They have nothing to say against Christianity. On the contrary, they admire it; but they loathe Christians, and call them hypocrites for pretending to believe in a religion not one great precept of which they follow. They call odious those Christians who send missionaries to convert them, who are sincere and strict followers of the religion they profess to believe in. They call odious those Christians who, on Sundays, yell out in their churches, 'Peace on earth,' and 'Let us love one another,' and who on week-days despise and hate one another, and wage war in the four corners of the earth. They call Christians the most

conceited Pharisees in the world, a sect which Christianity was invented to destroy.

The Christian is told not to pray on the house-tops nor at the corners of the streets. He is also enjoined not to make a long face when he prays, but to look cheerful and happy. And what does he do? Ask Heinrich Heine, who was once taken inside an English church by a friend, who inquired of him how edified he felt when the service was over.

'Well,' said the great German wit, 'I should imagine that a blaspheming Frenchman was a more pleasing object in the sight of God than a praying Englishman.'

The fact is that they all look sour and miserable.

European beggars, who know their business, will tell you that, when they want to make money, they post themselves outside theatres about the time the performance is over. When they go outside a church at the time the congregation comes out after service, not one of them receives anything, unless there has been a wedding.

The Mussulmans also think it extraordinary that we should knock a man down who has smacked our face. 'Why,' they say, 'aren't you told to offer the other cheek?' They cannot understand that we send people to gaol for stealing. 'Aren't you told,' they say, 'that if a man robs you of all your belongings you are to call him back and offer him your cloak?'

But what irritates them most against us—those good Mussulmans—is that we should profess to follow a religion that says, 'Do not do unto others as you would they should not do unto you.'

The Mussulmans may not be theologians, as we under-

stand the word. No doubt they do not understand the subtle delicacies of the language used in the different versions of the Gospel—delicacies which enable our divines to interpret the Book exactly as they like, and to suit their own belief and views. They do not understand that the Book is so written that it helps Roman Catholics, Episcopalians, Methodists, Unitarians, and the other 195 Christian sects, to prove equally well that each is the only one that is right.

Maybe we have not yet had a proper translation of the Book. However it may be, Mussulmans, Buddhists, and Brahmins agree that the conduct of Christians shows absolutely no sign of being influenced by Christianity.

Is it the fault of Christianity or that of the Christians?

PART II

LITTLE PROBLEMS OF LIFE CONCERNING WOMEN

CHAPTER I

THE ANCIENTS AND THE MODERNS DISAGREE AS TO WOMAN

LOVE is the only thing that makes life worth living; woman is the source of all happiness; the heart of a woman is an inexhaustible store of love, sweetness, and devotion. God created the universe in six days. His masterpiece was His last work, woman. So say, in different ways, many thinkers of modern times. Now, what could woman have been in antiquity, that all the ancient writers and philosophers agree in abusing her? Not one of them has a good word to say for her. In their eyes she is the embodiment of treachery, degradation and perversity—a perfect devil! Was it that in those times, being treated as a slave or an irresponsible child, she had no chance to show herself in her true colours? Yet we hear of good women even in antiquity. We know of Lucretia and Cornelia. Well, listen to what celebrated writers have to say.

Solomon, who had 700 wives, to say nothing of the extra ones, says: 'Woman is more bitter than death. A good beating is better for her than a collar of pearls.'

'Woman,' says Tertullian, 'thou art the gate of hell,

the cause of all evil ; thou shouldst go about in mourning, clothed in rags.'

'There is no choosing between women,' said Plautus ;
'not one is worth anything.'

'O sex detested by the wise !' exclaimed Æschylus ;
'let no woman, either in my days of misfortune or in those of prosperity, sleep under my roof !'

'Woman is the source of all evils. Her love is to be dreaded more than the hatred of man. The poor young men who seek a woman in matrimony are like fish which go to meet the hook.' So said Socrates.

'I shall never tire of cursing women. Why did Jupiter allow them to appear on the face of the earth ?' This is from Euripides.

Sophocles joins in the chorus with this contribution :
'Youth feeds on its own flowery pastures ; in pleasures it builds up a life that knows no troubles till the name of virgin is lost in that of wife.'

Homer had said before : 'Than woman there is no fouler and viler fiend.'

'Only one thing I believe in a woman—that she will not come to life again after she is dead.' This piece of amiability is from Antiphanes.

Aristophanes is answerable for the following :
'Women can rarely be deceived, for they are accustomed to deceive.'

Look on this picture, and on this :

'Honour to women ! To them it is given
To garden the earth with the roses of heaven.'

Thus Schiller expressed himself on the subject at the beginning of this century.

Goethe was not such a lover of women as Schiller.

‘When we speed to the devil’s house,’ he said, ‘woman takes the lead by a thousand steps.’

The greatest authority on woman is Balzac. This is what he says: ‘Woman is a creature between man and the angels.’ ‘The mistakes of a woman result almost always from her faith in the good and her confidence in truth.’

‘There is a woman at the beginning of all great things.’ ‘God has placed the genius of women in their hearts, because the works of this genius are always works of love.’ These two reflections we owe to Lamartine.

Let us see what the two other great French poets of this century have to say. Alfred de Musset thinks that ‘God made woman small in order to do a more choice bit of workmanship.’ Victor Hugo calls woman a ‘sublime being.’

Woman was accused by the ancients of being ‘unable to love more than an hour.’ Michelet says: ‘Woman’s natural mission is to love, to love but one, to love always.’ He calls her ‘the Sunday of Man.’ (Michelet was not a Puritanical Sabbatarian.) Some English-people call woman the Saturday-to-Monday of man. This is more gallant still, but hardly more complimentary to the sex.

All the great philosophers of modern times cannot be called mere flatterers; all the great thinkers of antiquity cannot be called liars and vile slanderers. We must come to the conclusion that woman is not now what she used to be, and that education and the attentions of man, among other causes, have made her what she is—the better half of man.

CHAPTER II

THE MAN ALL WOMEN LIKE

I KNOW a beautiful woman, always dressed in the most exquisite manner and the most irreproachable 'latest,' who would never allow her husband to carry a parcel for her in the street, however much he may insist on doing so, however clumsy the parcel may be.

She will let him do for her anything he may think of; but she will never on any account allow him to do the least thing which may lower him before her in the slightest degree.

That woman is a sound diplomatist. She loves her husband, she has placed him on a pedestal, and she will do nothing herself and she will let him do nothing that may make him look shaky on that pedestal.

She is a true woman, the woman enjoying the best womanly qualities with those of a gentleman thrown in—a woman in a thousand, a woman who after twenty years of matrimony will excite as much interest and admiration in her husband as she did in the very earliest years of her married life.

The man whom all women like is the considerate man, who will get out all the thorns that are in their path without ever doing anything that may tend to make him lose his dignity; the man who will listen to long stories, and even childish prattle, without looking bored; who has a smile and a friendly word for everybody; who likes children and is eagerly sought by them; who is chivalrous, never fussy, always cool; who does

not let a woman stand while he is comfortably sitting; who opens the door for her, but who never carries her parcels.

The man whom all women like is cheerful, witty, but kind, never biting. He always defends a woman who is spoken ill of before him, and invariably remembers every woman he has met.

He is absolutely reliable. If he promises to do a thing he keeps his word. You know you can trust him, even in the smallest trifles. Women love men they can respect, and they respect men whom they can blindly trust.

When that man marries, few women think his wife good enough for him. They do not understand why he has chosen her. They all say, 'Lucky woman!' and, as they like him, they do not hate her more than they can help.

A man of this type goes about the world with every woman smiling upon him. More women are in love with him than he has any idea of, for one of his chief characteristic virtues is that he is not a coxcomb.

He seldom makes love in vain. When he really loves a woman he proves it to her, and if his love is returned he places that woman on a pedestal, almost on an altar, and worships her.

That man can have practically every woman he likes to choose. There are only two reasons that will ever make any woman refuse him—either she is a fool or she is in love with another man.

If she is a fool, she is sure to awake to the fact sooner or later and lament her folly, with tears and repentance.

If she has already given her heart elsewhere, she says 'No' to the man whom all women like with a regret and a pity that he did not declare himself sooner.

Her regret and pity astonish even herself. And to the end of her life, when she counts up all her old admirers, his is the honoured place, and his name is that before which she pauses with a little tender sigh, whose meaning no one else can fathom.

And she will do that even if a good husband and loving children have made her happy.

The man whom all women like is not only happy in life, but a most successful man, whatever his profession may be.

Have the women on your side in life, and the victory is assured.

CHAPTER III

WOMEN WHOM MEN DO NOT LIKE

WE men are not so silly as many women believe us to be. We do not marry women because they are pretty, because they are smart and dress well, because they sing, dance, or ride well; we do not even marry women whom we admire for their wit, style, or beauty. On the contrary, we often avoid them, and, above all, the women whom we do not marry are those who amuse us.

We like them, we frequent their company, we do all sorts of things for them and with them, but we do not marry them.

If girls who want to marry only knew what qualities

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and attainments sensible men generally require in their wives, they would use much less powder and shot, and proceed in quite a different way.

First of all, men—real men—hate women who run after them, and even the very appearance of so doing is against them. Dresses, jewellery, violet powder, and perfumes amuse men, but do not induce them to enter on the road that leads to the altar, unless they are fools.

It is cheerfulness and naturalness in a woman which suggest to a man of character the idea of marrying her. A man resents the slightest advances that a woman may, purposely or indiscreetly, make. More than that, he does not even like to hear her say that she loves him.

It makes him happy to know that she does, but she must not tell him, except perhaps once, in the lowest, almost inaudible whisper.

A man wants to conquer, and that is where the tact and the diplomacy of a woman come in; she has to let him feel that it is he who has won.

The duty of a woman is to resist—to resist always. However much she may crave to say 'Yes,' she must say 'No' for a long time; but there are so many ways to say 'No.' Leave it to him; he knows how to translate a woman's 'No.' A man is a fool who asks a woman what she means.

The reason why women often fail to arrive at right conclusions on the subject of the type of woman men admire and marry is because man in his relations with the feminine world is dishonest almost beyond hope of redemption.

Sometimes through politeness, and sometimes from less worthy motives, he pretends to admire, and even

encourages, manners which, in his wife or his sister, he would condemn with unmistakable sincerity.

If women who allow themselves to be thus led on could only hear what men say of them in the smoking-room! 'Miss So-and-So—such a jolly girl! You get lots of fun out of her! She has all the men after her.' And that's true, she has; all, yes—but one, no. Women who amuse men may have a good time, until they marry a young idiot or a stupid old fool.

There are other women whom men do not marry. There is nothing that a man dreads more in a woman than acidity. A smart tongue kills all the prospects of a woman in the matrimonial market.

An assertive woman, with a sharp tongue and a biting wit, is invited to dinner to entertain two men between whom she is placed at table; she is welcome at afternoon teas and 'at-homes'; clever men like to meet her and have a chat with her; but no man is anxious to marry her and earn the title of Madame's husband.

We all know of Mme. de Staël; but who on earth ever heard of M. de Staël? Those women are extinguishers of men, and shunned by them. I would rather marry a cheerful, good-tempered little dairy-maid.

A woman who gives herself 'airs' stands no chance in the competition for male favour.

Easy manners, unpretentious, natural behaviour, do not mean want of dignity. No dignity is so charming, none so royal, as that which never obtrudes itself upon society, but which is just a harmonious part of a beautifully balanced character.

I have felt ill at ease with wives of rich English and

American parvenus. I have felt absolutely comfortable in the society of the leaders of French and English society, and in the presence of royal ladies.

A man who enjoys all the qualities of a man and the refinement of a gentleman marries a woman who is cheerful, intelligent, simple, natural, and unselfish. To that woman he devotes his life.

CHAPTER IV

WOMEN WHOM MEN LIKE

THERE are other women than those they do not like whom men do not marry—for instance, those they like too much, the women who are favourites with men.

Let it be said at once that the woman who is a favourite with men is very seldom a favourite with her own sex, by whom she is generally called ‘sly,’ ‘fast,’ or at least ‘an artful flirt.’ Of course, women will mercifully ‘hope that there is nothing really wrong in her freedom and boldness, but——’ And the sigh and shrug will deny the charitable hope with all the emphasis necessary for her condemnation.

For if a girl is a favourite with the men of her own set, she is naturally disliked by the women, since she attracts to herself far more than her share of admiration. And they say, those delightful little angels of mercy and charity, ‘Of course, I could get as much admiration as she does if I had no objection to forgetting myself as she does.’

Now, the admiration of men, whether women

acknowledge it or not, is the desire and the delight of the feminine heart, just as the love of woman is the desire and the delight of the masculine heart, and so it will be so long as there are men and women.

There are two kinds of women who please men: first, the bright, pretty, and piquante woman, who says and does such things as no other woman would dare say or do; and there is also the sympathetic woman, who admires them and loves them as well as their company.

But these two great classes have wide and indefinite varieties. The two women, sitting quietly in the same room, and dressed in the same irreproachable manner, may not appear to be radically different; but as soon as conversation and dancing commence, the one in a frankly outspoken manner says just what she thinks, and charms in the most undisguised way, while the other may be looked for in retired corners, quiet and demure, listening with modest and pensive admiration to her companion's clever conversation, and flirting in that insidious way which sets the cheeks of the women more or less neglected burning with holy indignation.

'The position of a woman who is a favourite with men is no easy one,' says Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, who writes on the subject in a recently issued magazine. 'She has to cultivate many qualities which should be put to better use and bring her more satisfactory results. In her flirtations she must never permit herself to show whether she be hit or not. She must never suffer a fop to have any occasion for a boast. She must avoid every circumstance which will allow a feminine rival an opportunity for a sneer, for a look of contempt. She

must be able to give and take cheerfully ; to conceal every social wound and slight, and to be deaf to every disagreeable thing.

‘ In short, she must be armed at every point, and never lay down her arms and never be off watch. It is therefore a position whose requirements, if translated into active business life, would employ the utmost resources of a fertile and energetic man.’

To be a favourite with men is not, therefore, a particularly desirable honour for any woman. It is true that they will admire her loveliness, flatter her vanity, sun themselves in her smiles, and take as many liberties as she will allow them to take ; but they will not marry her. And the reason, though not very evident to a thoughtless girl, is a very real and powerful one.

It is because such a girl never touches them on their best side, and never reveals in herself that womanly nature which a man feels instinctively is the very value of a wife.

Besides, a man possessed of any sense never wants to marry a woman who may remain, after she is married, a favourite with men.

So the woman whom men particularly like generally dances and flirts her way from a brilliant girlhood to a fretful, neglected womanhood of forty. She has in the meantime had the mortification of seeing the plain girls whom she despised become honoured wives and mothers, and possibly leaders in that set of the social world of which she still makes one of the rank and file of the disappointed order of spinsterhood.

Her disillusion, in spite of her careful concealment

of them, tell upon her health and character. She sees the waning of her power, and the approach of that winter of discontent which wasted opportunities are sure to bring.

And in her old age, while her former friends may now be called 'dear old souls,' she has to finish her life as a 'crabby old thing.'

CHAPTER V

THE PERFECT BEAUTY

I PREFER the pretty woman to the beautiful woman, and I like the charming woman best of all.

The pretty woman remains pretty longer than the beautiful woman remains beautiful, and the charming woman lasts for ever.

The beautiful woman is often selfish and conceited, the pretty woman seldom, and the charming woman never.

Do I object to perfect beauty in a woman? Do I find fault with regular features, with classical outlines, and absolute Attic figure?

Well, no—yet, there is something cold about perfection, and I have known the whole charm of a woman to be, if not actually produced, at any rate enhanced, by a few little defects: a nose slightly turned up; an Austrian upper lip, showing the teeth and making the mouth just a little disdainful; a suspicion of a small salt-cellar breaking the uniformity, I was going to say the monotony, of a perfectly smooth throat.

The absolutely beautiful woman is a statue, and very often a few little defects give her life.

The beautiful woman may appeal to our artistic sense, but seldom to any other sense.

In her presence we feel benumbed, and as we get quite close to her, we often have a sensation akin to that of a man with no clothes on leaning against the North Pole.

She is haughty and seldom cheerful. She has no sense of humour. She ever stands sentry at the door of her majesty, and as she walks, stands, and sits, she never loses sight of her outlines.

If she were your wife, you feel you would have to spend your life in constant deadly fear lest you should crumple something and break the symmetry of the whole ensemble.

The sensation would be very much like the one you have in some of those old-fashioned Puritanical houses where you find all the chairs placed in a row against the wall at perfectly equal distances.

You dare not sit down for fear of causing immediate disorder and confusion. If you are pressed and you do sit down, you want to apologize, for, somehow, it doesn't seem fair to the furniture.

The beautiful woman is to be admired at a respectful distance, like the Venus of Milo in the Louvre, who is seen at her best from the beginning of the suite of rooms at the end of which she stands in all her unapproachable, majestic beauty.

I object to perfection in general, and the beauty of woman makes no exception to my rule. I am not happy or contented when I find nothing to be desired,

their wives in preference to beautiful women. They do not marry a woman in order to be at her feet after the honeymoon is over, and they are shy of the woman who will require constant care and attentions, who will get admiration from men and make their lives ones of watchfulness, if not of suspicion.

They marry women who are likely to be cheerful companions, devoted wives, good mothers, and careful housekeepers.

Americans marry pretty women and devote their lives to their pleasure and comfort, and trust jewellers and dressmakers to keep their wives in good humour. They are the most unselfish of men.

Frenchmen also marry beautiful women in preference. They cheerfully run their risks and take their chance. When the wedding ceremony is over, they set themselves to win the affections of their wives, whom they scarcely know, and do their best to become and remain their lovers.

They study and practise the politics of love and matrimony, and pet their wives without spoiling them to the length of not expecting something in return for what they do for them.

Of course, there are Frenchmen who marry homely women (American sense) for money. Englishmen will marry homely women (English sense) for their sake and for that of peace and tranquillity during the length of their matrimonial lives.

In every country you find men who marry for money, and you also find everywhere—although it is not so often mentioned—women who do the same, who sell themselves for cash or a title.

If the practice of marrying for money is so often identified with the French, it is because when they do marry for money they do so openly.

Every French shortcoming, like every French vice, is frankly acknowledged. If we French were to take as much care in hiding faults and vices, which we do not even always possess, as the English do in boasting of virtues which they seldom possess, we would cut a very moral figure in the world.

The Englishman, too, marries for money, but he sets about it in quite a different way. In France the man's parents pay a visit to the parents of the girl he intends to marry and talk business for him.

In England the man makes careful inquiries about the present position and the future prospects of the girl he might like to marry, and when the inquiries are satisfactorily settled he falls in love with her.

CHAPTER VII

WOMEN ARE EXTREMISTS

WOMEN are extremists, and that is why they are less capable of steady friendship than of untold love and unheard-of devotion and heroism. That very woman who may love a worthless wretch of a man to almost abjection will bite if a female friend does her the least bad turn. Women who have 'darlinged' and 'sweethearted' each other will cease to be on speaking terms if one has passed the least unkind remark about the other, or maybe has somewhat eclipsed her at a party.

A becoming hat, a 'stunning' tailor-made gown, have caused more havoc in women's friendships than all the immorality of the world has made in their tender relations with men. I have known women who for years were inseparable friends suddenly get cool, and cease even to visit each other, because one had criticised rather severely a piece of jewellery she had seen the other wear at a theatre. I have known the very same women sell their last ring to help the men they loved. There is not an act of devotion, and even of heroism, that a woman will not cheerfully perform for a beloved husband or lover; there is hardly an act of meanness she will not be capable of to take revenge on a woman who has slighted her. The noblest virtues have been possessed by women; the most heinous, devilish crimes have been committed by them. I think it was Balzac who said that woman was a rake by nature. Her mechanism is more easily upset than that of a man, and when it is broken, nobody can repair it. Many men have been cured of the craving for drink, but no women. When a woman has started down the hill, pushed from the top by any vice you care to name, she has been condemned by her nature to go right down to the bottom. And that is why, unfortunately, all the noble efforts of modern philanthropy have failed to redeem the fallen woman. Ah, if those well-intentioned philanthropists could give back to her what she has lost, perhaps what she was robbed of by false pretences, then there would be a chance for her. But they cannot do so. Alone a man can do it. He can say to her: 'A man has caused your fall. I believe in you. I love you. Rise; I will help you and protect

you in return for your faithfulness, your devotion, and your love.' The woman is raised before the world, she is raised in her own eyes; if she loves that man and is faithful to him, she is virtuous again. Only the love of man can save that woman. When Mr. Arthur W. Pinero's remarkable play, 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,' was produced in London, many English critics expressed the opinion that there was no motive for Tanqueray's action. A man in his position could have found a beautiful and virtuous woman to marry. No man who respects himself would marry such a woman. It is true that the past of Paula Tanqueray is a bit worse than it was perhaps necessary to have it; but the motive of her husband is perfectly natural, and, to explain it, I have only to quote that great modern analyst, dissector of the human heart, my compatriot, M. Paul Bourget, who said that when a man gets over forty years of age he feels an uncontrollable desire to do something for women as a compensation for all the injury which has been done to them by his sex. And the most pathetic and true lesson taught in Mr. Pinero's play is this: Paula feels that her gratitude is not up to the sacrifice of her husband, and she kills herself as a heroic way to free that man. She does not die of vice; she dies of virtue.

CHAPTER VIII

TOWN VERSUS COUNTRY GIRLS

I RECEIVED the following letter the other day :

‘Could you discuss the respective merits and demerits of town and country girls? I have been engaged to a town girl, and also to a country girl. On both occasions the engagement has been broken off. Next time I get engaged, if I do, I mean it to be the rubber. Now, what do you say—a town girl or a country girl?’

From a man’s point of view, a country girl possesses many adorable traits which he devoutly wishes the town-bred girl would emulate.

She is fond of a healthy life, she is natural, unconventional, has a fine complexion, is easy to please, has a good appetite, rides, drives, walks, boats.

She can don her attire and be ready to accompany him for a stroll before the town girl would have even decided which hat she would wear for the occasion. A man would always prefer that a woman should pop on any hat and catch up any pair of gloves that lay handy rather than that he should be kept waiting while she performs an elaborate toilet.

And this suggests a maxim. When you are married, the life naturally compels you to sometimes see your wife not absolutely got up for conquest. Therefore never marry a girl who will never allow you to see her except when she is perfectly sure that all about her is irreproachable. If you marry that woman your life

will be spent in hours of precious time wasted away. Marry the prompt woman.

As guest in the house the country girl is the delight of the morning and afternoon, while the town girl is essentially an evening bird.

The former gives little or no trouble in the house. No special dishes have to be concocted to coax her capacious appetite, for she enjoys with a healthy relish everything that is set before her; but, unfortunately, when other guests are present she relapses into silence for fear of betraying her ignorance of the town society doings and sayings.

Social small-talk is not in her line, but she knows the name of every tree you pass as you drive in the forest with her; she can tell you what is good for a horse, a dog, how to keep poultry, ducks, and the like.

At breakfast-time she is always fresh and amiable, while the town girl is sleepily picking a morsel of toast, if she has got up at all, and not asked you kindly to send her breakfast to her room. But in the evening, when the city girl is just waking up to enjoy life, this poor little country maiden is wishing she could retire at the same time as she does at home.

I feel I cannot answer my correspondent. The man who has spent all his life in the turmoil of a great city will find the country girl dull and uninteresting.

The man brought up in the country will find Miss Fashion-Plate a bit of a trial.

A man should marry a woman whose tastes are like his. At the same time it must not be believed that the country girl will more readily admire a husband than a town girl. The latter is more or less a woman of the

world, and she will not expect to find her lover a flawless hero ; whereas the little country rosebud, born among the poetry of simple rural life, knows very little of man and his ways.

Thus, when she falls in love, she places the object of her affections on the loftiest pedestal her heart can raise, and weaves round his being a network of fanciful illusions. Therefore beware : you may not be able to live 'up to it.'

CHAPTER IX

HOW TO ASCERTAIN THE CHARACTER OF YOUR FUTURE WIFE

IN two chapters in my last book,* one on 'Advice to the Man who wants to Marry,' and another 'On the Selection of Life Partners,' I dwelt on the qualities that a man should seek in a future wife. In another chapter I took the liberty of condemning long engagements, holding the opinion that, though during the period of an engagement young couples may try ever so hard to study each other, they fail to learn how to know each other ; and I attempted to prove why. In this chapter I should like to content myself with giving a few hints on how to learn the character of a woman from her external appearance.

Phrenology is making progress, and I have witnessed marvellous descriptions of character derived from the feeling of the bumps ; but when you take a fancy to a

* 'Her Royal Highness Woman.' London : Chatto and Windus.

girl, you cannot say to her : 'Now, I think I might get very fond of you and ask you to marry me ; but, before going any further, I will take you to a phrenologist and hear what he has to say on your bumps.' The girl might resent it. There are women who do not like to be trotted out. Of course you might say to her : 'Oh, but I will submit to the operation myself.' This would only be fair, but somehow it is not a very delicate and fascinating manner of starting a love-affair. Besides, there would be unpleasant risks to run. The phrenologist might say of you before the girl : 'You are not a murderer, but you are inquisitive.'

Marry a woman smaller than yourself.

Don't marry a woman who has thin lips or who cannot laugh heartily. The character of persons is ascertained from the way they laugh. Don't marry a woman whose smiles are forced. Marry one who looks amiable when she laughs.

Marry a woman who can see a joke, who has a sense of humour, and who looks on the bright side of things.

Don't marry a critical woman, who makes fun of her friends behind their backs ; marry one who has a good word to say for everyone who is abused before her.

Marry a philosopher. If you take your girl to a theatre, and you have not engaged your seats, marry her if, on hearing that all the stalls in the orchestra and the dress circle are taken, she says to you : 'Never mind, let's go to the pit and have fun.' That girl is a good fellow ; you will get along very well with a woman who is satisfied with a seat in the pit with you, when the best stalls in life are taken.

If you pass a beggar and propose to give him a trifle,

don't marry the woman who says to you: 'Perhaps he is an impostor, who will go and have a drink.' If you say so yourself, and she remarks, 'Suppose he does, poor fellow! it's very cold to-day; a glass of beer will cheer him up and do him good,' marry her.

Marry a woman who enjoys perfect health and has a good appetite. Don't marry one who finds fault with every dish which is presented to her.

Don't marry a woman who, whatever station of life she may belong to, thinks it below her dignity to go in a street-car, or in a third-class carriage when all the first-class ones are full.

If a girl out of her little pocket-money saves a crown a week to make you a little present on your birthday, marry her. If she does not give you anything *because* she cannot afford to buy an expensive present, don't marry her.

Try to ascertain how she wakes up, however suddenly roused from her sleep. If she wakes up with an immediate smile, marry her. If she wakes up with a frown, saying, 'What is it?' don't marry her; she is neither amiable nor cheerful. This test is an infallible one. Half awake, half asleep, she has no time to think; she reveals herself.

If a woman is sulky, and consumes her own smoke, don't marry her. Marry a woman who apologizes at once for any lack of consideration she may have been guilty of, and who calls on you to immediately apologize for any such act which you may have committed. Never marry a woman who allows accounts to accumulate. Bills should never be allowed to run. Always settle them as they come along.

Don't marry a girl who has society manners. The girl who keeps her best smiles for strangers, and has only frowns for the family circle, is not fit for matrimony. While you are engaged to her, she may treat you as kindly as she does strangers; but you may be sure that, when she is married to you, she will treat you as she does the rest of the family.

Marry a woman who has a soft voice, and who looks you straight in the face when she speaks to you.

If, when you call on a woman, she keeps you waiting half an hour in order to appear absolutely irreproachable before you, do not marry her. If she comes down at once just as she is, with her hair quickly rolled and fastened together, and a dressing-gown on, that woman is natural, unconventional, and considerate; marry her, especially if she does not apologize to you for appearing *en négligé*, which, after all, is a compliment she is paying to you.

If a girl is called by her brothers Ted, Tom, Mick, or Dick, marry her; she is a good fellow. Marry a girl who shows her fondness for the other sex by the sweet attentions she pays to her father. Marry a girl who makes cigarettes for him, fills his pipe, takes an interest in his study or any other sanctum he may have at home, and likes to sit with him or by him, on his knees especially, pulling his nose and his moustache, and calling him by some outrageously stupid and familiar pet name. The girl who flirts with her father, who does not allow him to go out without examining him carefully, who arranges his cravat, who sees that his coat does not show above his overcoat, who takes off little bits from his clothes, and who, when she is

satisfied with his general appearance, kisses him good-bye again and again—that girl will be a lovely wife. Happy the father who has her! Happy the husband who will have her!

CHAPTER X

IS MAN BRAVER THAN WOMAN?

It is admitted by men, even by confirmed woman-haters, that woman is more patient of suffering than man. Born to suffer, Nature has endowed her with endurance. Dentists all agree in saying that women are more courageous than men in the torture-chair, and doctors are unanimous in declaring that women are more docile patients than men.

We might, however, say a word in defence of man's cowardice, and want of courage and patience during an illness. It is he who is the bread-winner, and for him an illness may mean the stoppage of his salary, the loss of weeks of fees, or even the ruin of his business. And nine times out of ten it is anxiety thus caused by an illness that makes him such a bad patient. The wife who is ill may be replaced by a daughter, a sister, a mother, a housekeeper; but the working husband cannot be replaced by anybody if he be a professional man or a worker employed by a master. Only the chief of an establishment or a clergyman can afford to be ill.

The question that I ask in the title of this chapter was suggested to me by the report of a police-court case which I read in the London papers the other day,

and in which it was mentioned that a woman had caught a burglar in her room, closed with him, struggled with him, and succeeded in detaining him until the arrival of the police. But the curious part of it was that the husband, being complimented by the judge on the bravery of his wife, remarked: 'I could never have believed her capable of such pluck, for she is of so nervous a disposition that I can't get her to come inside a hansom cab with me.'

I thought this was a very good illustration of the difference which exists between nervousness and cowardice. Nervousness is a defect of your constitution; cowardice is a blemish in your character. You may be nervous, and yet not a coward. It is illustrated by the answer given by a soldier to whom an officer said on the battle-field: 'Why, you are trembling; are you afraid?' 'Yes,' he replied, 'I am trembling a little; and if you were as afraid as I am, perhaps you would run away.'

I believe women to be more courageous and plucky than men, and in another chapter I will attempt to prove it. In great emergencies a woman can be sublime, and history abounds in illustrations of the fact. The most timid women under the exaltation of the moment have proved grand heroines.

For that matter, man, too, may be a hero on a field of battle and an abject coward in the ordinary petty phases of life. Is man braver than woman? A great deal depends on the time the man comes home in the morning. Many a man would face tigers in the jungle, lions in the desert, and charge a battery spitting volleys of shells and grape-shot, who will take his boots off in

the hall and creep upstairs, quivering like an aspen, to face a little slip of a woman with no other weapon than a tongue. But it is not so much lack of pluck, perhaps, as excess of discretion which makes man sometimes appear a coward.

CHAPTER XI

DO WOMEN GET OLD SOONER THAN MEN?

I HAVE known men and women of nearly sixty look and feel forty, but more men than women. I have known men and women of fifty feel and look seventy, and in this case also more men than women. These illustrations do not help us to answer the question. Let us also say that, however older than they really are men or women may feel or look, this will in no way interfere with their happiness and the sincerity of their deep friendship and affection; but how will it interfere with their more tender relations? That is the question.

Let us suppose that both the man and the woman are handsome and in the enjoyment of perfect health, that they have lived regular lives and taken care of themselves, that they are sound in every possible respect. I maintain that up to forty they are both as young, as attractive, as appetizing, if you will excuse the expression, as they ever were before, if not more. If men and women had to die at forty, I would advise them both to marry at twenty. But they do not, and after forty they cease, generally cease, to be of the same age. The woman of fifty is ten years older than the man of

fifty, and the woman of sixty is fifteen years older than the man of sixty. Another grievance for women to complain about, I know; yet the grievance is not of man's making, but of Nature's.

As matrimony is an engagement between a man and a woman for the length of their natural lives, they should marry at an age that will enable each of them to always feel and look practically as young as the other.

And, now, what should men and women do to remain young-looking and to feel young as long as possible? First, they should pay every possible attention to the appearance of their persons. The military man is the one who looks young longest. He is taught to walk erect and deliberately. He has no slovenly ways; he has to shave his beard and keep his hair well trimmed. White hair adds nothing to the age of a man, but long white hair and a white beard do terribly. After forty a man should always affect the military style, especially if he is bald. A man of fifty to sixty, bald, with long white beard and hair, may look highly respectable, with his patriarchal and Biblical appearance, but all the remnants of youth—very good remnants sometimes—and all the piquancy are gone out of him. And let me add that a woman, with discreet and judicious coquetry, can remain absolutely beautiful till fifty.

As for feeling young, this is a more difficult problem to solve, for it depends on the disposition. Those cheerful people, possessed of the sense of humour, philosophers ever ready to see the bright side of everything in life, are young for ever.

Do women overlook in men the little shortcomings

resulting from old age? Not more than men overlook them in women. I know a lady who was discussing the question one day. 'Yes,' she said 'you men, as soon as a woman gets a few white hairs, you are ready to put her on the shelf.' She was a widow. A man rather bald, who had courted her when she was a young girl, reappeared on the scene and asked her, now that she was free again, to marry him. She had kept a lock of his hair—a souvenir of the poetic days of her youth. She refused him, and even returned to him that lock of hair she used to prize so highly. We asked her why she had done so. 'Poor fellow!' she exclaimed, 'he wants it so badly!'

CHAPTER XII

SHOULD WOMEN OBEY THEIR HUSBANDS?

THE New Woman in Norway has gained a glorious victory. For many years the Norwegian women have been waging war against the use of the word *obey* in the marriage service of the Norwegian Church, and their labours are at length crowned with success, or at least with a partial success. The Parliament in Christiania has ruled that the use of the obnoxious word shall henceforth not be obligatory upon the bride, but only optional. That is to say, the bride is to be free either to say that she will be 'faithful and obedient,' or simply to say that she will be 'faithful,' just as she pleases. And after that she will do as she did before—have her own way.

However, this is a good step in the right direction. Everything that savours of an injunction should be taken out of the marriage ceremony. It is absurd to command people to cherish each other, and to make them swear that they will do so. You certainly can swear that you will be faithful to a woman, but you cannot swear that you will love her for ever and ever ; and as for making a woman take a solemn oath that she will obey her husband, the thing is so absurd that the very best married women will invariably tell you that they have not the slightest recollection that they ever made such a promise. In what civilized country can you find a woman who obeys her husband ? Where can you find a man who expects his wife to obey him ? And why in the world should a wife obey her husband ? A man and a woman who get married enter into a partnership on absolutely equal terms ; none should be superior to the other. In the most important affairs as well as in the most insignificant ones they should consult each other, and, in order to be able to do so, the first thing that a man should do, on getting married, is to initiate his wife into his affairs. She should immediately become his partner, learn his business from him, follow the fluctuations of the market under his guidance—in a word, learn all he knows, so as to be able, if anything should happen to him, to be a woman independent of the world, capable of conducting her own affairs.

Should a wife obey her husband ? Certainly not ; every action in matrimonial life should be committed by mutual consent. The man should make it the business of his life to study his wife, her tastes, her aspirations, as she should make it the business of her

life to study him, and to lavish upon him all those sweet attentions which enable a man to cheerfully fight the battle of life.

Do wives obey their husbands?

When I remember the scenes of life I have witnessed in every part of the globe, I arrive at this conclusion, that far more husbands obey their wives than wives obey their husbands. In France, among the bourgeoisie, it is the rule, and is it not a bit so, too, in the United States of America, and that among all the different classes of society? Yet husbands do not promise, much less swear, that they will obey their wives. Leave it to them; the fittest will always survive. Some people are born to command; others are born to obey, be they men or women.

I have never met a woman who was afraid of her husband, but I have met any number of men who were afraid of their wives. *Punch* had a very amusing joke, signed by Phil May, the other day. The owner of a menagerie is returning home late at night. He sees that his wife is waiting for him. He quietly retires to the lions' cage and locks himself up there. The wife arrives, and, shaking her fist at him, she shouts: 'Ah, you coward!'

Many men would rather face lions, hungry lions in the desert, than their wives after midnight, the cowards'

CHAPTER XIII

ARE WOMEN WEAKER THAN MEN?

For thousands and thousands of years men and women have lived together in close contact, yet they know next to nothing of each other. For instance, to this very day women are said to belong to the weaker sex. Now, is this a fact? When I see what women can do during the fashionable season, I say that it is not. I will not give as an illustration the fact that, on a Bank Holiday, you will see a little woman walk from morning until late at night, carrying a baby in her arms, while ten minutes is the limit amount of time that I, a very strong man, have ever been able to carry one, because you will say that such women have been used to hard work and a rough life from early childhood—which is true to a certain extent.

Let us speak of the others.

For years I was a man enjoying the best possible health; but if I kept late hours now, on two consecutive nights, I should feel unfit for work, or even for the enjoyment of life, for two or three days; and if I spent a third night in the same way, I know I should look and behave like a ghost in search of a grave to take a rest in. I know women who for two or three weeks attend two or three 'at-homes' a day, a lunch-party, a dinner-party, besides a theatre or a ball. They hardly seem to suffer from it.

If I sit in a draught for a couple of minutes, I am bound to catch a fearful cold in my head, which I have

the greatest difficulty in preventing from going to my chest; but women, *décolletées*, some a great deal too much, others a great deal more, will night after night spend hours in that state, in draughts, in the open air even, and, while undergoing these trials and ordeals that would kill the strongest railway porter, will in the morning look pink and rosy.

And these often fragile women who thus expose themselves and do not catch pleurisy, congestion of the lungs, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, chills, not even colds, every night pour into their little insides dinners of rich mixed courses, one of which would make me unable to work and look cheerful for a couple of days. And all the time they smile, I don't say naturally and cheerfully, but they *do* smile.

No doubt, at the end of the season, they go to Vichy or Carlsbad for a thorough repair, or to some high health resort, where pure and bracing air and a decent mode of living will bring a little colouring back to their cheeks.

Women weaker than men! The idea! Woman is the toughest bit of work creation has ever produced.

Among the lower classes, what an English general servant-maid can do is amazing! In Lancashire, girls are miners. Among the lower middle classes, what barmaids standing on their feet from eight in the morning till midnight, and shop-girls doing the same for twelve hours, can go through in the way of work, is to me simply astounding.

CHAPTER XIV

ARE WOMEN ARTISTES HAPPY?

IF I were to interview a successful actress on the subject, I would ask her to give me a sincere and frank answer to the two following questions:

1. If you had to choose again between the quiet and uneventful life of a good and beloved wife and mother, and that of a successful actress, which of the two would you take?

2. If you had a daughter, which of these two kinds of life would you prefer her to lead?

Among the leading members of the theatrical profession in England, I know two actresses who are at the top of the tree, devoted to their art, and at the same time splendid wives, most devoted and admirable mothers, and the mistresses of the happiest homes that can be found anywhere in the world. I have named Mrs. Kendal and Miss Winifred Emery, the wife of that delightful comedian, Mr. Cyril Maude. There may be others—I am sure there *are* others—but I am not acquainted with them.

A colleague of mine, on the Paris *Figaro*, has lately interviewed our great actress, Jane Hading, on the subject, and her remarks are well worth hearing.

Jane Hading is not only a woman of unsurpassed beauty, but of great character. In her presence you not only feel that you are before a personality, but before a power. Her eyes are deep, large, and dreamy, with the eyelids voluptuous and heavy. The lines of

the face are boldly intellectual, cold, and reflective. The brow is absolutely Greek; her attitude is so calm that you wonder if the blood that sleeps in her veins is of lava or snow. But what you feel is that this woman is mistress of herself, sure in advance of what she will dare do.

‘Your inquiry is very interesting,’ she said to my colleague, ‘but very delicate. After all, what you want to have are most intimate confidences. You want to get to the remotest part of our hearts. You want to obtain from women the last secret of their lives, the enigma which they are so careful to conceal behind their smiles, because they do not care to excite either envy or pity.’

‘No,’ replied my friend, ‘I do not want to go as far as that. I simply want to call on women artistes as I would on the inhabitants of an unknown and tempting island, and say to them: “Is this country beautiful? Would you settle here if you were again to make a choice? Would you send here your lady friends, your sisters, your daughters?” These are the only questions I would ask them to answer.’

‘But,’ replied the great actress, ‘will they be sincere in their answers? After all, we judge life from the impression of the moment. If you interview a woman the day after she has carried a great triumph, she will tell you there is no happiness for her outside of her work and her artistic aspirations. If, on the contrary, you call on her after she has had a failure, you will find that she will curse her career and advise every woman to keep out of the theatrical profession.

‘But you ask me my personal opinion. Well, per-

sonally, I would choose this life again and again, because all emotions in the world are tame and insipid compared to those of an artistic life. And you will find that feeling not only in the leading actresses, but down to those who have but a line to say, if they possess the artistic temperament.

‘It is a fever, but one of those from which they do not necessarily suffer. It is a passion which they do not discuss. They live by it and on it.

‘No doubt success adds to our happiness, so I will answer decidedly. Yes, we women artistes are happy, so happy that you see us cling to the life to the end, so happy that our idea of utter wretchedness is that of having to retire from it.’

There I am perfectly sure that Jane Hading is right. I have seen Mme. Jouassin at the Comédie Française, I have seen Mrs. Stirling in England, play until they were eighty, happy, almost grateful, for a small part that would enable them to face their dear public again.

Have I not also seen, in America, that delightfully inimitable comédienne, a woman worthy to rank with the greatest names in the art, dear Mrs. Gilbert, appearing now, when I believe she is eighty-two years of age? Is it that she knows that the whole English-speaking race has not a classical actress that can come to her ankle? No, it is because she loves it.

However, does all this amount to happiness? Does it not rather border on a fascinating intoxication? Is it not rather that the nervous system of a woman is so constituted that when she once has tried that beverage, the applause of the public, she can no longer do without it?

No doubt there is a certain amount of happiness in the constant satisfaction of a craving, but I very much doubt whether I can call it happiness proper.

Jane Hading was married, but divorced, and owns that she was never able to do justice to her genius until she was divorced. The woman who wants to express on the stage the whole gamut of passions must to a certain extent go through all of them in private life.

If I had a daughter who showed a decided taste for the stage, I should use all my influence to dissuade her.

If I found she had a vocation for it (genius will always reveal itself), I should use all my influence to make her devote her life to her art and give up all idea of marrying and leading a life that could only handicap her.

CHAPTER XV

WIT AND HUMOUR IN WOMEN

I HAVE never shared the opinion, held by the majority of men, that women do not possess the sense of humour. All I can say is that I have known a number of women who were able to appreciate the most delicate and subtle pieces of humour, and most charming women they were.

Of course, if humour is the outcome of simplicity and philosophy in the character (and I think it is), we shall not expect to find humour in either the vain or the selfish woman.

But, for that matter, no more should we expect to find it in either the vain or the selfish man.

Humour is incompatible with vanity or selfishness. The conceited person has no humour—not a particle of it—and cannot see it in others. The conceited man does not enjoy the humorous stories that are told him; he only enjoys the dull ones he tells.

If you could prove to me that women are more vain and more selfish than men, I should conclude from this that women cannot possess the sense of humour as keenly as men do; but, except in antiquity, when, according to the writers and philosophers of the time, women did not possess one virtue worth mentioning, nobody has ever attempted to prove such an assertion.

Good, cheerful women, who always see the bright side of things of life, have humour—a kind, amiable sort of humour, never biting; women who will indulge in little jokes on the foibles and failings of their sex without ever passing an unkind remark on a friend or an acquaintance. These women are delightful to meet.

Such is not always the brilliant, witty woman, who, at the dinner-table, is greatly entertaining, but who makes hostess and guests wonder what she will say of them at the next dinner-party she will attend.

The wit of a woman is too often unkind and biting. The witty woman, as a rule, is a smart woman—that is to say, a woman who has no hesitation in making people smart.

She is witty at the expense of her best friends. The fact is that it is easy to be humorous and kind (the two generally go together), but it is much more difficult to be witty without ever giving offence.

Voltaire was the wittiest man who ever lived, and one of the most unkind. The wittiest Frenchman alive is

probably M. Henri Rochefort, but his wit has never achieved anything except sowing hatred and discord. When you say of a woman 'She is so witty!' you may generally add, 'But such a tongue!'

I once asked a witty American society woman who was a certain lady of whom I was constantly hearing. 'Nobody knows,' she said—'a woman sans père et sans proches.'

I have no hesitation in calling this remark one of the wittiest I ever heard, quite worthy of Voltaire, but decidedly unkind and biting.

'Who is this woman?' asked a lady on seeing the photograph of a very pretty woman taken in a *décolleté* dress somewhat exaggerated. 'I do not know her from Eve,' replied her friend. 'No,' she said, 'you would not, from the way she is dressed.'

The humorous woman appeals to the best men, who proclaim her charming; but all men are afraid of witty women, who in conversation often put them in the shade. The witty woman, besides, is generally assertive, and one of the pet dislikes of men is the assertive woman.

And woe to the woman who shows her wit early in life! The smart, witty married woman may be acceptable; the smart, witty young girl will often be invited to dinner to entertain the men; but seldom will one of them invite her to accompany him to the altar.

CHAPTER XVI

THE FUSSY WOMAN

MORE objectionable, perhaps, than the provoking and aggravating woman is the fussy woman. There is no possible happiness in a house with a fussy husband or a fussy wife. The fussy person is miserable, and makes everybody else miserable.

If a woman happens to put a little more salt or vinegar in the salad than is good for it, maybe, poor thing! she has a husband who will spend the whole time of the meal fidgeting, snarling, and scolding. People who allow themselves to be made unhappy, or even to lose their equilibrium, over such trifles, instead of being satisfied with just mentioning them once, or, better still, saying nothing about it, are not fit to live anywhere except alone in a desert.

I know a man very fond of his home, and particularly of his study. He lived seven years in a house, and always dreaded the arrival of his wife in that little room of his predilection, because the wall-paper was not either of her choosing or to her taste. To the very day they left that house, she exclaimed: 'Yes, it is a nice room; it would be, but for that awful paper!' One day the dear fellow lost his equanimity, got bold and sarcastic, and mildly suggested that there was a way for her to escape the obnoxious sight. The poor man will not forget 'the insult he hurled at her face' for a long time.

Have you ever tried the effect of a quiet piece of

sarcasm or of gentle humour upon your wife when she is in a temper? Do you say you have not? Well, do; there is something for you to live for.

Oh, the saving grace and power of humour! It puts you in such an impregnable position! it gives you such an air of insolent superiority! You run the risk of being killed for it, but oftener it secures peace for you.

I shall never forget the face of a bore who, in a railway-carriage, said abruptly to a rather celebrated friend of mine: 'I know who you are, sir; perhaps you would like to know who I am?' 'Well,' replied my friend, who smelt the bore, 'to tell you the truth, sir, I must own that it would be pure affectation on my part to say that I have the least curiosity on the subject.' It was very rough, and I pitied the poor fellow as he ran away from our carriage at the next station.

But to return to fussy people.

Who is the man who does not shake in his boots when he has upset a glassful of wine on the tablecloth? Ah, but what a treat there is in store for the man who possesses a wife who cannot forget such little things, when that wife of his happens to have the same mishap! How magnanimous he is! He makes no remark, not he; on the contrary, he pretends to have seen nothing, and he smiles, the provoking villain! he smiles, that's all.

Indeed, man is the lord of the creation, really and truly. He is simply grand, a hero every moment of his life. See him stamp his feet and almost foam in the mouth when he has broken his collar-stud; hear his manly, forcible Anglo-Saxon on the occasion. He fussy? Certainly not.

Well, I must say this in defence of man, that he

can more calmly face a great danger, meet a great calamity, than put up with the little worries of life. I have known men receive news that they had lost thousands of pounds, and remain as calm and cheerful as if nothing had happened, and I have known such men lose their temper because the waiter had brought them an insufficiently cooked cutlet.

And, to be entirely just, I will add that I have known women exactly like men in this respect. I know a fussy little woman, who would transform her household into a Vesuvius in eruption if she discovered a particle of dust on a piece of furniture, and who, by her pluck and coolness, once saved her husband from a great danger which threatened him.

CHAPTER XVII

THE MEDDLING WOMAN

THE meddling woman is not a bad woman, not even always an objectionable woman. She is a bit of a trial, although she is often pleasant and cheerful, and generally well-meaning. She is one of those beings who make you sometimes exclaim : 'Oh, save us from our friends !' She puts her foot in it with an air of innocence that says : 'I'm so sorry ; I did not mean to hurt your feelings, dear !'

At parties she arrives early, so as to be useful if called upon to give the slightest help. She generally succeeds in introducing to each other people who have not the slightest desire of making acquaintance, and

young couples who are not in the least anxious to dance together. As long as the guests keep arriving, she takes her post just behind the hostess or close by her side. People ask themselves who she is—whether she is part hostess. She has a kind smile for everyone. She is a regular society stager, up to every trick. She feels she is indispensable, that at every moment she may come to the rescue of the hostess, get her out of every possible little difficulty. She knows everybody. She is a living encyclopædia of society knowledge.

When the party is complete, she disappears from the side of the hostess, who begins to breathe more freely. She disappears, but she does not go. She finds that she still may be able to render thousands of services, and she immediately sets about it. Her most objectionable habit is that of rendering services. It is a disease, but a disease that keeps her in good health and cheerful spirits. Now she multiplies herself, and is seen at once in the drawing-rooms, dancing-rooms, and refreshment-rooms. In the reports given of parties in the society papers, she is thus described: 'Mrs. A., with a graceful smile for everyone, was everywhere.' In England they say: 'Was ubiquitous.' And so she is.

In the refreshment-rooms she sees that everyone gets something to eat or drink; she suggests to such and such men that Mrs. B. or Lady C. has had nothing; then she makes an introduction, and by-and-by whispers to the hostess: 'Poor Mrs. B.!' or 'Poor Lady C.!' I found that no one was paying any attention to her, so I introduced So-and-so to her, and I got her something to eat.' And the hostess whispers back: 'So kind of you.'

You cannot get rid of her, because she never gives you an opportunity for quarrelling. She is not a gossip, much less of a wicked tongue. On the contrary, she speaks well of everyone, praises your parties, your children, and all your belongings, and you cannot help liking her. If she could only get rid of that terrible habit of spending her life doing you good turns, and of thus constantly getting on your nerves, you might like her, even get very fond of her.

At home she rules husband, children, servants, and all things therein. She has advice ready for every trouble, a cure for every indisposition, a solution for every problem. She knows what is good for her husband much better than he does himself, and expects him to be grateful for the unceasing interest she takes in him and his well-being.

She is honestly persuaded that he owes everything in life to her skill, her 'push,' and her diplomacy, and she would resent any promotion he might get outside of her influence. The fact that she is married helps to make her, if not popular, quite tolerable, because most people think that, after all, they must be thankful for their lot, which might have been much worse. They reflect that they might be married to her.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE DISCONTENTED WOMAN

WE all know that woman, not unkind, not exactly sour, but sad, depressed, and depressing, who is well off and might enjoy life, but who looks as if there was not one pleasure left in the world to make it worth living in.

She may feel ever so well, she will never confess it. She hates to be told that she looks well. She thinks you are wanting in sympathy. She loves to be pitied, and has no objection to being called 'Poor Mrs. A.!' Yet she is very susceptible, and resents any attentions that are paid to other people in her presence. She was jealous of her sisters when a girl; now she is jealous of her children, jealous of the ladies who call, jealous of her husband's secretary or typewriter. She has no reason for being jealous, she knows it; but it is a habit, and she likes to keep her hand at it.

She is fond of calling on sick people, and, as she has had every mortal disease or indisposition you care to name, she gives the people whom she visits her own experience of their disease, and they have to listen to all the minute details of the sufferings she had to go through. She hopes that you will get better.

Meanwhile she tells you of all the people she knows who have died of the disease with which you are afflicted, but reassures you by stating that some people have been known to recover.

She is the town-crier of bad news. If there is a sad event of which she hears early, she immediately orders a

carriage and goes on a round of visits to announce it. When her friends see her arrive unexpectedly, they look at each other and say, 'We shall hear some bad news.'

She is a prophet of ill omen. She loves the sad and revels in it. It is her life. She has not a cheerful feature about her. She is a hair in your soup, a crumb in your bed, an unmitigated bore.

She never enjoys what she has, but spends her life regretting what she does not or cannot have. She is dissatisfied with her seat in the car or her section in the train. If she be on the left, she feels she would be much more comfortable on the right. If she loses a £5 note, and her husband says to her, 'Never mind, here's another,' she goes on sighing and whining, for she thinks that if she had not lost that £5 she would now have £10.

There is no cheering her up, and when a real misfortune befalls her you feel inclined to exclaim: 'Good! serves her right; now she has something worth crying over.' But this seldom happens, if ever, for it is a remarkable fact that this kind of woman is the very one who never has real troubles—except those of her own manufacture.

I knew a woman whose husband once took her to Italy. They visited Naples, Rome, Florence, Turin, and Milan. When she reached Milan, he received a telegram calling him back to Paris immediately on some very urgent business. They had to return and miss seeing Venice. It was provoking, I must say. The poor fellow! he never heard the end of it. Whenever they spoke of the beautiful Italian trip, the only remark she would make was: 'But it was too bad to miss the

best of it. Fancy going to Italy and not seeing Venice ! We might as well have stayed at home.'

And he wished he had—or gone to Italy alone.

That Frenchwoman was as bad as an American woman whom I met last year at the Mont St. Michel, in Normandy. It was not that rock planted in the midst of the sea, with its halls of the seventh and eighth centuries, surmounted by a Gothic cathedral of the thirteenth, that struck her and made her soul thrill with wonder. No, she was forgetting the whole thing because the hotel accommodation was poor.

There are children who cry when they see the moon reflected in a pail of water, because they want it. I knew a child who was cured. He got it, pail and all, thrown at his face by a father whose patience was easily exhausted.

CHAPTER XIX

THE WORRYING WOMAN

A YOUNG girl was one day crying bitterly on the side of a road, drawing the attention and exciting the sympathy of the passers-by. Someone stopped and kindly asked what her trouble was. She then said that she was thinking that one day she might get married and have children, and, sobbing more bitterly than before, she burst out : ' Oh, what if it should be a girl !'

There are careful people who always take their precautions long in advance, and are ever prepared for the worst ; but the worrying woman invents annoyances at pleasure and revels in gloom. She ever frets and

fidgets, and surrounds everything with the most extraordinary imaginary difficulties.

When she begins packing her trunks for a journey, she feels quite sure that she will never be able to put all her things in; when they are all in, she cannot lock the trunks; when that is done, she is afraid the railway cart will come too late, and she will miss her belongings when she arrives at her destination.

If her husband is five minutes late returning home, she begins to fear that something has happened to him, or she wonders where he may be; if he returns earlier than usual, she rushes up to him and hopes he has not been seized with illness that caused him to leave his business in a hurry.

When she gives a party, for days the house is in a perfect state of commotion. She is sure everything will go wrong, and she bothers the servants so much that there is a chance they will do their worst. If she gives a dinner, she wonders if the cook will not fall into the soup just at the moment when her guests arrive. If it is a garden-party, she is certain it will rain, which will spoil the whole thing. When the dinner-party is going on, she is sitting on thorns, needles, and pins. Her eyes are all over the place, and she has no ears for the two poor men sitting each side of her, who speak to her and try to entertain her with stories and anecdotes. She smiles at them in an absent sort of way. She is trembling every time a new course is brought round; she keeps her eyes on the candle-shades, on each waiter. She is going through a perfect ordeal. By the time dessert comes, she begins to wonder if the artistes will be in time to entertain the guests she has invited at the

reception that will follow the dinner—whether they will sing well and give pleasure. She is not even quite certain the piano is in tune.

When her children are a little pale, she is sure they are going to have diphtheria, or scarlet or typhoid fever. It seldom enters her mind that their pallor may be due to a little surfeit of jam or pudding.

Fortunately for her, she is not in business, for she would never sell stock without being sure it would afterward rise in price, or buy any without feeling certain that now it would go down.

As a rule, she is a nice little woman, with a good, tender heart, full of devotion and unselfishness. If she would only keep quiet and not always worry! But she cannot help it, and there is no cure for it. She is not to be bullied out of it, nor will kind words improve her, although they may comfort her. With a good, considerate husband, possessed of a cool head, and who only laughs at her little failings, she may get along and be happy. She requires care, kind treatment, and a constant application of soothing attentions.

CHAPTER XX

THE MANAGING WOMAN

SHE has a strong character, strong features, and is generally of an imposing stature; dark, of course, well erect, the head thrown backward, with very prominent outlines.

She advises her friends and manages their affairs.

She is persuaded she is a great diplomatist, and several times, through her tact, she has succeeded in getting some of them out of a scrape. She is not absolutely modest, for, whenever any of her friends or acquaintances tell her how they have got themselves into trouble, she answers: 'If you had consulted me, this would not have happened to you.' Maybe she had warned them before, in which case she draws herself up and says to them: 'I told you so.'

As a rule, she is not well off. Having somewhat failed in the management of her own affairs, she thinks she may be more successful in the management of other people's. She does not ask money for her services, but sometimes accepts it in the shape of a loan. As a rule, she does not return it—very often she can't. So long as you lend her money, she speaks well of you, advises you, and manages your affairs for nothing.

Her field of operation is vast in the way of advice. Love-affairs, money-affairs, little difficulties and troubles—all that sort of thing is within her province. If, one day, you refuse to add to her obligations to you, she declares that you are an ungrateful wretch, that you are not reliable or trustworthy as a friend, that she feels sorely disappointed with you. She sighs, and accuses you of dropping her 'because you have no more use for her.'

She is unconsciously humorous. If you claim the money you lent her, she tells you that people of delicacy and refinement never remind their friends of the favours they have done them. She even adds that it is impolitic. She is a diplomatist herself, and she knows. If you should insist, she would get so disgusted with

you that she would give you up as a bad job, and go about abusing you whenever she had a chance.

She is married, or, rather, she has been married, but whether she is a widow or a divorcée you do not know for certain, and you really don't care to know. Her position, socially speaking, is not perfectly clear, although she has a certain position in the world, leads a respectable life, visits and receives nice people, dresses well, and has a good and comfortable home.

But she is a diplomatist, and that is where her cleverness comes in. After all, in society we are what we appear to be, and as all appearances are in her favour, let us be charitable and think and speak well of her.

She is not without redeeming features. She is generally attractive, plump and forty, pleasant, intelligent, cheerful, and entertaining; and when, by a few looks and a few clear utterances, you make her understand that you manage your own affairs, and like to receive advice when you ask for it, you can get along with her without any difficulty. She is only a meddler when you allow her to meddle.

Advice-giving is a disease with her; but she has discretion, and she soon discovers who may be her patients or not. She is a lawyer, and can give advice on any difficulty you may experience with people who are in business relations with you. She is a doctor, and has a cure for every possible illness or ailment you may be suffering from.

She is a philosopher and psychologist, and has a remedy for any trouble you may be in concerning your relations with your fellow-creatures—those of the other sex especially.

She is a matchmaker, reconciles husbands and wives, can manage everybody and everything, and knows everybody's business.

CHAPTER XXI

PROFESSIONAL WOMEN

FRANCE, England and America—America especially—have produced and are still producing women novelists of the first order, but, with the exception of Georges Sand, George Eliot, and Charlotte Brontë, I don't know any whose works will live and stand comparison with those of Charles Dickens, Walter Scott, Thackeray, Balzac, Dumas, Eugène Sue, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and a host of others.

With the exception of Rosa Bonheur, no female painter can be placed in the ranks with hundreds of French, English, Italian, German, and Russian painters whom I could name. In music and the drama they have produced nothing; in science, nothing.

It is only on the stage and on the concert platform that women have been able to compete successfully with men in a profession.

It cannot be said, however, that women have invented nothing in modern literature. They have invented the society papers, and that accusation against them is of such a grave character that their sins ought to be visited upon their sex for generations and generations.

The mischiefs to society from women engaging in the sterner business of life are inconsiderable in comparison

with those which have their origin in the growing disposition on the part of women to devote themselves to professions and to habits of life which add nothing to the wealth or to the happiness of the community, but, on the contrary, detract therefrom.

The vast increase in the army of amateurs—that abomination of desolation—in every artistic pursuit is due to the tendency of modern education among women to regard music, singing, painting, acting, as necessary accomplishments, with results that are disastrous, except in Weimar, where an intelligent town council forbids piano-playing with open windows.

The outcome of this craving for a profession is that not only is almost every upper and middle class household pestered with the superfluous achievements of conceited amateurs, but thousands of young women are diverted from paths which would bring them modest comfort into the hopeless quest after and struggle for fame and fortune in pursuits which should only be followed by the solitary units cursed or blessed with what one calls genius.

The real trouble with a vast number of women of to-day, especially those living in the great cities, is that they are afflicted with that awful disease, vanity, and they have that disease in a most acute form.

Formerly a woman was contented to please and to be appreciated by her own family. But with a great increase in personal freedom, with the undoubted improvement in physical appearance, and with the progress of democracy that causes all classes to imitate their social superiors, the women of to-day are cursed with a desire to shine outside their homes.

Women crowd into the artistic professions because they give them the best opportunity of advertising and displaying their physical attractions.

Every year adds to the army of handsome girls who tumble upon the public platform only to tumble off with a fearful thud.

In nine cases out of ten the only justification these women have for obtruding themselves upon the stage is that they are good-looking.

The fatal result is a moral deterioration of those women. Few who so commence their careers understand that the success they would attain is only to be purchased, if at all, at the price of making far more serious sacrifices.

All this nonsense would never enter the heads of young girls if thoughtful parents, before teaching music, singing, dancing, had taught first of all sewing, cooking, housekeeping, typewriting, stenography, and such good qualifications, which would enable them to become useful women and to obtain their independence without ever running the risk of having their beautiful womanhood sullied by the slightest whiff of impure air.

CHAPTER XXII

AGGRAVATING AND PROVOKING WOMEN

THE woman who, in a fit of temper, flings the plates and glasses at her husband's face, may be objectionable and a bit of a trial, but she is lively and interesting. She is not provoking, but only easily provoked. I know

a woman who, being reproached by her husband for not sufficiently looking after the cook, undertook to do the cooking herself. Ten minutes before luncheon her husband found her holding a chop with the tongs over the fire in the dining-room. I know another one who allows the spiders to live in peace in her husband's study, because the latter once told her that house-cleaning may be overdone, and should not be indulged in every day of a woman's life. These women are aggravating, not provoking. The woman who plays the magic dance of the 'Walkürrie' to a husband who raves about Marie Lloyd, and the one who delights in treating a Wagnerian husband to the delicate and refined melodies of the 'Casino Girl,' are decidedly aggravating women. So also is the woman who meets her husband at 8.30 for a restaurant dinner which he had ordered for 7.30 punctually.

I call provoking the good, well-intentioned woman, generally destitute of humour, who avails herself of the very moment when, at table, her husband is going to conclude a story and make his point, to beg her neighbours to take a little more of this or of that. I call provoking the woman who never gives an opinion on any subject whatever without adding 'of course.' She gives you no chance.

One of the most provoking women is the one who, when you prepare to have a game of cards, asks you to lend her money. Now, if you play for money, it is not because you are anxious to win a few shillings, or maybe a few pence, but simply because it makes the game more interesting. You may play for sixpence a point only, threepence, perhaps a penny only—that has

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nothing to do with the case. So you lend money to your wife, and all the interest or fun of the game is gone for you. As she hears you say, 'Why, certainly, my dear, with pleasure,' she will remark, 'Do you really mind lending me five shillings?' 'Not in the least,' you remark. She thinks you are mean, but you are not. To-morrow, if you can afford it, you will offer her a £100 jewel, if she has taken a fancy to it; but you object to her spoiling the fun of a game of cards, inasmuch as, if she wins, she keeps the money, and if she loses she will ask you for more. Result of the game for you with the provoking woman: If you win, you win nothing; if you lose, you lose twice. Where do you come in? Where does the fun come in?

The provoking woman is the one who arrives at the station one minute before the train starts; the aggravating woman is the one who arrives one minute after it has gone. The provoking woman is the one who, in the stalls, sits in front of you with her hair fixed high on the top of her head; the aggravating woman is the one who has a monumental hat perched on the top of all that.

Provoking and aggravating women have caused more loss of temper, more bad language, more iniquities of all sorts, than all the immorality of the world put together.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE WOMAN WHO TRAVELS

IF you are of an observant turn of mind, and can see the humorous side as well as the rosy side of everything in life, you need not be dull for a moment. Would you be happy in this world? Be full of sympathy for the human race, 'to their faults a little blind, and to their virtues very kind'; never let pass through your lips or drop from your pen any biting criticism which may offend a man or his wife; then take an orchestra stall in the Theatre of Life, watch the play (avoid melodrama and tragedies), and you will all day witness a comedy that will always amuse you.

As we men afford a great deal of entertainment to women, it is only just that we should get a little amusement at their expense. Women are always interesting. Their little ways, fads, shams, even impostures, are good food, and, go where you like, at a most aristocratic 'at-home' or inside an omnibus, you will never return home without a little game in your bag.

The woman who travels alone is often a bit trying. She expects every man to help her, but man is a busy brute who, during the day at worktime, takes no notice of her.

A most amusing scene to witness is that of a London crowd rushing to the ticket-office of a station where trains are taken for the busy City. When her turn comes, she has a hundred questions to ask of the clerk before she names the station for which she requires a

ticket. 'How long does it take to get there?' 'Will the train be to time?' 'Do you happen to know if The Hollies (that's the name of my friend's house) is near the station? If not, will there be cabs to take me to the house?' are among the questions which the ingenuous lady will ask.

All the time the crowd of busy men increases behind her, and energetic protests are being heard. She is not in the least disconcerted, and she goes on asking questions, such as, 'How much does it cost first-class, and second-class?' and, 'Does it make a difference to take a return ticket?' The crowd begins to get boisterous.

She makes for the platform. One board says, 'This Way to the City,' and another, 'This Way to the West End.' She does not know which to believe. She wants to go to the City, but she is not sure that these wicked boards are not there to deceive and mislead the public. So she asks the porter which is the platform for the City. Sometimes a mute porter will content himself with pointing to the board, but she is not satisfied, and she will go and ask another.

When she is on the platform she is still agitated, and will ask servants or customers of the company whether she is on the right platform for the City. When the train comes in she will walk from one end of it to the other before she can make up her mind which carriage she likes best, and will enter. Now, that train is driven by men absolutely destitute of gentlemanly feeling, and while she is still trying to find out which is the best and most comfortable carriage, the train starts and leaves her behind. Sometimes she gets in,

and the first thing she does is to inquire of her fellow-passengers whether she is in the right train for the City; but she is never convinced until she gets there.

When she travels further than the City she is much more objectionable, on account of the small baggage which she carries, and which she insists on having with her in the carriage. She might easily put all her goods and chattels inside a trunk, and give that trunk to the porters to be placed in the van. No, she likes to have a hat-box, a bag, a roll, a basket of ferns and a pot of flowers, a collection of umbrellas and parasols, when she has not besides a bird in a cage.

As the porters avoid her, she calls on her male fellow-passengers to help her to settle her belongings on the racks, on the seat, and on the floor. She generally manages to place the flower-pot on a rack over somebody else's head. A climax is reached when the train is about to start, and the collector calls for tickets. Sometimes she is in a first-class carriage and has a third-class ticket. She has to get out quickly, and she asks you to pass all her things back to her. You do so with pleasure.

She is no less of a character in the omnibus. She wants to go to Charing Cross, and will take the King's Cross omnibus. At the end of a few minutes she becomes restless, and says to the conductor: 'Do you go to Charing Cross?' 'No, ma'am,' he says; 'we go to King's Cross.' 'Oh,' she exclaims, 'how is that?' And as the omnibus won't change its route to accommodate her, she grumbles and thinks men are brutes. It may be trains and omnibuses will one day be driven by women; then 'they will oblige a lady' at any time.

Sometimes she wants to go to No. 52 in a street. The omnibus stops at 48 or 50 to put down a passenger. She will let the omnibus restart, and make it stop in front of No. 52. That very woman is often a member of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Some women wonder how it is that, for one penny, the omnibus cannot put them down at their drawing-room door.

CHAPTER XXIV

RAINY DAYS MEAN WOES FOR WOMEN

I WOULD not for the world be a woman when it rains.

Fancy being clothed in lace, foulard, and chiffon, and having to hold an umbrella, a purse, the train of a dress, and half a dozen little packages containing an afternoon's purchases!

The men watch you, in the hope that you will expose a good deal of your dainty person to their gaze—the brutes! and the women are ready to giggle and sneer at the free 'show' you are giving—the cats!

Now, my poor dear lady, are you aware that there are men—I don't say very busy or worthy men, but, still, creatures calling themselves men—who on a rainy day will spend the day at a club or a hotel window in order to watch you cross the street?

And listen to the remarks they pass: 'Pretty ankle, isn't it?' or, 'H'm, too fat!' or again, 'Pretty little embroidered ruffle!'

Do you believe that, if you are indiscreet and un-

wittingly lift your dress a little too high, some women, animated with sisterly feelings, will stop to give you a kind warning? Not a bit of it, not one of them! The idea will not even come to their minds.

Many a good man, considerate lover and admirer of your sex, would like to rush up to you and, in a respectful whisper, say to you: 'Excuse me, madam, I am a married man and I love my wife, so I hope you won't think that—but the fact is, that—well, perhaps you are not aware that——' No, he won't even dare stammer such sentences as these, the poor fellow! False modesty will prevent him from doing you a good turn. He is afraid of a rebuke.

Worse than that. While you are walking in the rain, with all your impedimenta, maybe something will come undone. And, considering how all your pieces of attire are put together, the wonder is that an accident does not happen more often.

Now, who is the charitable woman who will understand your distress, stop, and offer to 'fix it' for you?

It is possible that such a woman exists in America, but she does not in England. No, no, not unless you had been previously introduced to each other. Of course, you might easily receive many offers from other quarters, but the accepting of them would be out of the question.

If the weather is bad, take a carriage. If you cannot afford it, stay at home. With the modern dress a woman cannot go out unless it is fine and dry.

If I were a woman and had to dress as women dress in this year of grace 1902, I should spend my life in anxious horror. I should constantly see my hairpins coming out and my hair coming down, and the seams of my dress

bursting. I should dream of strings undone, of openings gaping, of hooks not in their eyes, and things 'coming down.'

And, mind you, these accidents will always happen in the most awkward moments, particularly when you are out in the rain, and your efforts to hold in your hands your dress, your umbrella, and the rest, will put to a severe test the security of all your hundreds of fastenings.

There is only one comfort for you, and that is to know that if you drop your purse you will not have to stoop to pick it up, as many members of the community will be ready to oblige you by running away with it.

CHAPTER XXV

MEDDLING MOTHERS-IN-LAW

I HAVE received a most touching, pitiful letter from a woman who, I am sure, is a charming and most loving little wife.

'DEAR SIR,

'My husband and I love each other dearly, and the two years that we have been married have been two years of happiness and bliss, but for the visits that his mother and sisters have paid to us occasionally. The moment they come, he neglects me, and they absolutely run my house, criticising everything I do. Would you advise me, when they come, to leave my home and spend the time with my own mother?'

No, dear little lady, do not do that. If you have a mother of your own, that brings another mother-in-law on the scene, and the victory may yet be in your hands. Of course, you made a mistake in marrying a man who, as a young bachelor, was petted at home by mother and sisters.

Such men are very exacting in matrimony. They expect, from the women they marry, all the attentions they received from their mothers and sisters, besides those they may rightly expect from their wives.

To be the wife of such a man is no sinecure, as a rule. But it is too late. You are married, and you must make the best of it.

When your husband's mother and sisters come to pay you a visit, if you are cool to them, all goes wrong, and your husband reproaches you bitterly for not treating his mother and sisters with kindness.

If you are kind to them, I know what will happen: they won't go. That is the old dilemma. Most of us have gone through it. But do not despair. Cheer up!

You tell me you have a mother. Good! The moment you have received intimation of the arrival of your husband's mother and sisters, send a telegram to your mother at once and implore her to come and spend a few days with you.

Your husband cannot object to a visit from your mother any more than you can object to a visit from his. If you have only one spare room, your victory is sure, because you will be faced by the sad necessity of making the two old ladies sleep together; but even if you have plenty of room, they will be under the same roof.

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Now, remember that a wife's mother is a far more formidable mother-in-law than a husband's mother.

Your husband will admire your tact and ingenuity, and while the two mothers-in-law will fight it out, you and your husband will have a good time. Try it.

CHAPTER XXVI

WHAT TO AVOID IN MATRIMONIAL LIFE

For a Man:

NEVER do unto your wife what, as a gentleman, you would always refrain from doing to any lady of your acquaintance.

Never be moody, sulky. Never fidget. Never bore your wife about little things. Be generous to her, and always cheerful. Amiability and cheerfulness are the keynotes of happiness in matrimonial life.

Never meddle with your wife's private affairs nor with her correspondence, which you must hold sacred. Never interfere with her management of your household. Let her be the absolute mistress of that department.

Overlook her little fads and shortcomings, and praise her when she does her best. Praise, praise, praise always.

When she has her little fits of temper, her moods, never aggravate her. If little annoyances, which you had foreseen and warned her against, should happen, don't give yourself airs, or, worse still, say to her: 'I told you so.' She would be right in never forgiving you.

Never criticise her. Women and children cannot stand criticism, especially when it comes from the people they love. I mean their own.

Never find fault with a new dress, especially if it is a costly one; because, as she wants to please you and to appear her best for you, she will never again wear that dress, and you will have to buy her a new one. Praise that dress, old man. Be sure that you do.

When you have something on your mind, don't brood over it; don't consume your own smoke; have it out at once. Never allow clouds to accumulate; clear the sky at once, and everything will be bright.

Never write to your wife all the pretty things you have to say to her. Say them to her when you are with her. With sensible women a few sweet words whispered into the ears are worth thousands conveyed by post.

For a Woman:

Never lavish your caresses, even your attentions, on your husband when you suspect that he is not in the mood to appreciate and enjoy them.

The most devoted and loving of husbands has his moments of worry. In those moments he does not want the sweetheart-wife; he wants the discreet friend, the cool-headed counsellor, and the partner and confidante that his wife should be.

The part of a wife is many-sided. Happy the husband who possesses one whose versatility enables her to play the right part at the right time.

When your husband asks for a little dish of his predilection, which he can get at his club whenever he

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likes, but which he prefers to have in his own house and in your company, do not refuse it to him on the plea that you know best what is good for him.

He generally knows that himself.

Your husband, I am sure, has no objection to your entertaining your lady friends at luncheon when he is working in the City. Encourage him in his desire to sometimes have a little male dinner-party in his own house. I know men who are obliged to enjoy that little treat in their clubs.

Never go in for an 'explanation' on any unpleasant subject while your husband is ill or in trouble.

Be magnanimous enough to wait until he is in fighting trim; that is only fair.

Never abuse men without acknowledging that they have some redeeming features. Remember that women who have good husbands do not abuse men, that beautiful women never abuse men, that women who have inspired love seldom or never abuse men.

The keynote of family happiness is toleration and cheerfulness. Do not air your grievances; put up with faults, foibles, and shortcomings. We are none of us perfect, not even yourself, perhaps, my dear lady.

CHAPTER XXVII

HOW TO RECOGNISE TRUE LOVE

TRUE love is silent. A gentle pressure of the hand and a kind look, full of consideration and meaning, are far more eloquent than words, and, as a rule, much more sincere. The eyes do not lie. Judge the love of a man or a woman from what they do, from the manner in which they look at each other, if you like, but never from what they say.

Language in love is only used to deceive, and the more beautiful and polished the language is, the more deceitful the man or the woman is. Nine times out of ten love-making amounts to clever lying.

Here are specimens of phraseology used by men in making love to women. They have done duty for tens of centuries, are doing duty still, and sound as fresh to the ears of the listeners as if they had just been invented for their own edification:

1. 'You are the only woman I have ever really loved.'

Sometimes he ventures a little confession to ease his conscience.

2. 'I do not mean to say that several times I have not whispered gallant compliments into women's ears, but it was not real love, not even love—a little flirtation, don't you know, that's all.'

Of course not—only a rehearsal, as it were, or just to keep his hand in at it, so as to be in good form when the real opportunity presented itself.

3. 'I will never change towards you.' 'I will always love you.' 'I swear to you that I will for ever be constant.'

4. 'I feel as if life were of no use to me unless I can go through it side by side with you.'

5. 'I am not perfect, and I am aware of many of my shortcomings; but this I know—I am true, and will be true to you.'

Some men go as far as to say to women :

6. 'I am not perfect—far from it—but I know I could not lie to you.'

Beware of the sentimental hypocrite who can perpe-
trate the following flowery platitude :

7. 'It is not your beauty alone, great as it is, that charms me, but the divine qualities of your heart, the sweetness and tenderness of your disposition; it is your soul with which my soul is enraptured.'

8. 'I could die for you.'

Never accept a lover who constantly tells you that he wants to die for you. Rather give him a chance to show you he means it. Take a lover who wants to live with you and for you.

That constant 'wishing-to-die' lover reminds me of a French Marquis, who once made a present of a fire-engine to the village near which his castle was situated. The Mayor of the village thanked him, and expressed the wish that a fire might break out in the castle, so that he could see the noble efforts all the villagers would make to rescue him and save the home of his ancestors.

In love, oaths are generally as false as dice, and, like them, are occasionally used to represent what ought

to be the stake. True love is never lavish of them ; it feels itself too real to need their enforcement, and delights in that Quaker simplicity which defies them, and on the strength of which the Quakers call their religion Truth.

Beware of the poetical lover, the brilliant lover, and the witty lover. Brilliant wit makes many comedians in love and very few true lovers.

Beware of the lover who enumerates all his virtues to you. Always take it for granted that a man never possesses the qualities and virtues he boasts of. A good man rather boasts of the defects he has not got than of the virtues he possesses.

Remember that a lover who makes protestations and vows of constancy may perhaps mean what he says, but that he says what is often not in nature, and assuredly what is not in his power to keep.

The best tactics in love is to be natural. Beware of the man who is in the least degree affected. If he loves with all the wit possible, he loses three-fourths of his advantages.

Look for the timid, respectful, and silent lover.

CHAPTER XXVIII

SURE SIGNS OF TRUE LOVE IN A WOMAN

It is not because a woman calls you sweet names and writes to you most affectionate letters that you can conclude that she truly loves you. But there are tests that are infallible and absolutely sure signs of love,

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because they are not prepared or thoughtfully carried out, but instinctive. Here are a few :

1. If she is never satisfied with the way you have tied your cravat, and insists on fixing it herself before you go out.

2. If, when she is sitting near you, she constantly touches you, lays her hand on your arm ; but, surest sign of all, if she constantly picks off your coat little bits of cotton or of fluff, most of them imaginary ones.

3. When, of all the presents you make her, she mostly appreciates the insignificant, inexpensive ones, which only prove to her that, when you are away, you think of her.

4. When she so places your photographs that, wherever she happens to be, she can look at your face.

5. If, when you take a cigar or a cigarette from your pocket, she quickly goes to fetch a match and strikes it.

6. If she does her hair the way you like it, and wears the colours of your predilection.

7. If she is punctual at all the appointments she makes with you.

8. If she smiles the moment she catches sight of you.

9. If she wants to kiss you or you to kiss her (which amounts to the same) the moment she wakes up, and has no time for reflection.

10. When all her affectionate acts are spontaneous.

11. When, if you are ill, she can sit at your bedside and be almost jealous of the nurse sent by the doctor.

12. When you are in the next room and she calls you ; not that she wants you, but likes to know you are

close to her and wants to hear your voice say: 'All right, I'm here.'

13. When, at table, she wants a little more bread, and helps herself to part of the piece you have left.

14. When she gives you a cup of tea or coffee and knows exactly the quantity of cream and sugar you like in it.

15. When staying at home with you makes her just as happy and cheerful as going out anywhere with you.

16. If, when you are away from her one whole day, she expects a telegram from you with a prepaid answer.

17. When, at a dinner-party, however large, she is not ashamed to often look at you with a greeting smile.

18. If she keeps as long as she can the flowers you give her.

19. If she drops the novel, however interesting, which she is reading when you enter the room.

20. If she does not mind hearing and specially enjoys a story which you have told her before, but most especially if she does not tell you that she has already heard that story.

21. If she notices at once that you have on a suit of clothes different from the one you wore last time you were with her.

22. If she does not allow you to neglect your personal appearance.

23. If she never accepts from you anything which may cause you to put up with a privation.

24. If she should cry because you insist on wearing turn-down collars instead of the stand-up ones she likes—in which case you would be a brute not to immediately yield to her wish.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE DOOM OF THE FLIRT

A YOUNG girl, writing from the Far West, says: 'For the life of me, I don't see why you should condemn coquetting and flirting, as you do in your book, "Her Royal Highness Woman." After all, it is a harmless pastime, which enables us girls to have a good time without losing our reputation. Some of our very best women have been flirts.'

Well, I am very sorry to hear it. In everything I like the genuine article. I hate coquettes and flirts, because they are imitations, cheats, and frauds. The love of a woman is the most precious gift that the world can give to a man, and the parody of it is a thing that any sensible man should, and does, despise. The coquette and the flirt are women who try to make fools of men, and who invariably succeed in making fools of themselves. I, of course, mean the woman who has no other purpose than to kill time, or, as my correspondent puts it, have a good time.

A serious woman, a sensible woman, a woman who has the consciousness of her womanly value, does not flirt. Vain and silly women only are those who flirt.

Oh, if they could only know what men think of them, and hear what they say of them! What a cure it would be! I know that some get married; but who are the men who marry them?

Sensible men divide women into two classes: Those they flirt with and those they marry. My dear ladies,

we men are not so stupid as we sometimes appear. When women want us to flirt with them, we are polite, and we pay them the compliments they are after. 'It pleases them,' we say to ourselves, 'and it does not do us much harm.' But marry a flirt? No, no. When I want to take a drink, I insist on having a clean glass.

There are women who flirt with every possible man they come across. In hotels I have seen girls flirt with elevator boys rather than not flirt at all. It is a mania, a disease.

Flirts are sometimes made use of—at bazaars, for example. They are thought great draws, and they make money. Once a young girl, well known in English society, *Punch* tells us, was serving tea at a bazaar stall. A heavy swell came up and asked for a cup of tea. The girl asked if he took sugar and cream. He did. She prepared the mixture, tasted it, and offered it to the dandy.

'How much?' he said. 'Five shillings,' was the answer. 'By Jove!' exclaimed the irreproachably dressed young Englishman, 'five shillings for a cup of tea!' 'Oh, but,' said the flirt, 'I had a sip out of it.' 'Is that so?' he said; 'here's another five shillings: give me a clean cup, please.'

Girls should not flirt. When they do, they deserve all they get—and also all they fail to get.

CHAPTER XXX

POLITICS IN DEALING WITH WOMEN

NEVER say to your wife, 'Before I was married I used to do this and do that.' She will resent it. Before you were married is a long period of your life in which she takes no interest, and she would rather never hear it mentioned.

You like to hear of what your wife was, and did, and said, before she was married. That's the difference.

When you wish to offer your sympathy and condolence to a widow, don't try to console her by saying that her husband has gone to a better home. She might bring an action against you for libel.

If you set any value on your time, never attempt to prove that your wife is wrong in saying this or in thinking that. A clever man does not commit such a mistake in matrimony. He agrees or remains silent.

If he is a man of great refinement and has consideration for his wife's feelings, he agrees purely and simply, and does not remain silent, which would be provoking in the extreme.

Lunatic asylums are full of men who have tried to argue in matrimonial life.

If your husband cannot afford to give you expensive jewels, have enough delicacy never to mention the jewels of Mrs. So-and-so before him.

The most poignant suffering that a man who loves his wife may, perhaps, have to endure is to feel that

he cannot afford to give her dresses and jewellery as expensive as those of her female acquaintances.

Whenever you have an opportunity, give your husband a chance to appear at his best. He will praise you for it, and so will everybody.

If, at his table, he tells a story, wait until he has finished it and made his point before you insist on your neighbours taking a little more of this or that.

Never interrupt him. Never correct him before strangers. If you do you will make him ridiculous, and yourself ten times more so.

A wife may speak admiringly of a man to her husband. He will probably join her. But for the love of all that you hold most sacred in this world and the next, my dear man, never speak admiringly of a woman to your wife, or you will be treated as a monster of cruelty. Her privileges are not yours. Of course, you have your own.

Apropos of this. Have you ever tried to hold up a woman of your acquaintance as a model to your wife? Now, have you? No? Oh, do try, just for fun! If you want to foresee the result, just remember the feelings you entertained, when you were a boy, for the boy that was constantly offered to you as a model to imitate.

When I was a boy I waited patiently for two years to pay out that boy and show him how I appreciated his perfection. I got him in a corner and gave him the most famous licking he ever got in his life.

The greatest wisdom, in matrimony as in politics, consists in knowing how to accept accomplished facts and make the best of them. Not only should you do

so in the case of important facts, such as the discovery of shortcomings and defects in your husband or in your wife, as the case may be, but in the smallest details of everyday life.

If your wife's new dress, when finished and brought home, does not come up to your expectations, do not find fault with it. On the contrary, admire it, and say that she never had one that suited her and fitted her so well.

Say so whether she ordered it with or without your advice. If you don't she will immediately take a dislike to it, discard it—and you will have to buy another.

CHAPTER XXXI

A FEW MATRIMONIAL DON'TS

WHEN you have taken your young wife to a ball where she has been admired all the evening, and you return home, don't fail to be amiable in the carriage, bold even. There's your chance. If you miss it, she will dream all night of the success she has had at the ball, of all the pretty compliments she has received, and, maybe, of some of the men who have paid them to her. You have it in your power to surpass yourself and them all. A man who is cold towards his wife on returning from a ball with her is a brute and an ass. A woman never forgives a man who misses his opportunity. In her eyes he is ridiculous.

If you see your wife about to reach across the table for the butter, don't let her try to be successful, but go

quickly to her assistance. It will be economy, as the seams of her bodice are not so strong as those of your coat.

Don't tell your wife that she will always find you her best friend, or she will conclude that you have given Cupid notice to leave.

If you wish your wife to be agreeable while at dinner, don't tell her just before she enters the dining-room that her hair is badly done. By so doing you will run the risk of seeing her return to her room, stay there half an hour, and spoil the dinner.

Never frown at home, and always be indulgent for the little foibles of your wife and the faults of your children. Be their 'pal,' their friend, and confidant. Let your son well understand that if ever he should get into trouble, into a scrape, the best thing for him to do is to come straight to you, make a clean breast of it, and receive good advice and help. There are stern fathers who insist on being called 'Sir' by their sons, and who wonder that their sons turn bad. Good heaven! I would rather have a loving, familiar boy who called me 'Sonny' than have a timid, too respectful one who called me 'Sir.' Just fancy—'Sir!' Why not 'Your Majesty'!

Don't tell fibs to your wife. Never attempt to teach a monkey how to make faces.

Don't ever say to your wife: 'What's the matter with you, dear?' because she will answer you: 'What's the matter with me? Surely you ought to know!' And she is right. You ought to know; very often she does not.

Remember always that in the eyes of a woman you

have to be manly—that is to say, generous, magnanimous. A woman will rather forgive an act of brutality than an act of meanness in the man she loves.

För the love of everything which you hold sacred, never commit the slightest act which may cause you to appear ridiculous in the eyes of your wife, or even may make her laugh at you. The day on which a woman has laughed at her husband she has ceased to love him.

CHAPTER XXXII

A LOVELY LITTLE FOIBLE

LOVABLE people are seldom, nay, never, perfect. They always possess a few little redeeming faults or foibles which prevent them from being models, or, I should say, insults to the rest of the human race. Indeed, it is often the very possession of those little faults or foibles which makes them lovable.

I never feel inclined to criticise people, unless they inspire me with sympathy. I shun perfect people, and I have done so all my life. I hate to be sat upon, and I feel so small in the presence of a perfect person that it makes me detest both the person and myself. I like to stand a chance with anybody.

Is there anything more charming than the lovely little foibles of good women? their little fads, their little obstinacies, their little peculiarities? You must put 'little' before every one, because they are all so small, all so sweet! How, for example, the best women love to take a little ascendancy over the people they

are fond of, how they gently resent their efforts at getting independent of them ! Who is the fond mother who would not like to keep her child under her wing for ever and ever ? The first time that her child goes out alone, without her, tell me if her pride is not slightly mingled with sadness at the thought that the dear little one can do without her for a few moments. Is not that also the feeling of a devoted nurse towards her patient ? A patient stands to a nurse as a child does to a mother.

To illustrate this I have a little reminiscence only a few weeks old. I was at the French Hospital, recovering from a very dangerous operation which had been performed upon me. I was nursed by a Sister, a sweet, attentive, cheerful nurse, whose devotion to me was perfectly sublime. After being five weeks in bed, I was at last allowed to sit up in a chair, not for long, however, for even with the help of two doctors I could not stand on my legs for one second. The next morning I felt more confident, and, seeing my things on a chair near my bed, I slowly put them on, got out of bed, stood up, grasping the bedpost, and succeeded in walking alone across the room as far as a sofa, on which I lay down. When the dear Sister came, thinking that I was still in bed, and that she was going to help me dress and get up, her face was a study. There was disappointment and a little sadness written on it. She thought I had no business to show signs of independence so quickly. Of course she was glad. I know she was. At the same time, there was like a reproach on her face. If she had expressed her inner thoughts, she would have said to me : 'I am happy to see you so

much better ; still, I think you might have been entirely dependent on me for another day or two. Fancy your doing all this by yourself, and without giving me notice !'

Dear, lovely soul ! May all the angels of heaven bless her !

CHAPTER XXXIII

LOVELY SOULS

I WAS passing the other day along a somewhat wealthy thoroughfare of London. On a doorstep I noticed a poor old woman sitting with her head buried in her hands. There was an air of respectability about her.

She was no drunkard. I watched her, and I saw her features, which struck me with pity. There was despair engraven on them. Her eyes seemed to implore a God of mercy that she might be taken away from a world where she was not wanted.

Crowds of well-dressed women passed before. Very few took any notice of her. Those who did turned their heads away with an air that said : ' Really, we pay taxes. I think we ought to be spared such a sight as this.' Not one helped her ; not one even threw at her a glance of pity or sympathy.

Two coster girls, pushing a wheelbarrow, stopped a few yards from her in the street, and unfastened a bundle of paper which contained, as far as I could see, dry bread and cheese. The girls began to eat, when one of them got sight of the poor old woman. She called the attention of her friend.

They said nothing; but both went to the old woman, gave her all that they had, and, without waiting for a word of thanks, pushed away the wheelbarrow, and no doubt did without a meal to help a poor soul that was still poorer than they were.

Is it that those only who have known poverty and wretchedness can come to the rescue of those who suffer and want?

The worst and most interesting poor are not those that are helped by the taxes—they are some timid ones who hide their poverty, ask for nothing, and whom it is the duty of the rich to seek, discover, and help.

If these will set about it properly, they will find those people close by them, round the corner, at their very door.

There died in Edinburgh, a few years ago, a cheerful, happy-looking old woman who sold sweets and candies to the children of the Cowgate, that most wretched, squalid spot of the Scottish capital.

Her whole stock was worth about half-a-crown, and she once told me that, when at the end of the day she had made a few pence profit, she was quite satisfied.

Alas! there are many children in the Cowgate who never felt in the hollow of their hands as much as a halfpenny, and who, on beholding the old woman's basket full of shiny white, pink, and rose candies, would throw a side-glance of envy and pass on, sad and dejected, or stop a few seconds with their fingers in their mouths, lost in admiration and ecstasy before that old woman's appetizing store.

Seldom was a child who could not afford to pay her allowed to pass that basket without receiving one for love.

One day, coming out of school, the children looked for the old woman in vain. She was dead. At her funeral, hundreds of barefooted little boys and girls in rags followed their departed friend down the Cowgate; and I wonder how it is that the God of dear old women and little children did not allow candies to be strewn all along the way on which passed the funeral of the old sweetmeat woman.

When she arrived at the gates of heaven, I feel sure there were more angels to meet her and take her to the throne of the Almighty than there would be for the arrival of all the Duchesses of Christendom.

If there are social sets in heaven, I guess that old woman is a leader of fashion among the 'Four Hundred' there, or my notion of heaven is wrong altogether.

CHAPTER XXXIV

RESPECT THE GIRL WHO MAKES HER WAY ALONE

THE most pathetic, the most interesting, the most admirable sight that is given to us to witness is that of the beautiful young girl who bravely fights the battle of life alone. All odds are against her; and I do not know whose cowardice to blame the more, that of women who have had protectors—fathers, brothers, and husbands in succession—and who will not help her, or that of men who try to avail themselves of her circumstances to

make her fall. I have more respect for that little woman, young, pretty, sometimes talented, struggling alone, than for all the Duchesses of the world put together.

What can she do, this girl alone? If she tries commerce, men will sweat her and make her sew a hundred shirts a day for some six shillings a week, and maybe insult will be added to injury. I once heard an English Bishop, enjoying a salary of £10,000 and a palace, give to young factory girls, living on starvation wages, an address on thrift.

If she gets a place in a shop, she will often have to stand on her feet for twelve mortal hours, and so destroy her health. Shopkeepers have not yet been able to invent some high stool (such as men are provided with for counter-luncheons), so that the poor girls may now and then take a little rest during the day.

If she is pretty, well made, and possesses the least bit of a voice, she is tempted to look to the stage for support. But what chance of success has she? There are thousands of pretty girls ready to compete with her, and, alas! also ready to pay for an engagement a price which she would think dearer than death. The trade in girl slaves is more flourishing in Europe than in Africa.

Some girls, by the force of their character, their perseverance, and a little diplomacy, added to beauty and real talent, have succeeded in obtaining engagements in the chorus and living virtuously on 30s. a week, sometimes supporting an aged mother besides. But what a life such a girl has to lead! If she is beautiful, all are jealous of her. If she remains virtuous and declines the

advances of the 'swells,' young and old, at the stage-door, she is called a prig and is constantly a butt for the jeers and sneers of her less-respectable comrades, for, perhaps, the worst side of a woman's character is that, when she has fallen, she despises and hates the woman who has not, and will often do all her possible best to induce her to follow her example. 'I have had to succumb,' she thinks; 'why should this one escape?'

There is very little or no Christian feeling for women in the breasts of women. Not one will hold out a helping hand to the pretty woman alone. The mere fact that she lives alone suggests to man that she is open to an offer, and to women that 'she is no better than she should be.' If she is known to be on the stage, all the 'cats' turn up their noses, and say, 'A chorus-girl, I suppose!'

Yet that pretty, hard-working, constantly tempted girl, who has nothing but her clear conscience to keep her proud of herself, is a woman ten times more deserving, a thousand times more virtuous, than those women who have always had fathers or husbands to keep them, and who never had the occasion to defend their virtue, because no man ever thought of attacking it.

Gentlemen, when you see that pretty little girl pass, that girl who has succeeded in steering clear of all the temptations placed in her way, and who with her own pluck has made herself independent, please take off your hat and salute her.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE WOMAN WHO 'GOES IT ALONE' IS FULL OF FADS

A FEW weeks after I published in a newspaper the preceding chapter, I received a considerable amount of correspondence of a most gratifying kind.

A San Francisco lady said: 'Your article should be written in letters of gold and placed in every dwelling throughout the world. I shall have your noble words framed and hung most conspicuously.'

Said another from Chicago: 'All the legislators of the world ought to read your article. I feel convinced they would immediately set to remedy what you rightly describe as the most crying evil on earth.'

The fact is that, enemy of the so-called woman's rights cause as I am, when I consider how the greatest grievance of women, the unprotected state of young girls, remains unattended to, I should be prepared to have only women in all the Parliaments of the world, just for a week, in order to have that grievance redressed. When I think of the pitfalls that yawn, the snares that are laid, the artifices that are used to rob a maiden of her most precious treasure, I say that, if girls were protected as they should be, those hell-holes would not exist.

The Church should have enough influence, enough power, to attain that end. Churchmen, unfortunately, are too busy deciding whether there shall be candles on the altar or not, whether the minister shall preach with or without a surplice; they are too busy attempting

to clearly define the difference between tweedledum and tweedledee, and all the time they spend in trying to save us from hell in the next world they might better employ in trying to make us find a bit of heaven in this.

Let us, however, revert to a lighter subject, the little fads and superstitions of the women who are their own breadwinners. All, without exception, from the celebrated operatic star to the humblest chorus-girl, from the leading dressmaker to the little shop-girl—I say all are superstitious and full of fads.

You will never see them pass under a ladder. They will always find a keen interest in anyone who will take a pack of cards and tell them their fortune. And when you say to them, 'Beware! there is knavery about you,' they look most concerned; and when you add, 'There is a dark woman who is trying to harm you,' they invariably exclaim, 'I know it, the cat!'

And whatever snares and pitfalls there may be lying in the path of the woman who alone struggles for life, she fears the women quite as much as the men, if not more. With the men she knows what dangers exist for her, but with the women she does not, and she is not on her guard.

The moment this woman arrives in the country her eyes do not for a single instant cease to look down and watch the grass. What is she doing? Why, she is all the time looking for a four-leaved clover. If she finds one, her joy is boundless. She immediately places it in her stocking, or in the shoe of her right foot, and makes a wish. I have seen this done by lady singers who are paid £200 for singing a couple of songs. I have

seen it done by the little chorus-girl who earns 30s. a week.

If you buy a rose of a flower-girl in the streets of London, Paris, Rome, or Berlin, that girl will kiss the coin before she puts it in her pocket.

And even the most wretched creatures invariably spit on the piece of gold or silver they receive before they hide it away.

Any way, the woman who alone fights the battle of life is hesitating, and she thoroughly believes that all she achieves or fails to achieve is due to luck or absence of it.

No, dear child, all you achieve is not due to luck, but to pluck. There is no such thing as luck. We make luck.

How could poor women have confidence in themselves when both men and women have seldom, if ever, encouraged them to fight for themselves? When they have been victorious, they have excited jealousy and hatred; when they have succumbed, they have received no other consolation than jeers and sneers.

Oh, respect and help the woman who attempts to make a place for herself in the sun without the support of man!

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE HEROISM OF WOMEN—A CHAPTER OF HISTORY

FOR the hero of her worship woman has the meekness of a dove, the devotion of the saint; for his safety in peril, for his rescue in misfortune, her vain sense imbibes the sagacity of the serpent, her weak heart the courage of the lioness. So said Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton.

Guizot, in his famous work 'Love in Marriage,' illustrates the heroism of women by scenes which he borrows from English history. The devotion of Lady Russell during the trial of her husband in the seventeenth century supplies him with ample material.

That a woman in love may rise to sublime heights nobody doubts—nay, everybody knows. There is no noble sacrifice, no act of heroism, of which she is not capable either as a mother, a wife, or a sweetheart. She would attack a tiger to save her child from its claws. During the Reign of Terror she took the place of her husband or of her lover on the scaffold, and, when unable to do so, she asked to be beheaded with him. Guizot has borrowed his illustrations from English history. I beg to borrow mine from French history.

Mme. Lefort's husband has been arrested for conspiring against the Republic. She succeeds in gaining admission to his cell. There she gives him her clothes and puts on his. He escapes. At the foot of the scaffold she is recognised by the Commissary of the

Republic. 'Wretched woman!' he exclaims, 'what have you done?' 'My duty,' she replies; 'do yours.' Half a minute later her head was rolling in the basket.

When Marshal de Mouchy was arrested by order of the Revolutionary Tribunal, his wife said to the soldiers of the Republic: 'Since my husband is arrested, I am arrested also.' She presented herself at the Tribunal by the side of the Marshal. 'You are not accused,' said the President. 'My husband is accused,' she replied; 'I am accused also.' The Marshal was condemned to death. She jumped into the cart that was carrying him to the scaffold with other prisoners. At the foot of the scaffold the executioner says to her: 'You are not condemned.' 'My husband is condemned; I am condemned also.' And both, hand-in-hand, ascended the fatal steps.

The famous Mme. Roland defended her husband herself before the Convention; but her eloquence was of no avail. He was condemned. Being unable to do anything more for him, she got arrested, condemned, and calmly and cheerfully showed him how to die.

The terrorists called on Mlle. de Sombreuil and told her that her father was arrested, but that they would have him set at liberty if she would on the spot drink a bowlful of the hot blood of an aristocrat. The poor girl consented immediately, and drank it to the last drop. I know of nothing more pathetic than this mixture of gruesome humour and sublime filial sacrifice.

Boyer, a former Minister, was arrested in order to appear as a witness before the Revolutionary Tribunal. He did not return home that night. The next day his

anxious mistress made inquiries, and learned that he had been condemned to death and would be executed the following day. She called her friends together, and distributed her jewels and other belongings among them, and straightway she went to the Tribunal. 'Arrest me,' she cried; 'I am a royalist. Long live the King!' She was immediately arrested and condemned to die. She managed to be placed in the batch of unfortunates among whom her lover was. 'We shall be parted no longer, my darling,' she said to him at the foot of the scaffold; 'in a minute our heads will be close together in the basket.' As the knife was about to fall on her lover's neck, she cried to him: 'Cheer up, I am coming next!' And she calmly ascended the steps.

Mlle. Maillé followed her *fiancé* on the scaffold. Before giving herself up to the executioners, she drew her lover's letters from her bosom and kissed them. She died smiling, pronouncing his name.

There is something still more beautiful than dying for a husband; it is dying for an unfaithful one. Mme. de Ligny, on her way to the scaffold with her husband, passed under the window of his mistress and saw her in tears. 'I am happier than thou,' cried the wife to the mistress; 'I am going to live with him for ever.' The mistress of the Count de Ligny heard these words. The next day she accused herself of treason to the Republic, and succeeded in getting herself condemned and beheaded.

Of course, it must be said that, in those days of the Reign of Terror, the minds of all were in such a state of wild excitement that everybody was more or less mad.

Life was worth nothing, and people scorned death and ascended the steps of the scaffold laughing and joking, women as well as men.

I could fill many pages with illustrations of women's acts of heroism. I will conclude this article with one of the noblest actions ever recorded in history, ancient or modern.

Mlle. de Bois-Béranger's father, mother, and sister had been arrested, had gone through the farce of a trial, and been condemned to death. She could not bear the idea of being spared. In her despair she cried: 'But why am I not allowed to die with them?' Fortunately for the devoted girl, it was easy to get accused and condemned. She rushed to the Revolutionary Tribunal while the judges were sitting. 'Long live the King!' she shouted. 'Down with the cowards and assassins!'

Her wish was satisfied. She had gone to the Tribunal dressed in white and covered with flowers. On the way to the scaffold her mother was fainting. 'Cheer up, dear mother,' she cried; 'you are going to be happy; you will leave no regret behind; all your dear ones are with you, and you are going to receive the reward that all your virtues deserve.'

Mlle. de Bois-Béranger was only sixteen years old.

CHAPTER XXXVII

THE SUBLIME DEVOTION OF WOMEN

IN the preceding chapter I borrowed of history some striking examples of womanly heroism, but I borrowed them from troublous and exciting times—the Reign of Terror, when death struck no one with awe, and people ascended the steps of the scaffold, the women with a smile, and the men with a joke on their lips.

The noblest heroines are perhaps those of everyday life, obscure heroines of whom the world hears nothing. Is there anything more sublime than the devotion mentioned in the following pathetic story, which I extract from a newspaper? Can heroism go any further?

Luhia Hulapa, a pretty Hawaiian woman, still in the flush of youth and blessed with perfect health, has voluntarily doomed herself to a life of desolate horror that only Dante could draw or Zola describe.

Five years ago Lui Hulapa wooed and won Luhia. Both had been educated at mission-schools, and spoke English in the honeyed fashion of the Hawaiians.

Five years of happiness followed, and then Lui awoke to a dreadful consciousness that he was a leper.

He might have hidden the taint of leprosy until there was some outward sign of the curse. But he would not risk other lives. Luhia, stunned by the blow, at first made no moan, and then she begged that they should flee to some desert isle, where together they could wait for death.

But Lui would not accept such sacrifice, and since there was no reasoning with her, he quickly made all arrangements that he could for her future, and then, with only a written good-bye, he embarked on the boat on which no leper ever returns, and was landed among fellow-unfortunates at Molokai.

Luhia Hulapa did a witch's bidding, and morning and night rubbed her body with the juice of a strange herb which the Kahuna had prepared for her. With joy she beheld her brown skin turning the ashen gray and then the silver white of the leper whose disease is heavy upon him.

So, confident that she would at last be committed to the leper settlement, Luhia Hulapa presented herself at the Kalihi Kahili receiving-station as a suspect.

The men of science examined her skin, and, scarcely believing their senses, decided that the woman had been painting herself with some native tincture to simulate leprosy. But why?

The next day the Board of Health sat in session over her case. Luhia had written to them a letter, which the clerk was ordered to read aloud :

‘All the members of the Board of Health will know that I am Luhia, wife of Lui Hulapa, leper. I painted myself and gave myself up as a suspect, with the idea that by so doing I would be able to enter the leper settlement as the kokua for my husband. So, in the apology for what I did, I humbly ask the Board of Health to allow me to go to the settlement as a kokua.

‘Your obedient servant,

‘LUHIA LUI HULAPA.’

It was decided to ascertain whether there was need of a helper, and the doctor reporting in the affirmative, Luhia Hulapa went to Molokai, happy in having at last accomplished her desire.

Now, tell me if history, ancient or modern, records anything more sublime. Tell me if, when Luhia Hulapa dies, a monument ought not to be erected in her honour, to perpetuate the memory of her love, her devotion, and her heroism.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

IN PRAISE OF THE LITTLE GOOSE

ONE must have loved a woman of genius, said Talleyrand, in order to comprehend what happiness there is in loving a fool.

Man has ruled over woman for so many centuries that he has become used to it, as it were, and he can very often indulge in his sovereignty in a quiet, dignified, exacting, and even magnanimous manner.

Woman has been emancipated only quite recently, and, as a ruler, she is a *parvenue*, like a *nouvelle-riche*. When she rules, she is bumptious, assertive, overbearing, exacting, and particularly objectionable.

I have often met men who thoroughly enjoyed the rule of their wives, the gentle, discreet rule, not of women of genius (that I have never seen), but of sensible, tactful women, otherwise perfectly ordinary, and who never boasted of having achieved anything except that most beautiful object in life, the happiness of all those

living around them. I have known pretty, insignificant little women, all heart and soul, sweetness and devotion, whose influence over their husbands was paramount, who made themselves absolutely indispensable, in whom these men, constantly before the public—statesman, diplomats, litterateurs, artists—found the necessary repose that enabled them to struggle and to fight, and who were adored by their husbands. Tell me that perhaps this kind of woman amounts to nothing more than an arm on which a man leans, or a pedestal on which he stands. These women are the happiest ones in the world, the most cherished by the men whom they make so happy.

The husband of a woman of genius is fatally doomed to discover himself one day carrying the music of his star-wife, or taking to a publisher the poetry she has written. Of course, we have heard of glorious literary partnerships in matrimony, the most striking example being, perhaps, Robert Browning and his wife ; but these are extremely rare exceptions. Of husband and wife, one must take the ascendancy, say the lead, if you prefer, and if it is the woman who does, it means the extinction of man by the worst of means, ridicule.

I love the influence of women, I crave for it ; but I hate their ascendancy, I loathe their domination. Marriage can be happy on one condition only, that the man is a man, with all the manly qualities, and the woman is a woman, with all the womanly qualifications.

If I have entitled this chapter 'In Praise of the Little Goose,' it is because I feel confident—nay, sure—that the reader will not conclude that I praise stupidity in woman. I love the woman who is intelligent, bright,

and cheerful, but retiring, sweet, and modest; who rules gently in the shade; whose perfume is like that of the violet which exhales it hidden in the bush; who carries engraven on every feature the love she inspires and the happiness she causes. However powerful a man may be, he is at the feet of a woman of this sort. His life is devoted to her.

The woman of genius is a freak of nature, and rather than advise a man to marry her, I would quote Shakespeare, and say to him: 'If thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool.'

CHAPTER XXXIX

WOMEN'S LITTLE WAYS

WOMAN is a beautiful human creature who dresses, fixes her tresses, caresses, impresses, distresses, and undresses.

When two women meet, the first thing they do is to pick each other to pieces in their own minds; the next thing is to pay flattering compliments to each other.

A woman may be ever so good, obliging, and amiable, ever so devoted and loving; she will go where her husband likes, do as he pleases, make every possible sacrifice for him; she will work for him, she will starve for him, she will die for him, but she will always do her hair the way *she* likes.

There are two kinds of men whom women like: those who love them and those who hate them.

When you have been married three months you will think that you understand your wife. When you have

been married twenty-five years you will come to the conclusion that you do not know her at all.

When a woman arrives at a station two minutes after a train is gone, she does not blame herself for missing it; she thinks that the employés of the company are no gentlemen.

For many women the definition of a gentleman is a man who knows how to wait.

There are two things that few women possess—notion of time and notion of distance. But why should women remember time, when they know they were made to make us men forget it?

What makes women so delightfully fascinating is that they do not possess scientific minds. They care nothing for arguments. They take it for granted that, when you said such and such a thing, it meant this and that, whether it was *this* and *that* or not. If they have made up their minds that you have done a thing which you have never done, you may call to your rescue all the principles of algebra, trigonometry, and differential and integral calculus to prove to them they are wrong—it will all be in vain. They say you have, and that settles it. Not till death stops their utterances will they stop reminding you that they were right. They know they were.

When a woman has had a tiff with her husband and is sulking the rest of the day, she will put on, in the evening, half a dozen wraps, one on the top of the other; she makes herself absolutely inaccessible; she packs herself as she would a valuable clock that had to be shipped to the Antipodes.

When a woman gets her portrait painted, she insists

on having a perfect likeness, but woe to the painter who does not make her beautiful! When she gets her photograph taken, she will sit for hours until she obtains something that gives her satisfaction. Some shrewd photographers suggest that, her hair and shoulders being beautiful, she would obtain a lovely picture if taken from—the other side.

'People say,' I once remarked to a dear old lady seventy-five years old, 'that you were very beautiful.' 'I do not think so,' she replied, 'but I believe I had a pretty hand.' I looked at it. 'Indeed it must have been a very pretty hand; it is beautiful still,' I said. And I took that hand, and respectfully pressed it against my lips. I am not ashamed to say that my little compliment was appreciated by the owner of that pretty hand, with whom I had many hours of sweet flirtation when I was a young man, and who was no other than my dear mother.

It does not matter how virtuous a woman is, she is always proud to know that she is fascinating, and that men find her beautiful. She will give hopes to no one, but will not be sorry to hear that many sigh after her.

You will never understand women unless you start from this fact, which, I believe, is undeniable. Most of the actions of a woman are committed under the dictation of her heart, not of her head—in her tender relations with men, at any rate. If this be conceded, I think the solution of that great problem, Woman, is less difficult than it appears to be.

CHAPTER XL

VIRTUOUS MEN AND WOMEN

SOME people are born virtuous, others have achieved virtue, while others have had virtue forced upon them, or have had the good fortune of never having their virtue assailed.

When I reflect that the devil is ever near and that the flesh is ever quick, I am of opinion that virtue with most men and women is but the careful precaution of locking doors.

Why is a man who boasts of his virtue perfectly ridiculous? Why is he even called either a prig or a hypocrite? Why do women complain of the lack of virtue in men, and why do they not esteem men who are too strictly virtuous? Woman may be an angel, but she is one who seldom appreciates a man who has not a bit of the devil in him.

It would be absurd to say that there are no virtuous men, yet when I remember that Thackeray, as good a man as ever lived, said, 'Let a man pray that none of his womankind should form a just estimation of him,' I pause and grow reflective.

In the case of a woman, if she is ugly, that is half the battle. The most virtuous woman is the beautiful one whom nature has made the most voluptuous and reason the coldest. And she has all the more reason to be proud of her virtue that, while to remain virtuous a man has only to struggle against his own desires, a woman has not only her own inclinations to resist, but the continual attacks of man.

Now, a woman may be as virtuous as you like, but she will derive very little pleasure from a compliment paid to her virtue. Why? Simply because she will conclude from your remark that you do not consider her beautiful enough to have attracted the attention of men. And, excuse me for being absolutely frank, a man may be as virtuous as you like, but, if you pay him a compliment on his virtue, he will think you take him for an idiot.

Many women prefer hearing us talk gossip on their virtue, to hearing us speak ill of their beauty; and most men prefer being called 'lucky dog,' or 'a devil of a fellow,' when they are neither, mind you, to being called virtuous.

I shall never forget the delightful, superior air, not altogether without a touch of contempt, with which I once heard a charming society woman say of her husband: 'Oh, he is a perfect angel!' You might have easily translated that into: 'He? Why, he is too silly!'

The most beautiful thing is that quiet, discreet, tolerant virtue which you admire in women when, says Douglas Jerrold, they don't go about it like a child with a drum, making all sorts of noise with it. Virtue was not given to women as claws were given to cats—to do nothing but scratch with. Let the beautiful woman who is virtuous be charitable; let the plain woman, whose virtue has never run the least danger, have a kind word to say of the woman who has loved, not wisely, perhaps, but well, and let her be reminded of what the American humorist says of her: 'It would be gross flattery to say that she was not virtuous.'

CHAPTER XLI

WHAT WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

WHEN a girl leaves the home of her parents to follow the man she has elected to marry, she is generally supposed to receive from a thoughtful mother a little admonition and a few useful hints and warnings, what the French call *quelques paroles bien senties*.

With this light baggage of maxims and pieces of advice, she is expected to find marriage a success, and help to make it so. But I believe that marriage would less often be a failure if both men and women were to spend ten years of their youth studying the science and the politics of matrimony, and trying also to understand the poetry of it.

One of these days I should like to attempt to show what men should know in order to make good husbands. To-day I will devote a few lines concerning women to the same subject.

A woman should know that matrimony does not consist in an uninterrupted series of love-scenes; that a woman can spend her life in love-making, but that a man cannot.

She should even know that there are moments when the most loving husband or lover must be respectfully left alone, which is during the moments that all his thoughts are concentrated on his work, especially if he be a literary man, an artist, or a man whose successful work depends on the perfect stillness of his surroundings and the complete enjoyment of his thinking powers.

A woman should be very discreet, and should never run the risk of seeing her little attentions received with a gentle frown. Nothing should be offered in a wrong moment, but always at a time when she feels sure that it will be duly appreciated.

A wife should be a hundred beings, and possess enough tact to seize the opportunity for playing all the different parts assigned to her just at the right moment. The study of all these different parts is hard work, but it is paying work, for on the manner in which she plays them depends the whole happiness of her life and that of her husband.

Just as a man's appetite is kept alive by an intelligent cook, just so is a husband's love and interest kept alive by an intelligent wife. Constantly change the menu, my dear lady, or your husband will sometimes go and dine at the club.

A woman should know that a husband's love is not ascertained by the number of times he says to his wife, 'I love you,' but by what he does for her. She should know that he has not ceased to love her because he has been so busy that for six hours he has not kissed her.

One is the dispenser, the other is the receiver. It is easier to receive than to dispense. One is always ready to receive; one is not always ready to dispense.

The duties of a wife, important as they are, to be sure, are not, however, of such a nature as to divert her from the constant thought of her husband. The duties of a husband, engaged in the interesting pursuit of a profession, or absorbed by the trying cares of a business that demands all his energy and all his thoughts, compel

him to now and then free himself from the tender inclinations of his mind and his heart.

She should know that, so long as the community is constituted as it is now, the man is the *lord*, which means in Anglo-Saxon the one who procures the loaf, and the woman is the *lady*, which means the one who dispenses it and makes it go as far as it will possibly go.

Of course, if the women's-righters get their way, things will be changed. Women will get the loaf, and we men will knock off and rest on our laurels, earned by hundreds of centuries of hard work.

She should know that, if Nature has endowed her with beauty of face and figure, she has also sadly handicapped her in the race with men by many obstacles. Her grievances are against Nature, not against man, and she should not constantly air those grievances which man has not the power to redress.

She should remember that a woman with sorrows may be very interesting, but that a woman with grievances is an intolerable bore. The sad, long-faced woman is the killer of all the energies of the man who lives with her.

The cheerful woman is the only one who makes her male companion successfully fight the battle of life. With her at his side, nothing is impossible to him. He drinks health and strength at her fountain.

'In these days of higher education for girls,' says a modern writer, 'some very simple and useful accomplishments are apt to be forgotten. They are accomplishments that one need not attend college to learn, and yet they are more valuable and more essential than

anything taught in the most advanced school. Without them no girl's education is complete.'

Decidedly so.

The fact is that, if I were the Minister of Education of my country, with full power to impose on schools the curriculum I liked, I would have every girl in the land know the following things, absolutely regardless of her occupation or position in life:

She should know that twelve pence make a shilling exactly.

She should know how to cook, how to arrange every room of a house, how to make a dress, and how to be indispensable in the sick-room, and I would therefore have her taught housekeeping, cooking, dressmaking, and nursing.

She should know how to dress within her income, and wear a well-made dress of cheap material like a Queen. It is the way in which a woman puts on her dress that makes her look well or badly dressed.

A little woman, always neat and tidy, with a lively gait, a cheerful face, and a natural countenance, is the one who makes a man happy, and whom a man makes happy.

CHAPTER XLII

CONCERNING LOVE AND VERACITY

A MAN will, of course, always speak of the woman whom he loves in the most flattering terms.

I know one who loved a woman who had neither a pretty face nor a good figure.

One day he was loading a friend with an account of all the lady's intellectual attainments and moral qualities. She was so virtuous, so bright, so witty, so good! 'Ah!' exclaimed the friend, who was getting a little tired of the long litany, 'what a pity you cannot turn her inside out!'

Now, women are fond of compliments, and like especially to receive them from the men whom they love. Sometimes a man is severely handicapped in this respect when he has too great a sense of veracity.

If he loves sincerely and truly there is no difficulty. I have known men in love with very plain women; their love was sincere, and in their eyes those women were perfect, in body as well as in heart and mind.

It is with the woman a man loves as it is with the nation he belongs to: it is the best in the world—with this slight difference, however, that a man's love and admiration for his country last for ever, whereas his love and admiration for a woman sometimes last for a time only.

His country may commit all the faults, all the crimes, you like to mention; he goes on sticking to her and by her; she cannot do wrong. I must say he is much less indulgent toward the veriest wife of his bosom.

The reason is, I suppose, that the love of a woman is love by adoption, whereas love of country, or patriotism, is like love for a mother—an inborn love.

I repeat it—if a man loves a woman with all the force of his heart and soul, his life is easy.

He can flatter her to his and her heart's content without inflicting any undue pain upon his conscience. But if he doesn't, poor fellow, what a life!

Of course, a diplomat will get out of difficulty if his lady-love gives him the chance.

He will avail himself of every opportunity offered to him. Maybe her nose is crooked, but her face is all right when viewed from the side. On the right the profile may be slightly Jewish, on the left it may be perfectly Greek.

If she be one leg shorter than the other, she may be very graceful when sitting down. If she is too much inclined to embonpoint, he will not fail to quote to her the line of Mistral, the great Provençal poet, who declares that 'you must not complain that the bride is too beautiful.'

He may say to her that she is lovely, even if there is too much to love. If she is lean, he will pity stout women before her, and declare that only a thin woman can put on her clothes elegantly.

But if she has small-pox marks on her face, how can he say that they suit her style of beauty?

Man would do well to resist the temptation of paying a woman—even the one he loves—compliments which he knows she does not deserve.

He would do well, instead, to extol her on the grounds of her virtues and character. If she drops a hint about her possibly being beautiful, let him return with a volley of compliments on the way she plays the piano, or makes pastry, or the cut of her dress.

Let a plain woman once taste the sweets of personal flattery, and the man who lives with her is done for.

CHAPTER XLIII

A LEXICON OF LOVE

'I WILL love you eternally' signifies 'My love for you will continue as long as it lasts.'

'It is an eternity since I saw you' means 'I have not seen you for two days.' 'How cruel you are!' stands for 'Why do you not believe me? I have done everything to prove that I love you; I have talked, I have sighed, I have been heaping stories upon stories till I have got to the end of my part.' These breaks are very effective. They express a disorder which always flatters women who think themselves the cause of it.

'Do you want to see me die?' is a figurative form of speech which can thus be translated: 'I am tired of spending so much time talking nonsense. After all, there are other women in the world besides you. If you do not capitulate soon, I must raise the siege.'

'I will never change' is often used instead of 'I like to pass my time agreeably, no matter at whose expense; and, as I find this disposition convenient, I shall probably never change it.'

'I wish I could love you,' in the mouth of a woman, means 'I actually do love you.' And so does 'I wish I could hate you.'

'You will make me lose my reason.' There is a maxim in love that no one is a thorough lover who is in the full possession of his mental faculties. So the phrase means, 'I have renounced my reason for the love of you, and I hope to bring you to renounce yours for the love

of me.' And the clever fellow wants to make the woman believe that she risks no more than he does.

'I would rather see you dead than belonging to another' does duty for 'I believe in homœopathy for love complaints. Like cures like. If you belonged to another, I myself should have to love another.'

'I offer you my heart' is a more poetic and tender phrase than 'I offer you my purse,' but it does not express so much sincerity.

A man never has his senses more about him than when a woman says to him, 'Are you mad?'

When a woman says to a man, 'Leave me—pray leave me,' the bells are tolling the knell of her virtue.

'There is nothing left for us to do but run away together' is a phrase often used by men, and which women should invariably translate in the following manner: 'Hitherto we have only committed the ordinary little follies of love; but now let us consummate them by a grand stroke. I have so perfect a regard for you that I make use of all the advantage your love gives me over you, to persuade you to take refuge in my arms from parents who cherish and adore you, and whose lives it is necessary to my happiness you should embitter for ever'; or, perhaps 'from a husband who loves you really and truly, but who is cruel and tyrannical enough to want to have you all to himself, and whom you are going to overwhelm with shame and sorrow, whilst my passion lasts, and it will last as long—as it can. I will stand you in the stead of all you lose for my sake. When I am heartily tired of you I shall arm myself with firmness to part with you. You may cry, complain, reproach, storm even—all will

be in vain, all will only make matters worse. You may then go back to your parents if they are fond enough of you to receive you, or to your husband, if he is silly and forgiving enough to take you back. If both refuse, the world is large enough to enable you to wander about.'

The home is the temple of woman. A man is an unspeakable coward who takes a woman away from a home and has not a better one to offer to her; and he will be, as long as the law allows him to do it with impunity. When the law is altered, he will be on more equal terms with the woman. He will run his risks and have to take his chance.

'You are the only woman I have ever truly loved,' 'I shall never be able to love anyone but you, for you are the life of my life, the bone of my bone, the very thou of my thou,' are so many sentences, natural, coming straight from the heart, without any effort, which the woman in love considers as being absolutely free from exaggeration, and as the expression of sincere and intense passion, and it would not enter her head that they could possibly have been whispered before into scores of women's ears. Oh dear no! never!

All this phraseology is not only the stock used by silly people making love, but by the cleverest ones. The late Mr. Du Maurier, of *Punch* and Trilby fame, once drew the picture of a fashionable drawing-room. In one corner, far away, a young poet of renown is sitting by the side of a clever young Girton College girl, to whom he is engaged. Two young girls are chatting in the foreground. 'I wonder,' says one to the other, 'how two such clever people make love, and what they

are saying to each other ! Du Maurier tells us what they are saying to each other :

‘ He : “ If Dovey should die, what would Lovey do ? ”

‘ She : “ Lovey would die, too. ” ’

All this stereotyped love phraseology has done duty ever since man and woman were created, and by the use of it man has ever taken in woman.

Ladies, beware of all this nonsense—beware of the fine oratorical lover. The man who loves best is the man who proves it best and expresses it worst.

CHAPTER XLIV

THE LOVE-LETTER LITERATURE

IN literature, in fashion, in every phase of life, the English never know how to adopt middle courses ; it is total abstinence or drunkenness. England is the land of extremes and contrast ; that is the keynote of the English character.

For two years English literature has been divided into ‘ khaki ’ literature, or books about the South African War, and ‘ love-letter ’ literature.

We have had the ‘ Love-Letters of an Englishman,’ the ‘ Love-Letters of an Englishwoman,’ the ‘ Visits of Elizabeth,’ the ‘ Letters of her Mother to Elizabeth,’ etc., *ad nauseam*.

The first literature may be called patriotic, the second may be termed erotic, neurotic, or tommy-rotic. The English are beginning to shriek for mercy.

It is a fact that any book which is well advertised as

one likely to allow the reader to get an insight into the inner circles of 'smart society' is sure to be successful among a people who are abjectly at the feet of the aristocracy and the upper tens.

The other day the *Westminster Gazette* sent a copy of 'The Visits of Elizabeth' and one of its many sequels to a good, straightforward working man, and asked him to tell truthfully how the books struck him.

He found them dull and wearisome.

Whether the book was intended as a satire on 'People in the Swim' was not plain to him, but if it was, he thought it was well calculated to inspire feelings of disgust and contempt in all healthy-minded people.

Most men in the book seemed to him to be blackguards, and the women fashionably-dressed inanities of a most doubtful character.

The fact that Elizabeth is seventeen, not a day older, makes things pretty repulsive.

Now, it is too great a tax on one's credulity, remarks this honest worker, to believe that a mother, even a 'society' mother, would allow her daughter, a mere child, to go visiting alone among the vulgar and prurient-minded set to whom the readers are introduced in this book.

There is a titled rake, who one evening tells Elizabeth that 'she was a perfect darling, but that he would never get a chance to say a word to her alone, and that if she would only drop her glove outside her door it would be all right.'

A day or two later she informed the 'distinguished' company that she was sure the house was haunted, because on the previous night, hearing stealthy foot-

steps, she had peeped out of her bedroom, and had seen a tall gray figure disappearing around a bend in the corridor.

This recital caused them to drop their books and look uncomfortable, and when she declared that if she heard the noise again she was going to rush out and see the ghost close, many faces grew pale.

As a result of this remark, another lordly scoundrel joined Elizabeth on the terrace where she stood alone, and said to her: 'You adorable *enfant terrible*! come out and watch for ghosts to-night, and I will come and play the ghost, and console you if you are frightened.' He followed this up by putting his horrid arm round her waist and kissing her.

This is the general tone of this ineffable *ingénue's* diary, the reading of which trash afflicts you with a sort of mental biliousness.

All I can say is that if this be the kind of 'society' which, according to the 'smart' papers, wealthy Americans are so ready to pay to get an entrée into, I should imagine that they would be willing to pay to keep out of it.

The success of 'The Visits of Elizabeth' has tempted some man or woman, conscious of gifts and tastes not inferior to the author's, into an imitation — 'The Letters of her Mother to Elizabeth.'

This need not be discussed. Perhaps not many men or children, but probably a number of women, could write this stuff if they abandoned their minds to it, and if their minds were sufficiently abandoned.

If I were Elizabeth's mother, I would resort to old-fashioned ways. I would give her a good spanking.

CHAPTER XLV

NEVER WRITE LOVE-LETTERS

'BURN your love-letters' is a piece of advice that has often been given to both men and women.

And I will ask permission to add, 'Never write love-letters,' for one day you may find yourself in the Divorce Court or in the Breach of Promise Court, and when those letters are read aloud you will wish yourself a thousand feet under the ground or in a mouse-hole. There is not one man in the proper enjoyment of his mental faculties who would not be ashamed to have his love-letters read; why, he would be ashamed to read them himself. Love-letters are written during moments of temporary insanity, especially those written in earnest, if you will pardon this somewhat paradoxical sentence. Besides, they mean nothing, absolutely nothing. Many men write love-letters to women whom they make perfectly miserable. Carlyle wrote to his wife the sweetest of love-letters, but he never said a kind word to her.

I know you have lots to say to your lady-love; well, wait until you see her, and then tell it all to her. She will enjoy it quite as well, even better, and you won't be compromised.

Don't 'darling' her by post; don't call her 'sweet pet,' 'precious little duck,' or 'treasure,' 'angel,' and the like. Above all, avoid calling her 'darling own.' This expression has cost men fortunes in damages. I know a man who had to pay £2,000 to obtain the return of a letter which he had 'owned' the lady.

Let your letters to your wife, your *fiancée*, or any woman you love, be temperate, almost cold. Never tell her that you cannot live without her, not even a day. First of all, it is not true, and even if it should be she would only take advantage of it. Women are so mean! On the contrary, let a woman know, always know, that you are very fond of her, and all that sort of thing—in fact, that you would rather live with her than with any other woman; but let her well understand that she is not absolutely indispensable—I mean in your letters. If you spend all your fire in your correspondence, there will be none left on your return. Don't run the risk of being unable to live up to your love-messages. Don't let your wife wish you were away, so that you could write those lovely letters to her. This would prove how disappointed she is when you join her. Let your wife say of you: 'My husband is a sensible man; he could not for his life write nonsense; he is one of those lofty, lordly creatures who would rightly think it beneath him to write anything of a spoony nature. Not he! He does not write, he acts.' The best lover-husbands are often those who behave toward their wives with the greatest dignity before strangers, and who never write love-letters to them.

And let me tell you that a woman, even a most loving wife, will think very little of a man who keeps love letters. It brings him down to the level of a woman, and no woman cares for a man with womanly ways. I think that the most objectionable sentimental ass in literature is Wilhelm Werther, the most sickly love-letter writer that fiction has ever produced. Fortu-

The first duty of a father and of a mother is each to inspire in children the love and respect of the other. Children may love, but will not respect, a mother who is sat upon by her husband. Children will not respect a father if a mother does not constantly look up to him and show them the respect she herself feels for him.

Much as I admire the smart young women of America and the elegant bright young women of France, I cannot help thinking that one of the most beautiful sights offered to the gaze of foreign visitors by America is that of those neat, handsome, pure white, snow-haired women—real old Louis XV. Marquises, full of dignified repose, clever conversationalists, used to the homage of men without a semblance of asking for it—surrounded by children and grandchildren who look up to them for advice, seek their company, tend them and pet them, take them everywhere, and thus give a beautiful end to a life usefully spent.

CHAPTER XLVII

OLD WOMEN

THERE comes a time when a woman must confess that she is thirty-nine.

What a pity it is that God does not allow women to live long without compelling them to become old women!

A woman who has grown old without loving and without being loved has not lived. Life is a closed letter to her.

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In good society (but good society is good society everywhere) she counts. She is respected and well looked after ; but among the middle and lower classes she is a useless piece of furniture and is made to know it. When her husband dies she is left a little alimony, on condition she does not remarry, which is adding insult to injury.

I have known dear old Englishwomen absolutely reduced to pulp and wondering whether they had still a soul of their own.

In the British colonies she is almost an impedimentum, and, while in England people 'without incumbance' means people without children, in Australia, among the masses of the population, it means people without old folks about them.

In 1893, on board a steamer going from Melbourne, Victoria, to Cape Town, there was an old woman, with a beautiful, kind face, travelling third-class, and whom on Sundays we used to admire in her neat Sunday clothes at the church service which was held on deck.

Her history was most pathetic. She had gathered together a few little savings, all she had, to go to Australia and ask her children to allow her to finish her days in peace with them, looking at the children grow. When she got there from England she found that she was not wanted, and had to leave. She was now on her way to Cape Town.

She had a daughter married and doing well in South Africa. She hoped she would be more lucky with her than with her children in Australia. Poor old soul ! She caught pneumonia on board and died. We buried her at sea.

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An old woman will listen to a love-story with as much pleasure as an old jockey will go to see a race.

A woman who knows how to grow old gracefully is a delight; but the old woman whose wrinkled grimaces try to be inviting, voluptuous smiles, whose skeleton loaded with diamonds seems to crack as if on the point of crumbling to dust, who has a painted face, dyed hair, and false teeth—that woman makes me shudder. It is the most horrible sight in the world.

Eve would never have invented décolletage if she could have guessed that one day old society staggers would insist on exposing their charms. I never witness the sight without feeling a desire to exclaim: 'Oh, please, throw a veil over the past!'

'A woman should expire at forty,' once exclaimed a cynic. Women are so attached to life that when they get to be thirty-nine they stop there for the rest of their lives.

It has been said that men are as old as they feel, and women are as old as they look. That is why men go to the chemist while women go to the perfumer.

For a man love is an expectation at twenty, an irresistible desire at thirty, a habit at forty, an indiscretion or a hesitation at sixty, and a profanation at seventy. For a woman, love is a dream at twenty, an experience at thirty, and a reminiscence after forty.

Balzac, the greatest authority on love and women, and the most wonderful dissector of the human heart who ever lived, says that the best and most artistic effort of a clever and refined man is at fifty-two, and that a woman is perfect only at thirty-five. There is hope for some of us.

Happy the woman who knows how to grow old!
Happy her husband, especially!

Happy the man who believes in reincarnation, and who wishes, if he should die, that his soul should pass into the body of his wife's second husband! More would wish it to have revenge than to have a happy time.

France and America possess the best old women—a fact which is explained by the intelligence and the common-sense of these women, and by the love and respect they have inspired in the men. The old women of France and America are not only the best, but they are also the most beautiful. They feel that they are still wanted, and they go on making themselves as attractive as they can without ever becoming ridiculous.

So long as there are mothers, women will be lovable; so long as there are grandmothers, old women will be adorable.

I know of nothing more attractive than a sweet, amiable, refined old lady, full of beautiful reminiscences of a well-spent life.

I have heard it said that few women know how to get old. However true this may be, the old woman who believes that she is still attractive is much less ridiculous than the old man who believes that he is still irresistible.

CHAPTER XLVIII

THE CRISIS IN MATRIMONY

THE crisis in matrimony occurs at different periods. It may happen immediately after, and even during, the honeymoon. It may happen after twenty years, but it is inevitable, fatal. The man may be the most faithful of husbands, the woman may be beautiful, she may be a paragon of virtue, they may be both marvels of intellect, the crisis must come, and couples must prepare to face this psychological moment in matrimony. The clever lover-husbands and sweetheart-wives who possess that supreme art in matrimony, which is for one never to bore the other, will postpone the moment, but sooner or later it must come—it is a law of Nature. And of man or woman I cannot decide which has a greater grievance against Nature—the man for having his appetite no longer excited by his wife, or the woman for being unable to excite her husband's appetite any longer.

This leads us at once to a conclusion not altogether of a very encouraging and cheerful character, and it is this: The more brains a man possesses, the more easily bored he is. Only dull people are never bored. Therefore the man most likely to succeed in matrimony is the one who has no artistic temperament, no artistic aspirations, who leads a quiet and humdrum life, who has no fastidious tastes, who is not passionate, but prosaic, who never caused his wife to expect great things, who never took her near heaven or up in a balloon, and

never made her come down with a crash. With such a man the inevitable crisis will hardly be felt; it will come gradually, the lover will not suddenly become mere husband; there will be no shock.

Upon the manner in which the matrimonial crisis is met will depend the happiness or the utter wretchedness of the final years of married life.

Now, as passion (I do not say love) goes on increasing in a wife and decreasing in a husband, the crisis will pass unnoticed, or will be followed by terrible consequences, according to the way a wife realizes the situation and knows how to make the best of it.

Some begin to remind their husbands of all they have done for them, how faithful and devoted they have been; but gratitude may intensify friendship—it does not engender love. It fails to revive passion; more than that, it kills what may remain of it. Some cry, but, unfortunately for women, they are generally very ugly when they cry; in my opinion, that is their greatest grievance against Nature. If tears embellished them, they would be a power in their hands. Others sulk, and thus make the matrimonial dish so unsavoury that an appetite for it becomes out of the question. Others, again, become violent and make scenes. They demand love as their due, and produce the marriage contract, by which husbands undertake to cherish them for ever; but this clause of the contract is respected as often as that other clause, which says that women shall obey their husbands, is respected by women.

They become jealous without real motive, and by-and-by life is made intolerable, impossible, and they become jealous with motives.

Oh, love, divine sentiment! Oh, passion, divine sensation! but oh, marriage, invention of the devil! who said to men and women: 'Yes, you will love—I cannot help it; but you shall be married.'

The butterfly loves the flower it comes in contact with; but if you pin it on that flower you kill it. Nature never contemplated marriage any more than bustles or anything else that is false. Only there are children to provide for and a woman to make safe, and marriage was invented. Children and property—that is what caused marriage to be instituted.

I own that, in matrimony, it is the man who is often the more disappointing of the two; but it is not his fault. The poor man is so made. Beef can lend itself to being eaten for ever, but the man who is ever so fond of it will eat it for five, ten, and even twenty years; but however cleverly prepared with all sorts of different sauces it may be, the very physiological nature of man will one day refuse to eat any more, and all the doctors in the world may prescribe it for him, it will be of no avail.

Now, if that man possesses an intelligent and tactful wife, who will have expected the arrival of the crisis, and who will redouble her efforts to be more lenient, more attractive, more amiable than ever, they will both settle down quietly to be generous friends and spend the remainder of their lives very happily together. If, on the contrary, the man possesses a conceited, susceptible, and jealous wife, who will not understand that a man cannot possibly physically eat if he has no appetite, their life will be made so intolerable that the gravest consequences will follow. And if the home is

broken up, if there are children dear to a husband, who will thus lose the influence of their father, woe to the vain, stupid woman who will have worked all this.

These are the views of a man on the question. I will finish this article by quoting a woman. 'You have been up in a balloon,' says Ouida to a disappointed wife, 'and you are now coming down. Ah, my dear, everything depends on how you come down! You will think me a monster for saying so, but it will rest so much in your own hands; you won't believe it, but it will. If you come down with tact and good humour, it will all be right afterward; but if you show temper, as men say of their horses, why, then the balloon will lie prone, a torn, empty, useless bag. To speak plainly, dear, if you will receive with resignation and sweetness the unpleasant discovery that your husband is a man, you will not be unhappy, and you will soon get used to it; but if you fret about it you will not alter him, and you will both be miserable; and if you get resentful, revengeful, and violent, life will be intolerable, and he will leave you. And, above all, don't bore him. A man would sooner have a champagne glass flung at his head than cried at for five minutes. Be a politician, allow him more freedom than ever, and, if he is a gentleman (I know he is), he won't go very far. Be a good woman; better than that, be a clever woman. If you want to shut him up all alone with you, he will bolt. Under the circumstances the majority of men do bolt; and I am sure I should if I were one of them.'

CHAPTER XLIX

MAXIMS FOR THE CRISIS IN MATRIMONY

AN unfaithful wife injures her family; an unfaithful husband injures himself only. The consequences of infidelity in the two sexes are so different that a wife should always forgive, whereas a husband cannot always do so. The husband who forgives degrades himself. The woman who forgives ennobles herself. To say so is not vanity in a man. Woman should bow to the law of Nature, which has given her responsibilities it has not given to man.

Love is not to be retained or revived by lamentations, much less by coercion. It may, however, be retained by tact and amiability, and revived by some sublime act of generosity or forgiveness.

It is the vanity of a woman which makes her imagine that she can be all the world to her husband. A man of intelligence and lofty character can find in work the consolation he needs in this world for all the deceptions and disillusiones of life. Art is a beautiful and loyal mistress. With a brush, a chisel, or a pen in his hand, the painter, the sculptor, and the writer may always return thanks that they are alive.

The clever woman is the one who, fully recognising her own insufficiency for the entertainment of her husband, carefully takes care that this deficiency in her shall not be too much forced upon his observation.

We don't beat our rivals by abusing them, justly remarks Ouida. The really wise way is to tacitly show that we can be more attractive than they; if we cannot do so, we may sulk or sigh as we will, we shall be vanquished by them.

If, when a man shows signs of detaching himself from his wife, this wife wraps herself up in a gloomy contemplation of her own merits and wrongs, good-bye, all is over.

The most terrible enemy to a woman is her vanity; next, her obstinacy. No woman can expect a man to be in love with her for ever; but she can so behave that her husband will always be her most attached friend, and the loving, devoted father of her children.

I have known women, conceited, relentless, obstinate, who, rather than forgive the detachment of their husbands, have allowed their homes to be broken up, and have dragged their children with them in their ruin. And these women never could understand why they were wrong.

Women should always bear in mind that when they are sulky, they are ugly; when they cry for realizing that they are no longer able to excite passion, they are ugly and ridiculous; when they are in fits of uncontrollable anger, they are so ugly that they are absolutely hideous.

When the matrimonial crisis takes place, the man requires as much intelligence and tact as the woman. He must meet the petty recriminations of his wife with magnanimity. He must, if he can, be imposing, especially firm. If he abdicates, he is done for. If he apologizes for a coldness for which he is not responsible,

if he yields to any demands his wife may make in the way of compensation, she will take advantage of it and despise him. In behaving in this way, a man confesses an offence of which he is not guilty. Of course, it is hard for a man to say to a woman he has loved, and to whom he is still very devoted and attached, 'You tempt me no more.' Still, what else can he say if the woman has not enough intelligence to realize the situation?

CHAPTER L

ADVANTAGES AND DISILLUSIONS OF MARRIAGE

MARRIAGE, like all human institutions, has its advantages and its disillusions. A cynic once said that love was the invention of God, and marriage that of the devil. Whether the wicked one had anything to do with the invention of marriage, I do not know for certain, but sometimes I cannot help thinking that he had.

At first sight, the advantages of marriage are many, the most important and obvious one being that it enables a man to love a woman openly before her parents, before the whole world; on the other hand, it is that very correct, legal position which destroys the piquancy of the life which they both live together.

However, so far society has found nothing better than matrimony for the happiness of a man and a woman who love each other, and the whole question resolves itself into this: How to be happy though married, how

to make the best of the advantages of marriage, and how to be prepared to face all its disillusionions.

For those who enter the holy estate with the idea that, now they have won the object of their love, there is nothing more to do than take life quietly, and enjoy each the possession of the other, matrimony is doomed, fatally doomed, to be a failure, unless they are both prosaic, passionless, of a cold, matter-of-fact, and in-artistic temperament, when they can go through an uneventful married life, he making money and she bringing up a large family, which to such people may mean comfort, security, and even happiness—and I am not sure that such people are not the best subjects for matrimony, people without the higher aspirations, who have never felt any excitement—freshwater sailors who have never left the river, and whose matrimonial life will never compel them to get outside the harbour into the open sea.

But for those who are full of enthusiasm, who realize that matrimony is full of poetry, who are of artistic disposition and passionate temperament, who have trodden on the higher walks of life, the sea of matrimony is full of rocks, and the boat will reach its destination on condition only that the navigators are careful and skilful.

The great drawback to matrimony is that it is a meal which consists of the same mental, intellectual, and physical dishes. Now, being the same material as a foundation, a good French cook will know how to serve it in the shape of a thousand and one appetising dishes.

A clever wife will learn how to play so many parts

that her husband will constantly wonder what else she can do that he does not know. Thus she will keep his interest in her alive, and it must be remembered that, to retain happiness in married life, it is not at all a question for husband and wife to remain young and handsome, but to remain interesting to each other.

There are men who are quite satisfied that they are models of husbands because they work hard and make money, and are faithful to their wives; there are women who are perfectly persuaded that they are models of wives because they are faithful to their husbands, and are ever poking their noses into every nook and corner of every room of the house to discover if there is a particle of dust about.

But, let me say it in all sincerity, the key—the latch-key—to happiness in matrimony is this: Forget that you are married; try to imagine that if you live together, it is because you enjoy each other's company, because you could not live apart, and not because you are bound by the law to breathe at close quarters under the same roof. Let the man sometimes forget that that woman is his wife; in the most insignificant little phases of everyday life, let him treat her with consideration, the tact, the respectful attentions that he would have for a mere lady of his acquaintance.

Let her constantly watch the mood, the frame of mind, of that man. Let her discreetly attend the management of her house without consulting him, except in important affairs; let her respect the little clouds that appear on his brow now and then: they are generally due to business or professional cares, and not caused by a diminution of his love for her; let her be a

cheerful companion when he wants her company, a diplomatic adviser when he wants counsel, a piquant mistress when he shows himself an enterprising lover, an attentive nurse, a devoted comforter when health or high spirits desert him—in turn a child and a serious partner.

I know an American who happened to be called on business to Kansas City the day before Christmas. His wife was in New York. It seemed as if they must be separated on that day dear to loving people.

The difficulty was soon surmounted. He came East; she came West; and they spent Christmas together in Chicago. Let married people always meet each other half-way. Whatever New York or Kansas City may mean in married life, let husbands and wives meet in Chicago.

CHAPTER LI

THE LEAD IN MATRIMONY

AN American lady writes me from Minneapolis: 'My husband and I are very much attached to each other. We have been married nearly ten years, and, although we have had many little tiffs, I may say that we never once had a quarrel worth mentioning. His will is much stronger than mine, but I am perfectly sure that my head is clearer than his. He is absolutely certain that I am led by him, but I believe that, although he does not know it, it is I who lead him. Now, do you think that this is all as it should be?'

My dear lady correspondent, I am sure it is. When

a man and a woman both believe that each one leads the other, take it for granted it is the lady who is right.

And if, as I feel sure, you lead your husband, and he does not know it, allow me to congratulate you most sincerely. You are a diplomatist full of tact and consideration, marriage runs no risk of being a failure in your hands, and Mr. B. runs no risk of being spoken of as 'Mrs. B.'s husband.' Yes, indeed, all this is as it should be.

A will, however strong it may be, stands no chance against a clear head. A strong will is very often nothing but obstinacy; it is the clear-headed member of the community who is wanted at the helm.

If two ride on a horse, one must ride in front and the other behind. Generally speaking, the man should be in front, but this will depend not on rule, not even on disposition, but on actual capability.

If it is the wife who has the greater perception, the clearer head, the man may squirm as much as he pleases, but the lady will lead, as she deserves to do, in his interest as well as her own.

The fittest will survive. If a man is henpecked, both he and his wife are ridiculous; but the best thing that can happen to a married man is to be under the gentle, sweet, and tactful influence of an intelligent and devoted wife.

Under such influence he cannot go wrong, and if she be clever enough to let him and everybody else believe that it is she who is always under his influence and always does as he likes, then I envy the happiness of that married couple.

Now the question arises: 'How soon after the wedding ceremony is over should one of the two take the lead?'

It may be taken for granted that when the honeymoon is ended the law of love will have a good chance of showing its sweetness, for each will, in love, give preference to the other. Let things take their natural course. Watch and study each other, and events will soon happen that will decide which is the fitter of the two.

Don't go in for self-appointment, for fear of dismissal. Let both man and wife play their parts naturally. There is sure to spring up a good opportunity for self-assertion, first trifles, then graver things and discussions which will involve the settlement of whose will is to be supreme.

Tears on one side, glumness on the other, and a battle will have begun which may last for many days. Happy the young couple if they can keep the struggle to themselves; woe to them if they allow a third party to interfere, were it the tenderest of mothers!

There is no difficulty in matrimonial life that a loving couple cannot easily surmount; there is hardly one, however insignificant, that will not floor them if they feel only indifference toward each other.

The most dangerous reefs in matrimonial navigation are perhaps the hundred and one little rocks of everyday life, rather than the big ones. More than half the cracks which at length become yawning fissures can be traced to the repeated indifference to many little pet hobbies and interests.

It is often push by push, without either meaning it,

that husband and wife put themselves away from each other, until one day they discover how possible it is to find a certain measure of contentment, and even happiness, one without the other.

Then all is over—marriage, that is, the binding, remains; union is gone. So it is, perhaps, better that the lead should be assumed by one at the very earliest stage, so that he, or she, may see that the boat is well steered.

CHAPTER LII

THE INFLUENCE OF AMERICAN WOMEN ON EUROPEAN MANNERS

SEVERAL English papers, anxious always to prove that no nation possesses more virtues and qualities than England, are publishing letters written by people returned from America, and others, in order to show that Englishmen are more polite to women than American men.

In these letters Englishwomen say that men offer their seats to them in the London Tube far more readily than they do in the American cars, and I warn the men of Baltimore that they are the particular ones accused by women (even by some American ones) of being inconsiderate and rude to the other sex.

This is not my experience. Of course, gentlemen behave all the world over in exactly the same manner. A gentleman is not a local type, he is a universal one, and his behaviour in London is the same as in Paris, New York, Vienna, or any other centre of civilization

you care to name; but the man of the masses has his own characteristics and differs everywhere.

In France and in America he is polite and considerate to woman, but in England he seldom is. In the elevator the Englishman remains seated, and keeps his hat on before ladies; in France and in America he rises and takes off his hat.

It is very amusing to watch an elevator scene at the Hôtel Cecil or any other English hotel frequented by Americans. You will see an Englishman with his hat on in the company of women. Suddenly enters an American, who takes off his hat. The Englishman looks at him, frowns, hesitates, and finally takes off his, too, with an air that seems to say: 'The idea of being obliged to take off my hat before that woman to whom I have not been introduced!' Yet, half ashamed and vexed that a lesson in politeness has been given to him, he uncovers his head, and the American women, who witness the scene and are of an observant turn of mind, smile and wink at each other.

I am perfectly persuaded that, so far as politeness and respect to women are concerned, the most common of American men could teach a good lesson to the men of the world, even including, if, unfortunately for me, you should insist on my saying it, my own compatriots, who, in the matter of politeness and respect to women, live a little, I am afraid, on the reputation of their ancestors in the times of Louis XIV. and Louis XV.

I know that a Frenchman who sees a woman come his way will always quickly stand back to let her pass first, and well in front of him—ah! but he will generally profit by it to have a good look at her. It is not an

act of pure disinterestedness; there is a little business connected with it.

Under the same circumstances—I have noticed it throughout the length and breadth of the United States—the American man will lower his eyes to let the woman pass before him in greater comfort. The Frenchman sights the Miss at once; the American misses the sight.

Well, as I say in a lecture on the subject, we French, whatever may be our many national shortcomings, faults, and vices, we are artists born—that is to say, lovers of the beautiful. We will look at a pretty face, a graceful carriage, an artistically draped figure, as we will look at a picture or a landscape. We can't help it; besides, we are not quite so busy as the Americans.

I know an Englishman who has to go to America on business once or twice every year, and who sternly refuses to allow his wife to accompany him.

‘Why don't you let her go?’ I once said to him.

‘My dear fellow,’ he replied, ‘it would spoil her entirely. Women have inborn in them a power of imitation which is most dangerous. I don't want my wife to go to America and see women boss men as they do there.’

‘Well,’ I said, ‘yes, men are very polite and respectful to women in the United States.’

‘Polite, respectful!’ he ejaculated; ‘poor devils! they are abject—absolutely abject.’

I am perfectly persuaded that it is the respect which woman inspires in American men of all classes that enables the youngest girls to go about in such freedom and in such security, and to queen it all over the United

States; it is that respect which explains their free behaviour, which sometimes startles us in Europe, but invariably charms us.

And, as for being startled, it does not take much to do it. Europe—dear old Europe! dear venerable museum of antiquities! When they are in Europe, where they import their naturalness and unconventionality, our women at first look askance at them, but very soon envy them.

The French mothers say: 'This is how it should be. I wish our manners and customs were such as to allow my daughters to do the same.' The English women sneer and giggle, and whisper more or less loudly: 'Bumptious, vulgar, loud!'

Outside of the aristocracy and the very highest class, the English woman, who sees a French woman or an American woman smartly dressed, giggles and turns up her nose; but the American girl or woman takes no notice. Unlike the English woman, she minds her own business, does as she pleases, dresses as she likes, takes notice of no one, and goes on her way, comfortable and unconcerned.

The English people spend their time in minding what other people will say or think of them. The American women go about saying: 'I do this and that, not to please you, but to please myself. I do not at all mean to be in your way, but if you don't like it, ask for something else.'

The American girl has had for the last twenty years an enormous influence on Paris society. Our girls are copying her in many ways. The English are slower than any other people in adopting new manners and

customs, but I see many proofs of the influence of American women on English society.

I believe that Europe is destined to be conquered by the American women.

CHAPTER LIII

STRAY THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN

Love is a little capital that you can nurse and increase by carefully and constantly changing your investments.

A man is faithful to the woman he loves much more for his own sake than for hers. If he possesses an artistic and refined temperament, he would not by an act of infidelity spoil the most beautiful thing in the world. I believe that the same may be said of a woman.

Outside of public life, the more privileges women will enjoy, the happier men will be, and the more progress society will make.

More marriages would be celebrated if there were insurance companies against their accidents.

What makes women think of love so highly is that it hides their defects in the eyes of men.

Gratitude kills love and changes it into friendship.

When a man and a woman flirt, both are cheating. the man pretends to be sincere; the woman pretends to be virtuous.

In love, it is the weaker of the two engaged in the struggle who is expected to resist and gain the victory, and when she has lost and been vanquished, she is dis-

honoured, banished, and her conqueror is admired for his good fortune, and much run after in society. Society is an old jade that ought to be ashamed of itself.

The man who abandons the confiding woman who, through love, has yielded to him, ought to be refused admission into every decent house, and ignominiously kicked out of his club.

A well-known French philosopher, witty but crabby, said that 'women look lovely in the distance, but are always disappointing when near.' Look at them a little nearer still, and you find them truly delightful.

Discretion is the quality women praise most in men. The man who boasts of the favours he has received is a cur. The man who compromises women, and boasts of favours which he has not received, is the scum of the earth. A well-known titled Englishwoman, as clever and witty as she is beautiful, once surnamed an Englishman of the highest society, named Sir William X., 'William Tell.' That man had to disappear from England.

The motto of man should be: 'By your words and deeds shield the woman.' Every perjury is pardonable if it is committed to protect a woman. An offence of this sort may be an act of heroism.

If women always remained young and beautiful, God would not be served so well.

Society would allow more power to women if Nature had not already gifted them so lavishly in this respect.

If it had been Adam who had tempted Eve, and not Eve who had tempted Adam, all the satires of the world would have been written at the expense of man

instead of woman. When a good joke has been heard and seen, it lasts a good long time, doesn't it?

Women are extremists; they are less capable of friendship than men, but they are more capable of love.

Men would be more faithful to their wives if they owed their favours to love and freedom instead of owing them to duty and habit.

A woman who would rather see her husband dead than unfaithful does not love that man half as much as she loves herself.

True love is always respectful. The more sincerely in love a man is, the less enterprising he feels.

Women ought to be satisfied with their lot. They are adored, their least wishes are attended to, they govern men who are at their feet. The only fee they have to pay is a little pleasure-giving, half of which they retain for themselves.

In the matrimonial comedy, the less the woman knows her part, the better the man plays his. When the comedy is a success, and they both know their parts well—say after the one-hundredth performance—they are sure to give a still better and smoother performance at the one-thousandth.

In matrimony, very often a man and a woman sell themselves the one to the other. As in grammar two negatives make an affirmative, so in matrimony two prostitutions make a virtue.

Among savages woman is a beast of burden; in the East, an instrument of pleasure; in Germany, a domestic animal; in England, a housekeeper without wages; in America, a spoiled child; in France, a friend who doubles our pleasures and quadruples our expenses.

The world is full of swaggerers who boast of the love they inspire, and of hypocrites who boast of the friendly feelings they entertain for their fellow-creatures.

It is relatively easy to obtain a woman's love and keep a man's friendship. What is difficult is to obtain a man's friendship and keep a woman's love.

Women always say to men: 'If you love me, be patient.' When men cease to be impatient, women say to them: 'You love me no longer.' Inconsistency, thy name is woman.

So long as you love, there is no merit in being faithful. Faithfulness is a virtue only when it becomes a duty. People who love truly are faithful for their own sake far more than for the sake of the object of their love.

When you are married, spend the rest of your life making the best of it. You will find it much better to pay for your wife's love and virtue with your kindest attentions than make her wretched at the price of the happiness, repose, and comfort of your whole life.

Some women look on all the natural distractions which a man inclines to as so many rivals. They may be.

Romantic girls believe that honeymooning is the greatest bliss on earth. Idiotic idea! The honeymoon is the greatest trial in the life of a man as well as in that of a woman, even if they are ever so much in love with each other. Honeymooning is a disappointment. To say that it is the sweetest phase of matrimonial life is as false as to say that the best period of the life of a pianist is the time he devotes to playing scales and exercises. The best time in matrimony is

when man and wife can play a duet to perfection, and, if they are lovers and artists, this will not take place before ten years of tender associations. Love is an art, matrimony is another, almost a science, and success depends on patience and constant training.

CHAPTER LIV

CUPIDIANA—I.

A MAN often promises more than he gives ; a woman always gives more than she promises.

Love is born of differences ; that is why effeminate men are despised by womanly women, and viragoes are abhorred by manly men.

Flirtation is a promissory bill with a signature that is intended to be dishonoured ; love is a promissory note which is generally settled before it falls due.

Love is like all the other contagious diseases : the more you are afraid of it the quicker you catch it.

A woman who is the victim of true love ought to be canonized. The man who has deceived her ought to be put under the ban of the Empire.

The man who can declare his love in beautiful and perfect language is not really in love.

Love is a comedy in seven acts. You see her, you love her, you swear it, you prove it, you quarrel with her, you hate her, and you leave her. Sometimes you marry her ; then it is a tragedy.

In love-matters only the most delicate and refined people pay attention to the most trifling details.

Women owe most of their defects to men; men owe most of their virtues to women.

The woman who does not forgive, and compels her husband to break up his home, is a conceited idiot.

If I were a woman, the day my husband ceased to be my lover, I should be careful to secure his friendship for the rest of my life.

The lover is always right. The husband is always wrong.

The most important factor in the happiness of a home is a cheerful, loving, and caressing daughter. A father and a daughter who are 'pals' is a sight for the gods to enjoy.

A father and a daughter should be all but sweethearts.

Happy the couple when the wife is cooking the dinner and the husband is turned out of the kitchen for kissing the cook!

When wealth comes in at the door, love and happiness often fly out of the window (revised proverb).

I don't want to have anything to do with angels—this side of the grave; women are good enough for me.

How many husbands after ten years of marriage could say to their wives, 'If I were a bachelor and you were open to an offer of marriage, it is you I would ask to marry me'? How many wives would answer, 'And it is you I would accept'? One in a hundred in the first case, one in a score in the second.

More wives than husbands would say 'Yes,' because, after all, as long as it is a man who proposes, matrimony will be promotion for a woman.

Love has departed hopelessly for ever when a husband

and a wife can find nothing better to do than record what each has done to deserve the gratitude of the other.

By a magnanimous act of forgiveness, a wife may regain the love of her husband, and a husband that of his wife. An act of sublime generosity goes straight to the heart and fixes it. The guilty one will then realize the enormity of the fault committed and devote a lifetime to the atonement of it. Forgiveness is far-reaching, almost Divine.

Never try to see how bread is made, or beer, or anything that comes in contact with you internally or externally. Never go behind the curtain in a theatre. You may run the risk of seeing Juliet in the act of fixing her teeth, or of hearing Romeo use very bad language. Never go into your wife's dressing-room. Keep your illusions.

Ladies, never attempt to be perfect. Be sure that you keep a defect or two—just enough to console man.

CHAPTER LV

CUPIDIANA—II.

THE beginning and the decline of love both betray themselves by the embarrassment a man and a woman feel in finding themselves alone. So long as they are at their ease and cheerful together, things are going on all right.

Obstacles are in love what salt and pepper are in cookery.

Romantic women rather like a plaintive lover. Sensible women, however, much prefer a lively one.

Many men feign suffering that may excite pity in the hearts of the women they love. These sufferings may soon become real ones for the women who are thus duped. Women should take for their motto: Pity, like charity, should begin at home.

A lovers' quarrel between a man and a woman, both clever and refined, is a thing of artistic beauty.

When a man praises only the moral and intellectual qualities of a woman, take it for granted it is a pity that that woman could not be turned inside out.

In his dealings with women, a man should always be respectful; but if he wants to please them he must not overdo it.

True love is the most faithful guardian of a woman's virtue and of a man's fidelity. A lover who deserves that name, so far from attempting to destroy it, becomes, even for his own sake, the most watchful protector of it.

Feints, fibs, and other little acts of treachery, *may* be employed in love, but, like poisons in medicine, only in very small doses.

To analyze love too closely is to cure one's self of it. Psyche lost it by wishing to know what it was.

Dress is the most complete and reliable index to the character of a woman's disposition and degree of refinement. The smallest bit of ribbon, a brooch, a bracelet, especially the assortment of colours, proclaim to the thoughtful observer all the good or bad qualities of the wearer.

The best policy for a woman is to extend the chains

of her lover. He would snap too short a chain who would never think of breaking a sufficiently long one.

Ugly women should always avoid a glare of jewels. To pass unnoticed should be the aim of their lives. A pleasant expression is the great redeeming feature in their favour, which they should try to engrave on their faces.

The great art of resistance is to push it to a certain point, equidistant from too great a discouragement or too great a cheapness, by which means virtue is pressed into the service of the passions, not to subdue them, but to exalt the relish of them.

Cupid is a child—that is to say, a minor—ever; so that however strongly worded may be his promises, bonds, and contracts of lease, he is always at liberty to plead ‘under age,’ and be relieved from them.

Matrimony, like patriotism and religion, is a most noble motive and a most infamous pretext.

Lovers are two persons who think of nothing reciprocally, but how they may impose upon each other; tell one another pleasing little lies which they agree to accept as the most perfect truths, or of which they only obligingly doubt.

The difference between infidelity and inconstancy is that the first is only a suspicion of love, while the second is the end of it.

An inconstant woman is one who loves no longer; a light woman, one who loves one and then another; a fickle woman, one who does not know whether she loves or not; an indifferent woman, one who loves nobody; a coquette, one who only loves herself; and a flirt, one

who loves, or thinks she loves, everybody. Constancy is the best proof of a strong character.

Flattery is the false coin to which vanity gives currency.

Many husbands and wives have no other defects than being husbands and wives.

Desires are not only the life-hold of love, which is sure to die with them, but the very power of it.

Cheerfulness is compatible with true love, but too much gaiety proclaims little love.

When two lovers join hands for the first time, the sensation is more delightful, more pure, and even more intense, than when their lips meet.

A declaration of hatred is, on the part of women, nothing but a declaration of love. When they really do hate, indifference and silence are the genuine and sure signs of it.

The most laconic language in the world is that of love. It consists of two personal pronouns and a verb ; with this vocabulary lovers can entertain each other all day.

Beware of men who can make clever declarations of love in choice and flowery language. Love is never hard to please in the matter of literary production.

Liberty is essential to the life of love, which is of the nature of some birds that die under the least confinement. Married couples, please note.

The art in which a woman should excel is in that of appearing always new.

In love, women possess far more tact than men.

Tenderness belongs to women exclusively. It has an

odour of sweetness, gentleness, and purity about it which men do not exhale.

Women should never say *Yes* unless in perfectly inaudible tones. They should say *No*. Even though the whole powder-magazine of their virtue were on the point of being blown up, they should keep on saying *No*.

One of the greatest dangers in love is to satiate the beloved object. There is less danger of death for love in starvation than in indigestion.

Happy are the women who possess a refinement in love, which adds so much to its charms! and happy the man who possesses such a woman!

Pretty women appeal to men much more than beautiful ones. What keeps men away is a cheerless, cold, and statuesque appearance.

Modesty is an ornament to female beauty that will never be out of fashion.

CHAPTER LVI

CUPIDIANA—EPIGRAMMATIC

MANY women are stoves with marble tops.

Marriage is a knot, sometimes a noose.

In love expectation is nine times out of ten a bliss far above realization.

Women like to be loved, but what they like best of all is to be preferred.

A young girl is an enigma. Marriage gives you the explanation of it.

Marriage is an institution which enables a man and a

woman, if they love each other, to multiply their pleasures and their happiness by two, and to reduce their sorrows by half.

Marriage is also an institution which makes a man and a woman one being only. That's why they often feel so lonely.

A man who swears never to love a woman any more is as wise as the one who swears to love one for ever.

The tongue of a woman ought to be made to go seven times round her mouth before being allowed to utter a sound.

There is only one compliment which will offend a woman, and it is to tell her that she is still more beautiful than her daughter. Let us hasten to say that, of course, no gentleman would dream of paying such a compliment to a lady.

When Cupid has refined manners, he is a delightful little god. When he has not, he is an awful little beast.

Matrimony is an enclosure into which a man and a woman are introduced by Cupid. The little fellow generally remains outside.

When you hear the cleverness of a woman constantly praised, take it for granted that that woman is not beautiful. If she were, you would hear of it first.

The most charming part of a love-affair is the beginning. No wonder that so many people find pleasure in beginning again.

Beat your wife rather than bore her.

The worst of beauty is that it passes away; the worst of ugliness is that it remains.

If men were deaf and women were blind, marriage would not be so often a failure.

A woman's intuition is often a safer guide than her eyes.

Men don't marry for want of inclination; women don't marry for want of invitation.

A bluestocking fascinates me as much as the bearded lady of an American dime museum.

Matrimony is sometimes such a heavy burden that it takes more than two people to carry it; the wife asks a man to help her, or the husband begs a woman to come to his rescue.

Many Anglo-Saxons, English and American, complain that Paris is a very expensive place. Let them take their wives with them next time; they will find it a tremendous saving.

Respect and esteem are the daily bread of matrimony. A little jam or honey on it now and then would do no harm.

A woman's boudoir and a man's library are the strongholds of love in matrimony.

Most men penetrate into their wives' apartments with about as much emotion as they feel in entering an omnibus.

Matrimony is a meal without dessert if the wife is not a good cook and the husband is not a gourmet.

Why should a man do before his wife that which would be considered the height of rudeness if she were any other woman?

A man who is loved by a beautiful woman is a successful man.

A woman who does not love her husband generally

hates him. A man who does not love his wife is always more or less attached to her.

History records that once a woman poisoned herself in such a manner as to have her husband accused of the crime.

Woman must have greatly improved or man must have become much more considerate and gallant since the days of antiquity. Modern thinkers still criticise woman, but often praise her. The philosophers of Rome and ancient Greece had not a good word to say for her.

Women are very fond of animals. Most of them are members or agents of the Societies for the Protection of or the Prevention of Cruelty to, Animals. When they drive with their husbands they seldom fail to make them get out of the carriage at the foot of a hill, with the remark : ' Surely you are not going to let the poor thing drag you up the hill. You are getting too fat. A walk will do you good.' The poor husbands alight, and puffing, coughing, follow the horse as best they can to the top of the hill, regretting as they go that husbands are not included among the animals protected by the above-named societies. If women showed to their husbands as much consideration as they do to their pet animals, the world would go much better.

Before joining with others in abusing women, a man should remember his mother ; before joining with them in praising women, he should remember his mother-in-law.

If a woman tells you that she loves you, that may mean nothing at all ; but if she notices at once that you are wearing a cravat different from the one that you

had on yesterday, or if, when near you, she picks imaginary little bits off your coat, then take it for granted she is really in love with you.

Never tell your wife that you are not jealous of her, without letting her understand at the same time that you are well aware of the many opportunities she might have of making you so, if she liked to avail herself of them.

I believe that marriages would be happier if women could choose their husbands instead of men choosing their wives. The instinct and keen insight of women would lead to this happy result.

There are three periods in that disease which is called love: the desire, the possession, and the satisfaction.

There are three periods in the life of a woman: When?—Encore!—No more!

Matrimony is a parody of the constitutional monarchy of England: the king reigns, but does not govern.

There are women who consider marriage an opportunity for keeping an open house where their husbands are less welcome than strangers.

There are moments in the life of a woman when she ceases to have control over herself, and when she commits mistakes which cause irretrievable unhappiness to her husband and to herself.

The woman who is ugly when she cries is like a sportsman who has no shot to put in his gun—powerless.

When a woman cries more than another, it does not mean that she is more sensitive, but simply that her lachrymal glands are weaker.

Many women behave like peacocks out walking, like

cats, magpies, or cockatoos at home, and like turtle-doves at twilight.

A secret, they say, torments a woman like a pain inside, but she is not ill very long.

Marriage is like stage scenery: it looks well from a distance.

If you want to be on good terms with women, knock at the door of their vanity, and you will always find them at home.

When my cat is hungry, he runs after me and follows me everywhere. When he is satisfied, he takes no notice of me, lies down on the rug, sleeps or attends to his toilet. So do many women.

If marriage is not the solution of a love-affair, it is the most revolting act which a man and a woman can commit in this world.

When a man of sixty marries a young woman, he seldom has children; when a man of seventy does, he sometimes has a family.

It is the man of merit who has the best chances with sensible and well-balanced women. What makes the deviations of some women from the path of virtue so inexcusable is the utter absence of merit in the men who lead them out of it. It is flattering for a woman to please a man of brain and refinement. The woman who seeks the fool who makes love like a grocer is like a piano which prefers the child who practises the five-finger exercises to Paderewski.

Coquettes are cheats, the humbugs of love. They truly puff—worthless goods.

Women die twice. Their first death takes place on the day they cease to be attractive. An old woman

who tries to be beautiful is like a corpse that tries to look alive.

The man who throws himself at the head of a woman soon finds himself under her feet.

In matrimony love is only a *hors d'œuvre*; friendship is the *pièce de résistance*. Foolish are the married people who do not retain friendship when love becomes out of season.

The first fifteen (if you are clever, say twenty) years of marriage are a beautiful voyage in delightful and most interesting lands. When the voyage is over, people should sit comfortably together and cheerfully talk of their souvenirs.

A husband who is too jealous is inconvenient; a husband who is not jealous enough is a bit humiliating.

A lover is a herald who proclaims the beauty or the merits of a woman. A husband, poor devil! proclaims nothing.

We blame women when we are the victims of their inconstancy; we find them charming when we profit by it.

When a man loves his home, a wife is a fool who does not forgive him all his shortcomings.

If marriage was not a failure, all the clubs would have to put up their shutters. Life is too short to be separated, even for an hour, from those we love tenderly.

Women's clubs are the homes of misunderstood women, unclaimed blessings, and social failures. Men's clubs are the refuges of home tyrants, women-haters, and the like. With some exceptions, few frequenters of either club are much missed at home.

In antiquity most men of genius were bachelors. Homer, Plato, Virgil, and Horace, those great lights of the world, died bachelors. Socrates was an exception, but his wife killed him before the cup of hemlock did. Alexander the Great and Hannibal, who conquered the world, were not married. Caesar was a bachelor when he conquered Gaul and Britain. Then he married. He was assassinated. Byron tried matrimony, but was not more successful than Molière. Many great men have avoided matrimony. On the other hand, butchers, bakers, and grocers have at all times been married.

Some plucky, undaunted, self-sacrificing men have married as a warning to other men. Thus hardy navigators have set out on unknown oceans in search of rocks and reefs, in order to get up maps of them and save many other navigators from perils and dangers.

It requires an ounce of courage to get married, and a ton of it to remain married.

Love is a romance; matrimony is a dry essay. Novels are more entertaining than essays.

Marriage and celibacy have many inconveniences and disadvantages. It is wise to choose that which has inconveniences that can be remedied.

Love is a human law; duty is a social one. Love is greater than duty. Happy the men and women who can obey both laws.

The more delicate and refined you are in love, the more readily you pay attention to the least trifles. Happiness is derived from the careful manner in which you deal with trifles.

Only a foolish, conceited, and cowardly man is a

tyrant to his wife. A man may not love his wife, but he should always be her friend and treat her with delicacy, consideration, and respect.

Few women receive advice with open arms. When it is their husbands who give it, they often hold out displayed claws.

No man of brain and artistic temperament is sure of himself. If he truly loves a woman, he avoids temptations ; if he loves one but little, he succumbs to them ; if he does not love one at all, he looks for them.

Men praise or abuse women too much ; never so much, however, as women do.

The world is hard on woman. It is not sufficient for her to be estimable, she must be esteemed ; it is not enough for her to be beautiful, she must be amiable ; it is not even sufficient for her to be virtuous, she must be known to be so. Her happiness and chances in life will depend more on her reputation than on her conduct.

The heart of a good woman is a well of love. She has a smile for all joys, a tear for all sorrows, a consolation for all miseries, an excuse for all faults, a prayer for all misfortunes, and a word of encouragement for all hopes.

Fans are particularly useful to women who cannot blush.

A man must have seen all the women in the world before he can swear in all conscience and security that he will love a woman for ever.

No love can give happiness that is not sure to exist to-morrow. Without the security of the morrow, love can give pleasure, but not happiness.

Women should always keep something in store for the men they love.

Love often dies of indigestion. Its menu should always be frugal.

A woman often pretends to be indifferent toward a man whom she loves. A man often pretends to love a woman for whom he only entertains indifference.

Men require to be convinced that they are loved, women are satisfied with being persuaded, and that is why there are more women than men who are victims of love.

Most epigrams on women have been written by admirers and lovers of women, modestly including your humble servant.

THE END





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